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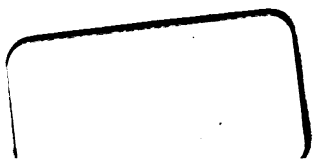
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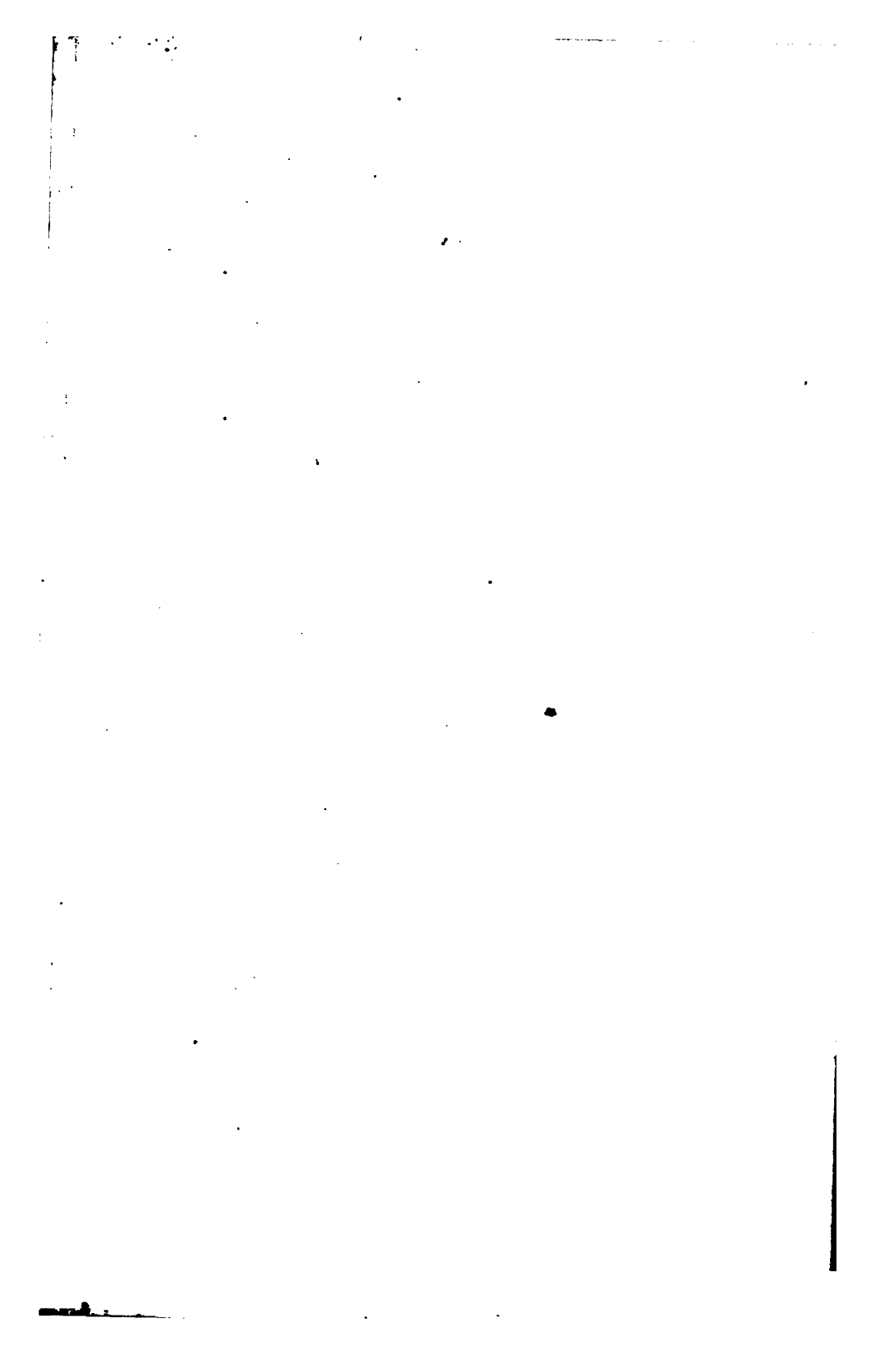
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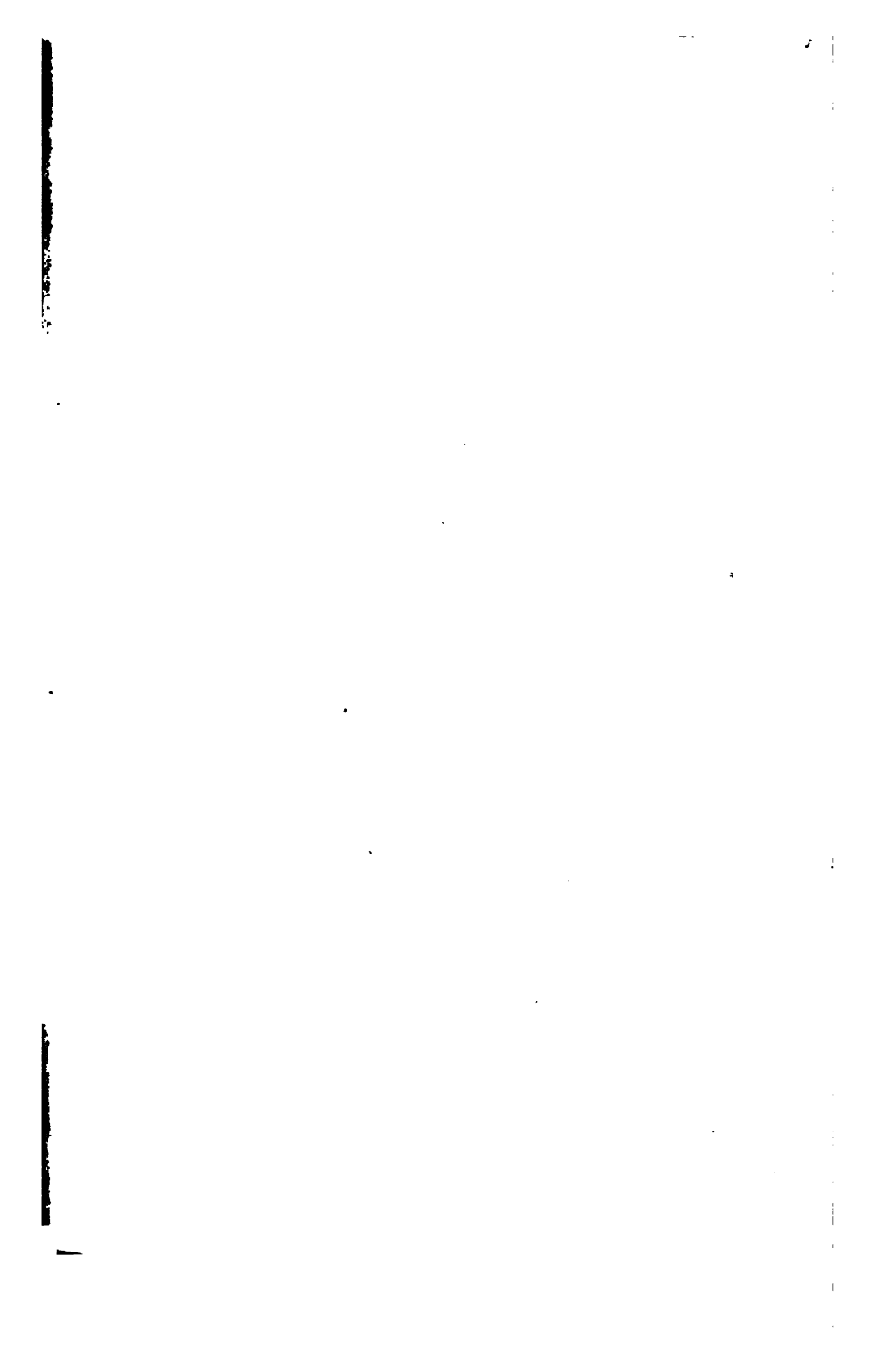
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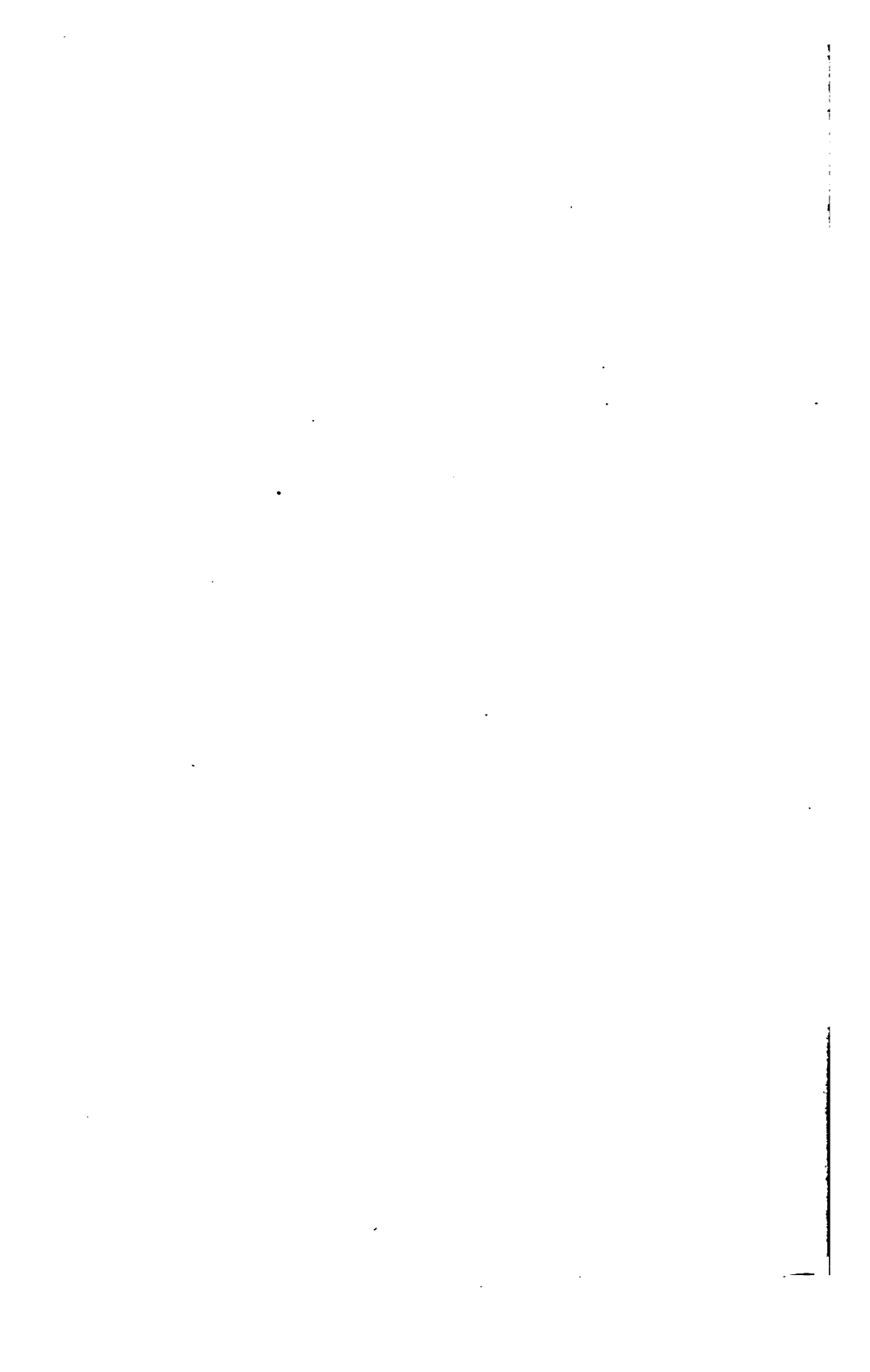
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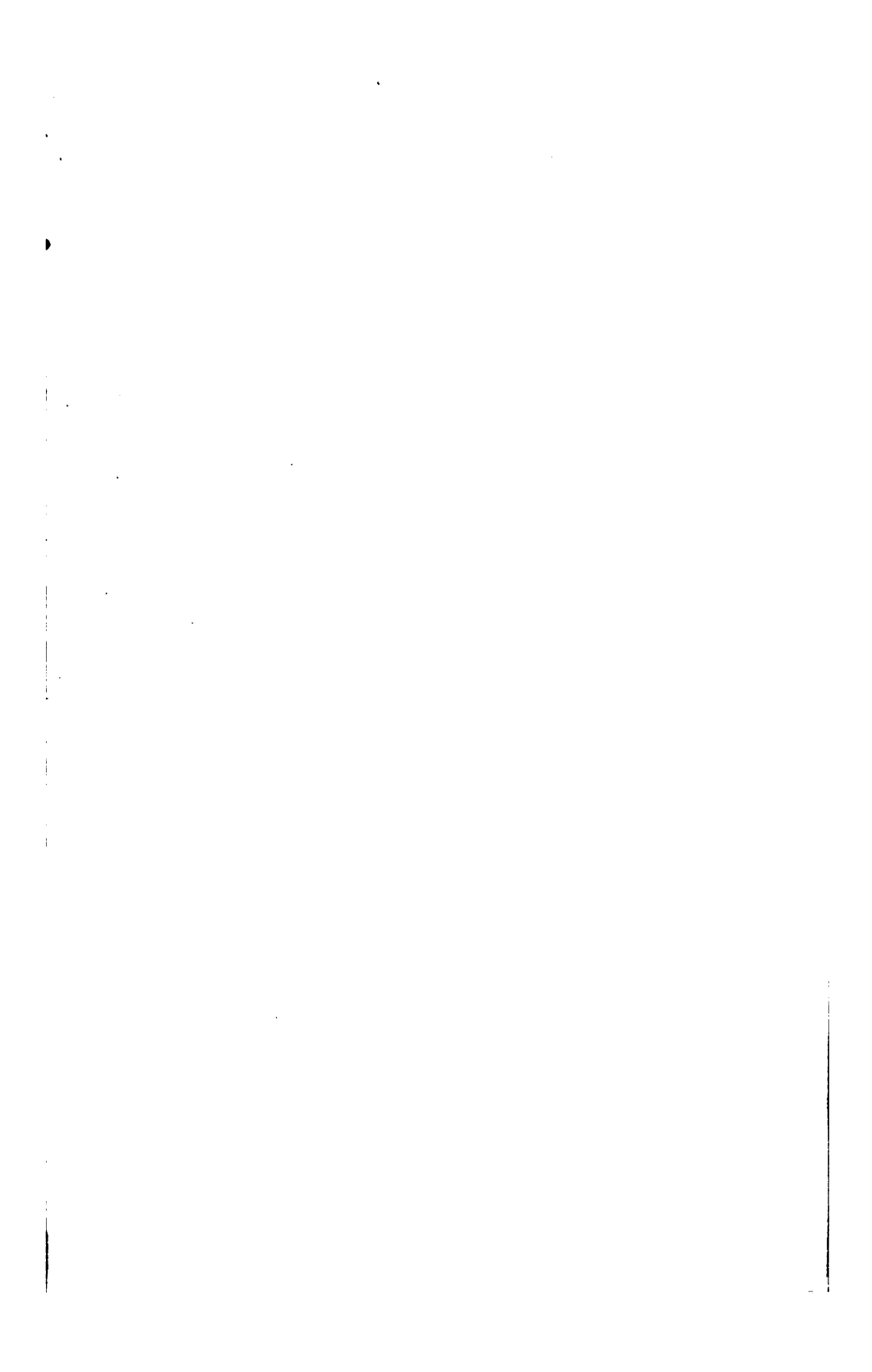
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An extract from KEW GARDENS,
being a fac-simile of CHATTERTONS Hand writing.

What are the Wages of the tuneful Nine,
What are their pleasures when compar'd to mine.
Happy I eat and toll my numerous Pence,
Free from the Servitude of Rhyme & Sense;
Tho' singing Whithead ushers in the year,
With Joy to Britain's King and Sovereign, dear:
And in compliance to an ancient Mode,
Measures his Syllables into an Ode;
Yet such the scurvy Merit of his Muse,
He bows to Deans and licks his Lordship's Shoes
Then leave the wicked barren way of rhyme,
Fly far from Poverty, be wise in time:
Regard the Office ^{more} Parnassus less,
Put your religion in a decent dress;
Then may your Interest in the Town advance,
Above the reach of Muses or Romance.

THE SYMPOSIUM.

INTRODUCTORY.

Mopsa.—Is it true, think you?

Ant.—Very true, and but a month old.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE "human face divine," says the commentator on Rabelais, is the only essential requisite for an author: *Puis donc en ce temps là, d'avoir la figure humaine, pour se mêler d'écrire.* In other words, "every one that runs" may write, and read too—if he be able—that which he hath written. Firmly believing in the fidelity of this apothegm, we have assumed to ourselves the sagacity of the erudite, and herewith introduce ourselves to public notice and patronage.

It was the wish of a sacred writer, that his enemy would indite a book;—for what other earthly motive, than that he might witness the writhings and contortions which the lash of the critic would effect upon his unfortunate foe?—a circumstance which tends to intimate that the occupation of the "gentle craft" was not unknown, even in those days; and that in the ages of holy writ, pens were sometimes dipped in gall. For aught that we can prove to the contrary, the worthy penman might have been himself a casual contributor to some Review of eminence, in whose pages unfortunate authors were periodically doomed to smart.

For our own part, we can only plead guilty to the accusation of authorship in the trifling publication which now occupies the reader's attention; but that *only* is a critical *all*, both to us and the public, inasmuch as the disappointment occasioned by an unfavourable reception now, would do much towards depriving the world of several goodly volumes hereafter. We therefore extend the hand of courtesy, instead of throwing down the gauntlet of defiance.

Few are the remarks which we have to offer. We appear before the Public in all the well-meaning inexperience of youth, and we claim therefore its indulgence as our special prerogative. We have prolonged the "ideal flights of Madam Brain," that she might infuse additional inspiration into the alluring pages of her first-born. We have twined many a sylvan wreath of "dewy song," to entice the thoughtless and the light of heart; while many an unheard-of dainty has been prepared for the more abstemious. We even presume to flatter ourselves, that the initiated *gourmand* of Magazines may revel in our pages, as in a wilderness of sweets and blossoms.

With such *materiel*, who shall dare to cavil?

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

THE EDITOR.

THE POETS OF ENGLAND WHO HAVE DIED YOUNG.

NO. I.—THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Heu miserande puer! Si qua fata aspera rumpas
 Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis;
 Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
 His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
 Munere.—*VIRGIL.*

THE feelings instilled into the heart in early youth are among the most beautiful in the whole stage of our existence. Youth is the spring-time of the affections, when the soul is susceptible of every transient emotion; when the generosity of its impulses is equalled only by the warmth of its imagination; when the love which it cherishes, and the passions which it nurtures, are sown with a full hand, to reap a most unbounded harvest.

Childhood and youth! With what delight does the spirit dwell upon their remembrance! The soul which is in later life pregnant with anxiety, is then a creature of anticipation—care has not yet been the successor of hope: the sun of the morning is not yet eclipsed; the sky of the present is not yet darkened with the clouds and shadows of the future. We live, chameleon-like, upon air; and like the chameleon we change with the breath of every atmosphere. Bright and balmy are the days of childhood, and exquisite is the recollection of them: ere the sunny spring of our hope has been blighted by the cold and selfish reality of life, and the young and bounding bosom has been sobered by its communion with a stern, unsympathizing world!

Sweet is it to walk upon a summer's evening, and commune with the beauties of nature,—to worship God in the sanctuary of his temple, and in the pride of his holiness! His temple is the universe of existing things. His shrine is the heart of the sensitive and imaginative man. We have all our favourite authors;—in youth especially we love to idolize some cherished novelist or poet, some one who can call up from the “realms of Faëry” the wild and wonderful of which the less ideal inhabitant of earth knows nothing,

“in lone and silent hours,

When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness.”

For our own part, we confess ourselves enamoured with the inspirations of the muse; and those flowers culled at the altar of a young poet, have we ever considered the most chastened of earthly beauties.

Poor Chatterton! We remember in our schoolboy days, stealing away from the haunts and pastimes of our playmates, and burying ourselves deep in the recesses of some secluded glen, to drink his melodies. They were as snatches of immortality from heaven—as walkings in the summer land of beauty. And Keats—poor sensitive Keats, the enthusiastic, the blighted—we have loved him as a brother,

we have felt for him as a friend. O thou worshipper of the Grecian Muses, we were uninitiated in the day-dreams of Parnassus, till the morning star of thy poetry beamed upon our soul!

Most of our young poets have been born and nurtured in the extremest poverty. Chatterton, the most wonderful of all, was taught at a "charity school." We speak of him as the "charity boy," the astonishing, immortal "charity boy;" but his spirit was as daring as his soul was gigantic—and that mightiness of soul was his ruin; he trod the world as if its inhabitants were inferior beings, and himself a god, and spurned it as a foot-ball, rather than humble himself to the imbecility of their understandings.

"Most men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song,"

says Shelley, and we honour him for the sentence; he knew its truth from his own bitter experience, "opposed to the world at seventeen, and banished from it afterwards." But Chatterton was MAD—and *his* song was the consequence of that madness. Poverty and wrong and wretchedness heightened the delirium, till his seared and wounded spirit overflowed in poetry. And such poetry! like the harp-strings of Memnon's lyre, sounding at early morning, which the astonished traveller hears once, and remembers for ever.

We have spoken of childhood and youth—words which awaken in our memory associations bewitching with their very sweetness. We have spoken of childhood because it is then that we begin to love, and love produces poetry—to cherish with an affection that never fades—are swayed by feelings which in a greater or less degree act upon, and influence our maturer life. But it is in youth that we first love poetry for its own sake, and venerate the poet for the delight and enjoyment we experience. There is poetry in the melody of the night breeze, as in the matin hymnings of the sky-lark. The daisy and the primrose and the violet in the hedge-rows, are as scattered gems of song amidst the universal harmony of nature.

It is in youth, when the soul seeks in poetry a return of the affection which it lavishes upon the inanimate objects around it; when it communes with the face of nature, as with the unveiled attributes of the Deity; when the spirit pants for sympathy, even in the herbage of the field, and in the foliage of the forest; and, strange to say, it finds that sympathy, and such sympathy only as the objects which he adores can repay. If nature "mourns her worshipper" when dead, she cherishes him while living. Every leaf has a voice, every insect a tongue: the craggy rock, the stupendous waterfall, even the solitude of the desert, have a speech and an utterance, though mute to all the world beside. Hence is it that the love of his own species is produced in man; it is born in his childhood; it dies not with his age; it conducts him to the grave, and accompanies him to eternity. Thou glorious and immortal attribute of song, which clothest with thy ever-radiant apparel the sins and follies of erring humanity! if in my moments of earthly alienation I have mused upon one talisman, till my heart has revelled in its own abstraction, thou wast that

talisman; it is with thee that all my associations are linked—it is with thee that all my enthusiasm has been cherished—thou communicatedst the spark, thou hast fanned the flame!

“ Spirit of this unfathomable world !
 Favour my solemn song, for I have loved
 Thee ever, and thee only: I have watch'd
 Thy shadow and the darkness of thy steps,
 And my heart ever gazes on the depth
 Of thy vast mysteries ;—and though ne'er yet
 Thou hast unveil'd thy inmost sanctuary,
 Enough from incommunicable dream,
 And twilight phantasms, and noon-day thought,
 Has shone within me.”

SHELLEY.

We do not profess to write a life of Chatterton, nor do we seek a revival of the controversy which, fifty years ago, occupied the attention of the first literary men in England; but it will be necessary that we take a brief review of the remarkable features of an event which has been pronounced one of the most extraordinary occurrences of modern times. This wonderful boy was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752, and was the posthumous son of the master of a free-school established there, whose ancestors, for several generations, had filled the office of sexton in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe in that town. This latter circumstance would have been otherwise undeserving of notice, than as it was connected with the origin of that fabrication which has stamped upon Chatterton's name so much of obloquy and suspicion. The death of her husband, three months before the birth of her child, left Chatterton's mother with few means of support. All the education he received was, consequently, derived from a charity-school, founded by Colston, a West India merchant: here he was taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. At this period, he was not so proficient in learning as most boys of the same age; and it was not till his attention was attracted by the display of the illuminated capitals of an old French musical MS. that he became distinguished for that avidity for books which afterwards rendered him so conspicuous. But no sooner was the fire once kindled, than no bounds could set limits to its progress. Before he had reached his twelfth year, he had read upwards of seventy volumes—of a very desultory nature indeed, but principally in history and divinity. So great, in fact, was the advancement he had made, and so decisive and premature were the powers of his mind, that the Bishop was induced to admit him to confirmation, even at this early period. “Instead of the thoughtless levity of childhood,” observes one of his biographers, Dr. Gregory, “he possessed the gravity, pensiveness, and melancholy of maturer life. His spirits were uneven; he was frequently so lost in contemplation, that for many days together he would say very little, and apparently by constraint. His intimates in the school were few, and those of the most serious cast. At the hours allotted him for play, he generally retired to read; and he was particularly solicitous to borrow books.” The earliest existing specimen of Chatterton's poetry is sup-

posed to have been written about this time (at the age of eleven years). In point of merit, as a composition, it is worth little; but it serves to show the bent of his genius, and his disposition for satire.

When he was twelve years old, he was removed from home, and bound apprentice in the service of a Mr. Lambert, an attorney, who was resident at Bristol. Here his situation was very humble: "he ate with the servants, and slept in the same room with the footboy; but his employments left him many hours of leisure for reading, and these he devoted to acquiring a knowledge of English antiquities and obsolete language, which, together with his poetical ingenuity, proved sufficient for his Rowleian fabrications."¹ He had remained in this profession for upwards of a year, when an opportunity occurred for the display of those wonderful abilities which have excited such surprise and admiration. In October, 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished, and about that time an article appeared in Farley's Bristol Journal, containing an account of the ceremonies which took place at the opening of the old bridge. A letter to the publisher accompanied the MS., in which it was announced, that "the following description of *the Fryars first passing over the old bridge*, was taken from an ancient manuscript." The letter was signed "Dunhelmus Bristoliensis." This singular production must be allowed by every one to give remarkable evidence of strong talent for invention, and a knowledge of ancient language and customs, which, for a writer of Chatterton's age and education, is truly wonderful.

Such a production, at so critical a time, would naturally attract notice, and the printer was immediately called upon to display the original copy, or to publish the authority from which he received the communication: after great inquiry had been made, it was traced to Chatterton. He was immediately questioned on the subject,—and questioned too, it appears, with the spirit of harshness, which his poor and unbefriended state might seem to warrant from the Bristol *literati*. But the haughty boy refused to answer; his proud stomach could little brook the compulsory threats with which these gentlemen seasoned their interrogatories. Upon softer usage, however, and after many mild and persuasive entreaties, he seemed inclined to comply; but his answers were evasive and contradictory. He first asserted that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient MSS. by a gentleman, who had also engaged him to furnish complimentary verses, inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love. Being unable to produce any proof of this assertion, he was obliged to have recourse to another, which was, "that he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in the upper-room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church." This latter artifice was believed, and Chatterton was encouraged to proceed. He produced specimens of poetry, written in a very ancient style, and bearing undisputed marks of a genius of no ordinary stamp. These he announced to be copied from some of the MSS. before mentioned. The most competent judges in Bristol were deceived by them; they

¹ Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets."

were admired wherever they were shown, and Chatterton was taken into patronage. From time to time he continued to bring forward other specimens; but as yet he could never be induced to exhibit any of the originals.

Success will lend daring to the most pusillanimous spirit. Lord Orford, the celebrated Horace Walpole, "the 'Ultimus Romanorum,' and father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language," as Byron has somewhat ridiculously styled him, had, about this time, completed and published his "Anecdotes of Painters." Chatterton, animated by the issue of his first enterprise, imagined a more extensive field was open to his ambition in the person of this exalted statesman. He addressed a letter to him, in which it was stated that the writer was in possession of several ancient parchments, discovered at Bristol, many of them containing an interesting account of a long series of distinguished painters that had flourished in that town. Unfortunately for Chatterton's scheme, it happened that Horace Walpole had been but lately concerned in bringing before the world the Ossian of Mc Pherson, of the authenticity of which strong doubts had been entertained. He was therefore upon wary ground, and an account of a series of painters at Bristol, hitherto unheard of, seemed too marvellous a story even for the "Count of Otranto." His suspicions were consequently awakened; but he nevertheless answered the letter, desiring further information. This produced another from Chatterton, in which, by way of reply, he stated that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with considerable difficulty; he added, that he was bound apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies. This letter enclosed specimens of the poetry which, according to Chatterton, constituted the remainder of the MSS. "At first I concluded," says Horace Walpole, in a letter to a friend on the subject, after the melancholy death of Chatterton, "that somebody, having met with my Anecdotes of Painters, had a mind to laugh at me; I thought not very ingeniously, as *I was not likely to swallow a succession of great painters at Bristol*. The ode, or sonnet as I think it was called, was too pretty to be part of the plan; and, as is easy with all the other poems of Rowley, it was not difficult to make it modern, by changing the old words for new,—though yet more difficult than with most of them."

The "ode, or sonnet," to which he alludes, was the following, and is thus familiarly introduced by Chatterton:—

"This is a fragment by John, 'second Abbate of Seyncte Austyns Mynsterre;' he was inducted Abbot in the year 1186, and sat in the dies 29 years. He was the greatest poet of the age in which he lived; he understood the learned languages. *Take a specimen of his poetry on king Richard 1st.*"

"Harte of lyone! shake thie sworde,
Bare thie mortheynge^a steinede^b honde:
Quace^c whole armies to the queede,^d
Worke thie wyllie yn burlye-bronde.^e

^a Mortheynge, murdering.

^b Steinede, stained.

^c Quace, vanquish.

^d Queede, the evil one, the devil.

^e Burlye-bronde, anger.

Barons here on bankers-browded,
 Fyghte yn furies gaynste the cale ;⁷
 Whilste thou ynne thonderynge armes,
 Warriketh whole cyttes bale.
Harte of lyon ! sound the beme !⁸
Sounde ytte ynto inner londes,
Feare flies sportine ynne the cleeme,⁹
Inne thie banner terror stondes."

It is obvious, by the mere substitution of modern for ancient words, that this poem might be made perfectly intelligible. It is likewise impossible not to agree with Horace Walpole, that it displays a great poetical turn. "Such a spirit of poetry breathed in his coinage, as interested me for him; nor was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false notes-of-hand, that were to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus."

The other specimen which Chatterton enclosed in his letter, was the following eclogue, entitled "Elinoure and Juga," called by Walpole, "an absolute modern pastoral, thinly sprinkled with old words."

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne bank twa pynyng maydens sate,
 Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere ;
 Echone bementynge for her absente mate,
 Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge speare.
 The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre
 Dydde speke acroole, wythe languishment of eyne,
 Lyche dropes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvryng brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga ! heare mie dernie plainte,
 To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in stele ;
 O mai ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte,
 Maie good Senecte Cuthberte watche Syrr Roberte wele.
 Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele :
 See ! see ! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies ;
 Inhild some joice of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe on thys daise-ey'd banke,
 Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente ;
 Be, wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke ;
 Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente,
 Or lyche forlettenn¹⁰ halles of merriemente,
 Whose gastlie mitches holde the traine of fryghte,
 Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

ELINOURE.

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne,
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie ;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie ;
I'll seke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie ;
 Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche glebe wyll goe,
 And to the passante spryghtes lecture mie tale of woe.

⁷ Cale, cold.⁹ Cleeme, sound.⁸ Beme, trumpet.¹⁰ Forlettenn, forsaken.

JUGA.

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the leme
 Of leden Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;
The tryppeynge faeries weve the golden dreme
Of happynesse, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
 Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte
 Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche dase ynn thoughte.

ELINOURE.

Ah! woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!
 Thou limed ryver, on thie lynche maie bleede
 Champyons, whose bloude wyll wythe thie waterres flowe,
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!
 Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,
 To knowe, or whether we muste waile agayne,
 Or wytheoure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the plain.

*So sayinge, lyke two lewyn-blasted trees,
 Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
 Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees,
 To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
 There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were sleyned,
 Distraughte theie wandered to swollen Rudborne's syde,
 Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and dyde.*

"This pastoral Elinoure and Juga," says Dr. Gregory, "is one of the finest pathetic tales I have ever read. The complaint of two young females lamenting their lovers slain in the wars of York and Lancaster, was one of the happiest subjects that could be chosen for a tragic pastoral." But it failed to draw from Horace Walpole the attention which it merited; he was struck with the poetical turn which its author (whether Rowley or Chatterton) exhibited, but, nevertheless, entertained strong doubts of its authenticity. These doubts were confirmed, when, on showing both the pieces to his friends, Mason and Gray, the poets, they at once pronounced them forgeries. With a cold and cruel neglect, which cannot be even excused by disguising it, as many of the enemies of Chatterton have wished to do, under the veil of apathy with which the author of "the *royal* and *noble* authors" regarded literary men in general, he took no notice of the matter, further than by sending a frigid reply, advising Chatterton to prosecute the studies which were necessary for his profession. He then made a tour to France, and on returning back, after an interval of some months, found an indignant letter from Chatterton, demanding back the MSS., and adding "that Mr. Walpole would not have *dared* to use him so ill, had he not been acquainted with the narrowness of his circumstances." Walpole, offended by this epistle, written in what he calls "a singularly impertinent style," returned the MSS. in a blank cover, and thus concluded the business. The conduct of Lord Orford with regard to Chatterton has been defended—nay, he has endeavoured to defend himself! but, in the eyes of all reflecting judges, he has failed, and failed most miserably: "I wrote him a letter with as much kindness and tenderness as if I had been his

guardian," he remarks. It is false! The letter which he sent to Chatterton was as frigid as his own heart. This account, which he desired should be believed by the public, does not agree with the epithet which he applied to Chatterton, in a letter written by him to a friend, and which he little thought, at the time he penned it, would ever be published. He there calls him, not the "poor young man," "the marvellous boy," but the "*little rascal*." The former tender *sobriquet* was intended for the perusal of the public, and was written in his own defence; the latter compassionate *morceau* was to meet the eyes of an acquaintance, who would, as a matter of course, burn the letter as soon as read. It was not burnt however, and it now appears among the collected, and "justly admired" epistles of the "Knight of Strawberry Hill."

Chatterton was repulsed, but not dismayed: from time to time he continued to bring forward gems and snatches of exquisite song, rich with impassioned thought and glowing poetry; all written in the same obsolete language, and breathing the same air of antiquity. The best judges were deceived by them; the most infallible antiquarians were led astray. It is indeed amusing to witness the squabbles which these poems occasioned throughout England, for years after Chatterton's death. The following fragment, which was produced about this period, is incomparably fine:—

ODE, OR CHORUS IN THE TRAGEDY OF GODDWYN.

*When freedome, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde,
A gorie anlance bye her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;*

*Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;
She hearde onflemed the shrieking voice of woe,
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere,
On hie she cast her sheelde,
Her foemen all appere,
And fly alonge the feelde.*

*Power, with his heafod straught into the skies,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,
Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres roll hys eyes,
Stamps with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.
She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She rises from the shoche,
Wielding her owne in ayre.*

We cannot resist the temptation of selecting a few stanzas from the exquisite "Ballade of Charitie," "an imitation," observes Dr. Gregory, "of the most beautiful and affecting of our Saviour's parables, the

good Samaritan." How picturesque and true to nature are the poetical descriptions! how vivid the fancy which conceived them! We feel the horror of the dark cold night; we see "the big drops fall," and the "full flocks driving o'er the plain," "the welkin opens, and the yellow lightning flies." This was the poem which Chatterton intended should describe his own deserted condition, should embody the associations connected with his utterly desolate and "woe-be-gone" pilgrimage.¹

And oh! when we picture to ourselves the poor but erring offspring of genius, sitting in his cold and cheerless apartment, illuminated only by the flickering rays of a dim and solitary rush-light—an apartment which, with all its comfortless and inhospitable penury, he was necessitated to occupy—and portray him to our imagination, his flushed cheek and flashing eye, feeding with deep thought and inspired conception, the seared and heated brain which shrunk beneath the vastness of its own invention; let us "forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie, for its beauty and ingenuity."

AN EXCELENTE BALLADE OF CHARITIE.

AS WROTEN BIE THE GODE PRIESTE THOMAS ROWLIE, 1464.

(*This poem is taken from a single sheet in Chatterton's handwriting.*)

"In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;
The apple reddened from its palie greene,
And the softe peare did bende the leafy sprae;
The peede chelandri sunge the lyvelong daie;
'Twas now the pryde, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its most defte aumere.

And now storms begin to arise; "clouds of sable sullen hue" come up from the sea, spreading their black canopy far and wide over the heavens—dark, dark, yes, fearfully dark and threatening; the disk of the sun is hidden by the mist and vapour which rises, like Thetis, from the ocean. And is there any unprotected, unsheltered traveller, to bide the pitiless fury of the blast? Oh, yes!

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which did unto Seyncte Godwine's convent lede,
A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungente in his weede—

Where from the hail-stone coulede the almer fie?
He had no housen there, ne anie convent nie.

Looke in his clouded face, his sprighte there scanne;
How woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde,
Cold, as the claie which will grow on thie hedde
Is charitie and love amonge highe elves;
Knightis and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

¹ This poem, "The Balade of Charitie," was sent by Chatterton to the printer a few weeks before his miserable death.

The storm increases;—‘*horrida tempestas cœlum contrahit.*’ The lightning, forked and dazzling, pierces through the gloom, making the darkness doubly dark by the vivid contrast; and the thunder—we hear it rumbling, crashing along, in the sombre cadence of the verse, a true onomatopœia in English poetry; and the wind, and rain. Where shall this almer go? Is there no one to give him shelter?

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
His chapournette was drented wyth the raine,

* * * * *
An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide;
O! let me waite within your convent doore
Till the sun shineth hie above our heade,
And the loud tempeste of the aire is o’er;
Helpless and ould am I, alas! and poor.

And helpless and poor he may remain. How could the princely Abbot stop his pace to notice such a pilgrim? Presumptuous thought! But let us proceed.

Once more the skie was blacke, the thunder rolde,
Faste reyneynge oere the plaine a prieste was seen;
Ne deighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde,
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene;
A Limitoure he was of order seene;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

This is the good Samaritan: the priest and Levite had beheld the supplicant, and passed by on the other side; but here comes the kind and the generous hearted, to bind up the wounds which wretchedness and poverty had inflicted, and to heal them with the oil and wine of consolation.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
For sweete seyncte Marie, and your order sake:—
The Limitoure then loosend his pouche threade,
And dyd thereoute a groate of silver take;

* * * * *
Here take this sylver, it may ease thie care;
We are Godde’s stewards all—nought of oure owne we beare.

Before we proceed with the history of Chatterton, we wish to make our readers acquainted with some of his poems, written in modern English and in his own name. We select his translation of two odes of Horace.

HOR. Lib. I. Od. 19.

Yes! I am caught, my melting soul
To Venus bends without control,
I pour th’ impassioned sigh.
Ye Gods! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of love
That beams from Stella’s eye.

O how divinely fair that face,
 And what a sweet resistless grace
 On every feature dwells ;
 And on those features all the while,
 The softness of each frequent smile,
 Her sweet good nature tells.

O Love ! I'm thine, no more I sing
 Heroic deeds—the sounding string
 Forgets its wonted strain ;
 For aught but love the lyre's unstrung,
 Love melts and trembles on my tongue,
 And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
 The green sod altar let us rise ;
 Let holy incense smoke.
 And if we pour the sparkling wine,
 Sweet gentle peace may still be mine,
 This dreadful chain be broke.

This translation is most exquisitely done : it excels that of Francis, and all others who have rendered Horace into metre. But we will present our readers with another.

LIB. I. ODE 5.

What gentle youth, my lovely fair-one, say,
 With sweets perfum'd, now courts thee to the bow'r ;
 Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
 To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour?

By zephyrs waved, why does thy loose hair sweep,
 In simple curls around thy polish'd brow ?
 The wretch that loves thee now, too soon shall weep
 Thy faithless beauty, and thy broken vow.

Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes,
 As the smooth surface of the untroubled stream ;
 Yet, ah ! too soon th' ecstatic vision flies,—
 Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy youth ! oh, shun the warm embrace,
 Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile ;
 Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
 Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

The whole of this is beautiful, and as literal as the grace and elegance of the language will permit. The history of these translations is nearly as wonderful as their execution. When Chatterton was only sixteen years old, a gentleman, to whom he had been introduced, both as a promising young poet himself, and a discoverer of some ancient and valuable poetical MSS., lent him Watson's prose version of the Odes of the Sabine bard. Chatterton perused the book, and returned it to his friend with these splendid paraphrases. He did not know one word of Latin ; and more than once determined to com-

mence the study of it without assistance. To the classical images awakened in his mind by this introduction to the lyric poet of Rome, we probably owe the following Bacchanalian effusions:—

What is war, and all its joys?
Useless mischief, empty noise.
What are arms and trophies won?
Spangles glittering in the sun.
Rosy Bacchus, give me wine;
Happiness is only thine!

What is love without the bowl?
'Tis a languor of the soul:
Crown'd with ivy, Venus charms,
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus, give me love and wine,
Happiness is only thine!

This may probably have served as a hint to Byron for his Anacreontic, beginning "Bring the goblet again." There is an obvious resemblance between them; and the noble bard did not scruple to borrow from poets inferior to Chatterton. The other to which we refer is the following:—

Bacchus, ever smiling power,
Patron of the festive hour!
Here thy genuine nectar roll
To the wide, capacious bowl,
While gentility and glee
Make these gardens worthy thee.

Bacchus, ever mirth and joy,
Laughing, wanton, happy boy!
Here advance thy cluster'd crown,
Send thy purple blessings down;
With the nine to please conspire,
Wreath the ivy round the lyre.

While in the service of Mr. Lambert, Chatterton, instead of attending to his profession, was entirely engrossed with literary pursuits. So ignorant indeed was he of the common duties of the office, that he was unable, on leaving his master, to draw up the documents necessary for his release. The circumstances which led to his dismissal are not the most uninteresting in the history of Chatterton's life. The religious principles which had been instilled into him in early childhood, and to which he appears at that period to have been peculiarly susceptible, were, with the versatility of disposition which strongly characterises the whole course of his short but eventful career, thrown aside, to make room for their very antipodes—the dogmas of scepticism. Chatterton became an infidel; and that infidelity, as is usual in ardent and half-educated minds, led to the gradual dissolution of moral feeling, and made the idea of suicide familiar. Whether in jest or in earnest, he frequently expressed to the servants of Mr. Lambert his intention to destroy himself. It appears that they regarded the threat with contempt, as being only the freak of a mad boy; but Mr. Lambert's mother was terribly alarmed. She could not, however,

bring her son to pay any heed to the circumstance, until he happened to find a paper of Chatterton's, which, by mere chance, was lying upon his desk. This was entitled "The last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton;" and for singularity and absurdity, can hardly be paralleled. In this paper he formally announced his intention to destroy himself on the ensuing Easter Sunday, at midnight. Absurd though it be, it notwithstanding eminently portrays the peculiar and wonderful genius of its author. This incident decided Chatterton's fate. Mr. Lambert was not willing that the young suicide should accomplish such a feat under his roof, and he accordingly dismissed him, after a service of two years and ten months. It is very possible that the master was nearly as glad to part with the servant, as the latter to obtain his release; since, as Mr. Campbell remarks, he could have no great motive to detain so reluctant an apprentice from the hopes of his future services. During this period of his apprenticeship, amidst all the drudgery and toil which he had to experience, the magnificent powers of his brain were never unwielded. "In 1769," says Chalmers,¹ "we find him a very considerable contributor to the Town and Country Magazine, which began about that time. His ambition seems to have been to rise to eminence entirely by the efforts of his genius, either in his own character, or in that of some of the heroes of the Redcliffe chest, *in which he was perpetually discovering a most convenient variety of treasure*, with which to reward his admirers, and secure their patronage. Mr. Burgum, a pewterer, maintains the authenticity of Rowley's Poems. Chatterton *rewards him with a pedigree from the time of William the Conqueror, allying him to some of the most ancient families in the kingdom, and presents him with the 'Romaunt of the Cnyghte,' a poem written by John de Bergham, one of his ancestors, about four hundred and fifty years before*. In order to obtain the good opinion of his relation, Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, he informs him that he is *descended from Fitzstephen, grandson of the venerable Od, earl of Blois, and lord of Holderness, who flourished about the year 1095.*"

Chatterton now left Bristol, and went to London. Poor fellow! little did he think into what a sea of troubles he was launching his unpiloted bark. "I am certain of success," he boasted to his friends: "the promises which I have received from the booksellers put that beyond doubt: but in case literature should really fail, I will first turn methodist preacher; and should that remedy not succeed, I will shoot myself." He went to London; he arrived there without money, without friends, without acquaintance, but with a stock of talent which in the present day, by proper conduct, would have led him to the highest eminence. He went to London; and, contrary to the expectations of his relatives, he succeeded for some time. He wrote for the magazines, and, according to his own account, obtained four guineas a month from one proprietor. "Occasional essays for the daily papers will more than support me," he writes to his mother; "what a glorious prospect!" He commenced a History of England, pro-

¹ Chalmers, by-the-bye, has been well styled by Dix, in his excellent Life of Chatterton, recently published, "one of his greatest libellers." His memoir is literally a disgrace to human nature.

jected another History of London, engaged to write plays and songs for Ranelagh, Vauxhall, &c. This was not enough for his tremendous spirit: he became a politician; obtained an introduction to the celebrated Lord Mayor, Alderman Beckford; was noticed by the notorious Wilkes, who was astonished at the talent displayed in his political essays. "I hope," says Chatterton, "very soon, with the blessing of God, to be sent prisoner to the tower, which would make my fortune for ever." But the poor boy soon found the patriotic side, though plentiful in promises, to be backward in performance. His friend Alderman Beckford died, and he was left without a patron; with a tergiversation which his warmest admirers cannot defend, he immediately changed his principles, and addressed a letter to Lord North, flattering his administration. "I have the utmost contempt," he says, "for the man who cannot use his pen on both sides." But Chatterton, in addition to this, grew haughty, proud, and imperious. It was his common boast, that he would settle the nation before he had done. "I must be among THE GREAT," says he; "state matters suit me." Alas, alas! how evanescent are our most sanguine dreams! The splendid visions, decked out in all the gorgeous imagery which a fertile imagination could devise, began to fade; and dark was the reality that followed. Poor and wretched Chatterton! "sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy!" in the time of adversity thy friends were unfaithful—thy enemies were malicious; thou wast neglected, despised, persecuted, and yet thou didst not forget those who had a hold on thy affections,—thy mother and thy sister. When thou wast thyself starving with hunger, thou contributedst to their necessities; nay, sendest them presents which were of no immediate use, that they might be induced to believe thee fortunate. If their minds were anxious for thy welfare, thy letters reassured their hope. When thy heart was breaking with sadness, it dictated to them the most brilliant anticipations.

Chatterton soon found his expectations were indeed futile; his money vanished—the booksellers became reluctant; the pride of the young poet increased with his misfortunes; he grew obstinate, delirious, mad—was dying with hunger—in want of the meanest necessities of life—became a misanthrope, and shrouded himself in contempt for the human race. His landlady, a good, kind-hearted old creature, Mrs. Angel of Brooke Street, Holborn, witnessing the state of starvation in which her unfortunate lodger had passed the last three days, offered him a portion of her scanty meal; it was the widow's mite, the only meal she possessed, and she entreated him to share it. What!—Chatterton, the immortal, the inspired—he who might, had not fate and fortune been against him, have dictated to worlds—was he solicited to partake of a frigid morsel, and that too by his own landlady, the wife of a sack-maker? He stamped and raved like a madman. Did she think that *he* was hungry? He refused her kindness, dashed out of the house—rushed along the street, hither—thither—anywhere; he had no home to go to; he stopped at a fishmonger's stall; the man knew him—knew his desolate condition, and offered him some oysters. Chatterton hesitated; he was hungry—had been so for the last three days, during which time he had tasted nothing; should he accept the offer? Human infirmity overcame the pride of his mad and lofty soul. He did eat, and that

too most voraciously : the man was astonished at his appetite. Homeward he dashed again—went into his little garret ; locked the door, and barred it ; took his manuscripts, tore them into a thousand pieces, strewed them about the room, stamped upon them, and cursed them—cursed the genius which God had given him, the genius of a thousand ages—became frantic and furious—drank poison, a dose of arsenic which he had mixed in water—threw himself upon the floor, and rolled about the room, with the white foam gushing from his mouth, groaning and gasping in the mightiness of his torture. Good God ! what a sight was there ! “ Hast thou prayed to night, Desdemona ? ” *Did Chatterton pray ?* Did he offer up one ardent prayer, one sigh for mercy, amidst the excruciating agony in which he suffered ? *That* is a secret which is known only to God and eternity. He died—died by his own hand—went down to his grave with the guilt of a suicide upon his head. A coroner’s inquest sat upon the body, viewed his distorted features, the features of a ghastly corpse, and brought in a verdict of *insanity*. Chatterton *was* insane—had been so all his life ; insane, delirious, mad—mad with the intensity of his own genius. They gathered up the body, enclosed it in a shell, a rude coffin, without paint or polish, a few rough boards nailed together,—threw it into a hole dug out in the pauper’s burying-ground : they buried him there—there—him that had been endowed with that prodigious share of talent which is given but to one individual during the continuance of an empire. There they buried him, without mark or monument, stone or sepulchre,—buried him amongst paupers with a pauper’s funeral. A year afterwards it could not be decided, with certainty, which was the exact spot where the ill-fated Chatterton lay mouldering. He spurned the world, and flung himself upon the anger of his Creator, on the twenty-fourth of August, 1770, aged SEVENTEEN YEARS AND NINE MONTHS.

“ They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate !
 Whose crime it was, on life’s unfinish’d road
 To feel the step-dame buffetings of fate,
 And render back thy being’s heavy load.
 Ah ! once, perhaps, the social passions glowed
 In thy devoted bosom,—and the hand
 That smote his kindred heart might yet be prone
 To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
 Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown !—
 He who thy being gave, shall judge of thee alone.”

Before we indulge ourselves in reflections on the fate of Chatterton, we must present our readers with the magnificent verses—doubtless already known to many of them—which were wrung in bitterness of spirit from the wretched boy only a few days before his unfortunate suicide. They find a parallel in those well-known lines of Byron, forced from him at a similar period, “ ’Tis time this heart should be unmoved,” &c.

THE RESIGNATION.

“ O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys ;
 To thee my only rock I fly,
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the power of human skill—
 But what th' Eternal acts is right.

Oh! teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy took the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
 I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

Could the writer of this be an infidel? If Chatterton's sceptic principles were ever real, they were not so when he died. This was the last thing he ever wrote,—this was the legacy which his magnificent soul bequeathed to the world. And yet there is something tenderly distressing in the tenor of a letter which he sent about this time to a gentleman in Bristol, and which concludes thus: "Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity; I request them not, for I am no Christian." To the same gentleman he inscribed a Poem, entitled "Happiness," in which we find the following lines,—

"Hail, Revelation! sphere-envelop'd dame,
 To some divinity, to most a name;
 Reason's dark lantern, superstition's sun,
 Whose cause mysterious and effect are one."

It is difficult to decide what he meant by the last line. A little further on, he continues—

"Conscience, the soul-chameleon's varying hue
 Reflects all notions, to no notion true.—
 The bloody son of Jesse, when he saw
 The mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,

He made himself an ephod to his mind,
 And sought the Lord, and always found him kind.
 In murder, horrid cruelty and lust,
 The Lord was with him, and his actions just.

Priestcraft! thou universal blind of all,
 Thou idol, at whose feet all nations fall,
 Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,
 And veil Elysium with a cloud of doubt.—
 Since present blessings in possession cloy,
 Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy—
 Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms slight,
 And dawning reason would direct them right,
 Some glittering trifle to their optics hold—
 Perchance they'll think the glaring spangle gold."

As a contrast to these objectionable sentiments, worthy of a Paine or Carlile, and much on an equality with the "Queen Mab" of Shelley, we select the following Hymn to Christmas Day: written indeed at a much earlier period, being the production of his eleventh year.

"Almighty Framers of the skies!
 Oh, let our pure devotion rise
 Like incense in thy sight!
 Wrapt in impenetrable shade
 The texture of our souls was made,
 Till thy command gave light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the ray,
 Refin'd the darkness into day,
 And bid the vapours fly:
 Impell'd by his eternal love
 He left his palaces above,
 To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
 When God appeared in mortal clay,
 The mark of worldly scorn;
 When the archangel's heavenly lays
 Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
 And hail'd salvation's morn!

A humble form the Godhead wore,
 The pains of poverty he bore,
 To gaudy pomp unknown;
 Though in a human walk he trod,
 Still was the Man Almighty God,
 In glory all his own.

Despised, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
 The torments of this vale of tears,
 Nor bade his vengeance rise;
 He saw the creatures he had made
 Revile his power, his peace invade;—
 He saw with mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate his name,
 Who groan'd beneath a life of shame,
 In all afflictions try'd !
 The soul is raptur'd to conceive
 A truth, which being must believe,
 The God eternal died."

The person of Chatterton has been described as being as premature as his genius. "He had a manliness and dignity beyond his years, and there was a something about him extremely prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which though gray, were uncommonly piercing: when he was warmed in argument or otherwise, *they sparkled with fire*, and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other."

His favourite maxim was, that "God had sent his creatures into the world, with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be at the trouble of extending them."

Chatterton was temperate to an excess. He seldom partook of animal food:—his chief sustenance was bread and water. His mother, poor woman, would sometimes endeavour to get her son a small cooked joint, but he would usually refuse it, "because he had a work in hand,—and he must not make himself more stupid than God had made him." Like Milton, he imagined his genius to be influenced by different seasons—the full of the moon was the period at which he supposed himself to be most capable of composition. "He was always," says one of his Bristol friends, "extremely fond of walking in the fields, particularly in Redcliffe meadows. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, in which he seemed to take a particular delight. He would frequently lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the church, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance."

"Unfortunate boy! poorly wast thou accommodated during thy short sojourn among us;—rudely wast thou treated, sorely did thy feeling soul suffer from the scorn of the unworthy, and there are, at last, those who wish to rob thee of thy only meed—thy posthumous glory.—Malice, if there was any, may surely now be at rest, for "cold he lies in the grave below."—But where were ye, O ye friends to genius, when, stung with disappointment, distressed for food and raiment, with every frightful form of human misery painted on his fine imagination, Chatterton sunk into despair?—Alas! ye knew him not then, and now it is too late,—

"For now he is dead,
 Gone to his death bed,
 All under the willow tree."

So sang the sweet youth, in as tender an elegy as ever flowed from a feeling heart."—*Knox's Essays*.

We select a few specimens of Chatterton's Poems for the gratification of our readers. We begin with the tragedy of *Ella*. If Shakspeare had never existed, it would have been the first in our language.

THE "MYNSTRELLE'S SONGE."

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynie teare with mee,
 Dance no more at holy daie,
 Like a running ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to his deathe bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
 Red his face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cold he lies ynne the grave belowe.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to his deathe bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Sweet hys tongue as the throstles note,
 Quicke in daunce as thoughte can bee;
 Defte hys taboure,—codgell stote,
 O! he lies by the wyllowe tree!
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to his deathe bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

*See! the whyte Moone sheenes onne hie;
 Whyterre ys mie true love's shroude;
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude.
 Mie love is dedde,
 Gon to his deathe bedde,
 Al under the wyllows tree.*

Comme, wythe acorne-toppe and thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys bloode awaie;
 Lyfe and all yttes goodes I scorne,—
 Dance by night or feaste by daie,
 Mie love is dedde,
 Gon to his deathe bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

What beautiful poetry is this! How simple,—tenderly, painfully simple! Let us proceed.

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The eveninge comes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
 The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne,
 Arounde the may-pole mynstrelle synge the songe;
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwine;
 I laie mee on the grasse; yette to mie wylle,
Albeytte alle is faire, there lackethe somethynge styll.

SECOND MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, when yn Paradyse,
 Alle Heaven and Earthe dyd homage to hys minde;
 Ynne womanne alleynne mannes pleasure lyes;
 As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
*Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
 Wynter, and brownie hylles, wylle have a charme for thee.*

Womanne bee made, notte for themselves, botte manne;
Bone of his bone, and chylde of his desire.

.

Hope! holy sister, sweepynge thro' the skie
 In crowne of gold and robe of lillie whyte,
 Whyche far abroad in gentle ayre doe flie,
Meetynge from dystance the enjoyous syghte;
 Albeytte, oft thou takest thie hie flyghte,
 Clothed in a miste, and with thyne eyne yblente,
 Now comest thou to me with starrye lyghte;
 Unto thie veste the redde sonne ys abente,
 The sommer tyde, the monthe of Maie appere,
 Depycte with skilful hand uponne the wide aumere.

*Honnoure, what bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
 A thyne of wychencref, an idle dreme!*

* * * *

This poem, called by Chatterton a tragical interlude, contains about 1500 lines, and is one of the best of the Rowley poems: it is a complete and well-written tragedy. The plot is interesting and full of variety; the language replete with beauties of no ordinary nature, while the characters are well devised and admirably sustained. It is eminently calculated to exhibit both the sublimity of Chatterton's genius, and his talent for invention. "The battle of Hastings," however, was the favourite poem of Chatterton; and there are many who are willing to agree with him. On the whole, we think it inferior to the tragedy of *Ælla*; but it nevertheless possesses astonishing beauty.

*And now the greie-eyd morne withe v'lets drest,
 Shakyng the dewe-drops on the flow'ry meedes,
 Fled with her rosie radiance to the west;
 Forth from the eastern gates the fyerie steedes,
 Of the bryghte sunne awaytynge spirits leedes:
 The Sonne, in fierie pomp, enthroned on highs
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys journie gledes,
 And scatters nyghtes remaines from oute the skie:
 He sawe the armies make for bloodie fraie
 And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome raye.*

.

William agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
 And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged its waie,
 Descending like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie;
 On Algar's sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie,
 There through dyd pierce, and stick intoe his groyne;
 In grypyng torments on the feelde he laye
 Till welcome dethe came in, and closed his eyne;
 Distort wythe pain, he lay upon the borne,
Lyke sturdie elmes by stormes in uncouth wrythynges torne.

.

The following is extremely powerful.

" Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sire
 For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
 Whose breast for ever burned with sacred fire,
 And e'en on earthe he myghte be called divine,
 To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne,
And left his son, his God's and fortunes' knyghte.

He married was to Kenewalcha faire,
 The fynest dame the sun or moon adave,
 She was the myghtie Aderedus' heire,
 Who was already hastened to the grave;
As the blue Britons, rising from the wave,
Like sea-gods seeme in moste majestic guise,
And round about the rising waters lave,
And their long hayre arounde their bodies flies;
Such majestic was in her porte displayed,
To be excelled bie none but Homer's martial mayde.

White as the chalkie clyffes of Britain's isle,
 Red as the highest colored Gallic wine,
 Gay as all nature at the mornynge smile,
 Those hues with pleasance on her lips combine;
 Her lips more redde than summer evenynge skyne,
 Or Phœbus rysinge in a frostie morne;
 Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
 Or lillie lambs that never have been shorne,
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boilynge welle,
 Or new-burst brooklettes gently whispynge in the delle.

Browne as the fylberte droppynge from the shelle,
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
 So browne the curling locks that featlie felle
Over the neck of the all beauteous dame;
 Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
 Of Phœbus' charyotte rollynge thro' the skie,
 So greie appeared her featlie sparklynge eye;—
 Those eyes that dyd oft mickle pleased look
 On Adhelm, valyaunt man, *the virtues' doomsday book.*

Majestic as the grove of okes that stooode
 Before the abbie built by Oswald kynge,
 Majestic as Hybernies holy wood,
 Where saintes and souls departed masses singe;
 Such awe from her sweete looke forthe issuynge,
 At once for reveraunce and love dyd calle;
 Sweet as the voice of thrushes in the spring,
 So sweet the wordes that from her lips did fall;
 None fell in vayne, all shewed some entent,
 Her wordies did displaie her great entendement.

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthbert's shryne,
 Tapre as elmes that Goodricke's abbie shrove,
 Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
 So tapre was her arnes and shape ygrove;

As skilful miners, by the stones above,
 Can tell what metall is concealed belowe,
 So Kennewalcha's face was made,—for love,
 The lovelie ymage of her soule dyd shoue ;
 Thus was she outward formed ; *the sun her mind*
Dyd gild her mortal shape, and all her charms refined.

What blazours then,—what glorie shall he clayme,
 What doughtie Homer shall hys praises syng,
 Who left the bosome of so fayre a dame,
 Uncalled, unasked, to serve hys lorde the kynge ?
 To hys fayre shrine goode subjects ought to bringe
 The armes, the helmets, alle the spoyles of warre,
 Through everie realm the poets blaze the thyng,
 And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre ;
 The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felt,
And now among his foes death-doyng blowes he dealt.

Towards the end of the poem, Stonehenge is thus described :—

Where fruitless heaths, and meadows clad in graie,
 Save where derne hawthorns reare theyr humble heade,
 The hungrie traveller upon his waie
 Sees a huge desart alle arounde hym spredde ;
 The distant citie scantly to be spredde,
 The curlynge force of smoke he sees in wayne,
 'Tis too far distant, and hys onlie bedde,
 Enfolded in hys cloke, is on the playne ;
 Whylste rattlinge thunder forreys o'er hys heade,
 And raines come downe to wette hys hard uncouthly bedde.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountains standes,
 Placed on each other in a drear arraie ;
It ne'er could be the worke of human handes,
It was not reared up by men of claie.
 Here dyd the Britons adoration paye
 To the false God whom they dyd Tauran name,
 Dyghtyne his altarre with great fyres in Maie,
 Roastyng theyr victualle round aboute the flame.

We recommend the whole of this poem to the attention of our readers : it will amply repay the trouble of perusal. The imagery is beautiful ; the description of natural scenery, gorgeous and glowing as the nature from which it is painted,—and painted, too, only as a poet, a true, exalted poet can paint. Oh ! ye time-worn and moth-eaten ministers of antiquity, who shroud yourselves in the cobwebs of your own defilement, what do ye know of the magnificent treasures which the poet can awaken from the ideal chamber of his brain ? Critics and benefactors of literature, who rejoice in the extravagance of your own luxury, and leave the spirits of this world's weal to starve and perish ; their blood—the blood of Chatterton, and Otway, and Burns, and Keats, be upon your heads—the heads of those who murdered them. Go on in your career of oppression ! Build a monument for Spenser, a sepulchre for Butler, a mausoleum for Burns ! Laud to the skies the spirits of your country's glory, when the careworn corpse is pallid in the dust ! Ye are the patrons of

learning! ye are the encouragers of literature; but the feet of your idols are defiled with blood, and the voices of your slaughtered votaries appeal to Heaven from your altars!

We proceed with Chatterton's poems. Beautiful are they, as the first streaks of morning which dawn upon an awakened world.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The matten belle had sounded long,
The cocks had sang their morning song,
When, lo! the tuneful claryon's sound
Did echo to the rooms around;
And greet the ears of champyons stronge,
Arise, arise from downie bedde,
For the sun dothe begin to show his head!
Then each did don in seemlie gear
What armour each befitted to wear;
And on each sheelde devices shone,
Of wounded hearts and battles won.

* * * * *

O'Rocke upon his courser fleet,
Swift as lightning were his feet,
First entered the lists and acquired him fame,
From west Hybernee isle he came,
His might depicted in his name;
All dreaded such an one to meet,
Bold as a mountain wolf he stood.

* * * * *

Next came in syr Botelier bold and brave,
The death of manie a Saracen,
They thought him a devil from Hell's black den,
Not thinking that anie of mortall men
Could send so many to the grave.

* * * * *

*Within his rest he settled his speare,
And ran at O'Rocke in full career,
Their lances with the furious stroke
Into a thousand shivers broke,
Like as the thunder tears the oak,
And scatters splinters here and there.*

And yet we have lingered too long among the beauties of the Rowley forgeries, without having extracted one-tenth of their sweets. We will now present the reader with a few specimens of the verses which were written by Chatterton for the *Magazines*, during his unfortunate abode in London. Hastily were they penned, and imperfectly—too often the offspring of necessity, thrown off in a few moments of inspiration, to satisfy the immediate calls of hunger.

NARVA AND MORED.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

"Recite the loves of Narva and Mored,"
The priest of Chalma's triple idol said;
*High from the ground the youthful warrior sprung,
Loud on the concave shell the lances rung.*

*In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
 The youths of Banny's burning sands advance ;
 Whilst the soft virgin, panting, looks behind,
 And rides upon the pinions of the wind ;
 Ascends the mountain's brow, and measures round
 The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground ;
 Chalma, whose excellence is known from far,
 From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar ;
 Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn
 Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn ;
 Where ginger's aromatic, matted root
 Creeps through the mead, and up the mountains shoot.*

Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,
 Danc'd in the shadow of the mystic trees ;
 When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,
 The first-born sons of war and blood pursue ;
 Swift as the elk they pour along the plain,
 Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain ;
 Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
They course along, and lengthen as they go.
 So when the splendour of the dying day
 Darts its red lustre o'er the wat'ry way,
 Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink,
 The circling billows in wild eddies sink ;
 Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave
 Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave ;
 Where the artificer, in realms below,
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow ;
 Where the pale children of the feeble sun,
 In search of gold, through every climate run ;
 From burning heat to freezing torments go,
 And live in all vicissitudes of woe ;
 Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,
 The warriors circle the mysterious tree ;
 The priestess rising, sings the sacred tale,
 And the loud chorus echoes through the dale.

“ Far from the burning sands of Calabar,
 “ Far from the lustre of the morning star,
 “ Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
 “ Laid in the dust, and number'd with the dead ;
 “ Dear are their memories to us, and long,
 “ Long shall their attributes be known in song ;
 “ Their lives were transient as the meadow flower,
 “ Ripen'd in ages—wither'd in an hour.
 “ Bred to the service of the Godhead's throne,
 “ And living but to serve his God alone,
 “ Narva was beauteous as the op'ning day,
 “ When on the sparkling waves the sunbeams play ;
 “ *Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed,*
 “ *Lived the still sweeter flower, the young Mored ;*
 “ She saw and loved ; and Narva too forgot
 “ His sacred vestment, and his mystic lot ;—
 “ Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,
 “ Burst from the breast, and scorn'd confinement there.”

In a letter to a friend, dated London, July 1st, 1770, Chatterton writes—"In the last London Magazine, and in that which comes out to-day, are the only pieces of mine which I have the vanity to call poetry." These were the African Eclogues, from which we have just quoted.—"An author and his readers are seldom of the same mind." Containing beautiful imagery and excellent versification, they are yet inferior to many of his other poems. We do not scruple, however, to compare them with the Oriental Eclogues of Collins. They have puerilities which are not to be found in those of Collins, but they likewise possess beauties to which he was a stranger; and for the former, we must remember that the verses of Chatterton were written upon emergencies which allowed no time for polish and correction. Hunger is a bad sauce for poetry, whatever it may be, for the hard-earned sustenance of the unfortunate. Chatterton wrote to supply himself with food for his approaching meal, and what was composed in one hour was printed the next. And under these circumstances, how beautiful and animated are his productions!

We find the following in the second and third eclogues:—

From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
Blended at once with water and with skies:
Beyond our sight, in vast extension curl'd,
The check of waves, the guardian of the world.

* * *

GAIRA.

Heccar, my vengeance still exclaims for blood,
'Twould drink a wider stream than Caigra's flood:
This jav'lin, oft in nobler quarrels tried,
Put the loud thunder of their arms aside.

HECCAR.

When Gaira the united armies broke,
Death wing'd the arrow—Death impell'd the stroke.
See, piled in mountains, on the sanguine sand,
The blasted of the lightnings of thy hand!
The children of the wave, whose pallid race
Views the faint sun display a languid face,
From the red fury of thy justice fled,
Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.
Fear, with a sicken'd silver, tinged their hue—
The guilty fear when vengeance is their due.

But we are carrying ourselves beyond our limits. We must pluck only a few more flowers; wild and beautiful flowers shall they be—beautiful from their very wildness.

TO MISS C——,

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARPSICHOORD.

(*From a MS. of Chatterton's in the British Museum.*)

Had Israel's Monarch, when misfortune's dart
Pierced to its deepest core his heaving breast,
Heard but thy dulcet tones, his sorrowing heart
At such soft tones had sooth'd itself to rest.

Yes, sweeter far than Jesse's son's thy strains ;
 Yet what avail, if sorrow they disarm ?
 Love's sharper sting within the soul remains,
The melting movements wound us as they charm.

Chatterton, we have already intimated, excelled in satire. In 1769 he composed a poem, with little regard to decency or refinement, entitled "*Kew Gardens*"—a satirical allusion to the fashionable scandal of the day, and reflecting on the characters of Lord Bute and the Princess Dowager of Wales. This poem contains 1300 lines, and till 1837 was never published entire. It was then given in his *Life* by Dix. The MS. is preserved, as are most of the writings of Chatterton, in the British Museum. (*See Facsimile.*)

The versification of the concluding part is peculiarly spirited :—

D——d narrow notions—notions which disgrace
 The boasted reason of the human race.
 Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still—
 I scorn her prudence, and I ever will.
 Since all my vices magnified are here,
 She cannot paint me worse than I appear ;
When raving in the lunacy of ink,
I catch the pen, and publish what I think.

We have left the gem of Chatterton's avowed productions to the last. It is the piece which will do most honour to his heart, and clothe his memory with the magic of enchantment. Keen were the sensibilities by which the chord was awakened that gave utterance to its beauties ; and unsensible must be the heart that reflects upon Chatterton's condition, and responds not to the strain. The tie was broken that had united the sensitive poet to the experienced friend,—the affectionate boy to the assiduous patron ;—and his young and bereaved bosom felt the snapping of that chord, and his wounded spirit sought relief in song. There is an utterance to the soul in poetry, that softens the anguish of the moment into the tranquil sorrowing of woe—that stays the gushing tear, and cools the life-throb of the scorching brain. We will select a few of its stanzas, and bid adieu to our subject.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
 No more the wonders of the view I sing ;
 Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
 At her command the awful lyre I string.

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
 Where tempests howl, and blasts eternal rise,
 How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
 Or stay the gushing torrents from my eyes ?

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,
 Say, meek-eyed spirit, where thy tuneful shell,
 Which, when the silver stream was lock'd in ice,
 Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravaged dell ?

When golden Autumn, wreath'd in ripen'd corn,
 From purple clusters press'd the foamy wine,
 Thy genius did his fallow brows adorn,
 And made the beauties of the season thine.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw,
 Their beauties brighten'd in thy genial lay;
 Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
*And every image of his muse was May.*¹

Immortal shadow of my much-lov'd friend,
 Cloth'd in thy native virtue, meet my soul;
 When on the fatal couch, my passions bend,
 And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
 Thy mind was honour, and thy soul divine;
 With thee did every god of genius dwell,
*Thou wast the Helicon of all the Nine.*²

Peace, deck'd in all the softness of the dove,
 Over thy passions spread her silver plume;
 The rosy veil of harmony and love,
 Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace—gentlest, softest of the virtues—spread
 Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
 Upon her best distinguish'd poet's head,
 And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Now rest, my muse, but only rest to weep.
 A friend made dear by ev'ry sacred tie;
 Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep—
 Phillips is dead:—'tis pleasure then to die.

*Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew—
 Short were the moments of his transient peace;
 But melancholy robb'd him of those few,
 And this hath bid all future comfort cease.*

The greatest of our modern poets have not thought it beneath them to notice Chatterton. Wordsworth, in one of his best poems, has the following:—

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,—
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.

Shelley, in his Adonais, or Elegy on the Death of poor Keats—a poem which would have given him immortality, had he written nothing else—has,

Chatterton
 Rose pale—his solemn agony had not
 Yet faded from him.

¹ This Mr. Phillips was himself a poet, and had written occasionally in the Magazines of that day.

² Mr. Campbell is not indebted to this line:—

“From Love began thy high descent,
 And lovers, charm'd by gifts of thine,
 Shall bless thee, mutely eloquent,
And call thee brightest of the Nine.—
Stanzas to Painting.

James Montgomery, the author of "The Wanderer of Switzerland," has the following:—

STANZAS

ON READING THE VERSES ENTITLED "RESIGNATION," WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON
A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS MELANCHOLY END.

A dying swan of Pindus sings,
In wildly mournful strains;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering lyre complains.

The bard, to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings, 'midst the tempest of his mind,
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,
Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash minstrel! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre?

The lyre that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,
That lyre the power to Genius gave,
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes—till his memory fail with years,
Shall Time thy strain recite;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight.

But the most beautiful of all who have laid their incense upon the shrine of this poor boy, is Coleridge. We venerate this great man's memory the more for the sensitive monody which he has penned—to the memory of one who would have gladly returned his affection. We willingly quote from this exquisite and touching poem.

Thee, Chatterton, these unblest stones protect
From want and the bleak freezings of neglect;
Too long before the vexing storm blast driven,
Here hast thou found repose, beneath this sod!
Thou, O vain world! thou dwell'st not with the clod.
Amid the shining host of the forgiven,
Thou, at the throne of mercy and thy God,
The triumph of Redeeming Love dost hymn
(Believe it, O my soul!) to harps of Seraphim.
Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon winds, the Minstrel came:—
Poor Chatterton! he sorrows for thy fate
Who would have praised and loved thee ere too late.
Poor Chatterton! farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb;

But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,¹
 Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom;
 For oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
 Have blackened the fair promise of my spring;
 And the stern Fate transpierced with viewless dart
 The last pale hope that shivered at my heart!

Reader! we too must bid "farewell" to Chatterton; we could have lingered longer by his sepulchre, and cast many a chaplet on his "unshaped tomb." We could have entreated you to forgive his errors, his deception, his forgeries;—we could have asked you to love him, as we ourselves have loved him, as a friend—as a brother; but it must not be—our space forbids us. Poor and unfortunate Chatterton!—the affectionate and the tender-hearted; had the boon of genius been denied thee, thou mayest have lived in happiness and contentment; as it is, thou hast earned for thyself an immortality, unfading and for ever.

Beautiful to the soul is Poetry; like the wing of an angel, veiling the sorrows of the sinking pilgrim with the beauty of its own beatitude: like the scattered flowers which spring up amidst the desert places of the wilderness, to cheer the bitter path of the unsolaced traveller: like the voice of a departed sister, sweet and musical amidst the dreamings of despair.

————— quando
 Il tempo con sue fredde ale vi spazza
 Fin le rovine, le Nimphe fan lieti
 Di lor canto i deserti, e l'armonia
 Vince di mille secoli il silenzio.
 FOSCOLO. *Dei Sepolcri Carme.*

C. B. W.

REMEMBRANCE.

Forget me not though far away
 On troubled life's unruly sea,
 For many a long and weary day,
 I linger in adversity;
 Thy form still imaged in my brain,
 Shall cheer my wounded spirit long;
 And Fancy to my ear again,
 Shall breathe thy voice, and wake thy song.

Forget me not, though grief should chill
 With blighting hand thy aching breast;
 Alas! I can remember still,
 In sorrow thou wert loveliest.
 Forget me not:—I can forget
 Each love I cherished long but thee;
 And thee I will remember yet,
 In anguish and in agony.

Ω.

MOON-MADNESS.

"It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad."—OTHELLO.

READER! were you ever mad? If you were not, you have never experienced one of the deepest delights of existence. There is something in the being mad utterly beyond all human conception—a wild and unearthly fire burns in your brain—it scorches you sometimes, it is true; like molten lead it settles on your temples, and then, scorch—scorch.—God! what an insufferable heat! But it is nothing, after all, to the strange feeling of ecstasy which you experience,—to the thrill of joy—glad, unspeakable joy—which penetrates and runs through your whole frame. *I* have been mad—they say *I* am so now—and *I* know this, that *I* would not wish to become any more a creature of earth and reason, while a new state of existence can be enjoyed, such as no one, who does not like myself experience it, could imagine to be real. Mad—mad—who would not wish to be mad? *I* was born, the old nurse told me, at a most ominous time—on a Friday—at the exact period of full moon, and while that moon was in eclipse. *I*, in consequence, became a moon-idiot:—strange words—and how full of meaning! A MOON-IDIOT. *I* would not exchange the title for that of Baron or Marquess—they are mere sons of earth and clay—while the idiot, the poor despised idiot, that laughs and chuckles in his dotage, is allied to the everlasting spirits of nature, which pervade all space, and animate all creation. It is, indeed, something to be mad! *I* am a poet. *I* have rivalled Chatterton, the boy-wonder; have surpassed Byron, the immortal; have held commune with the mystical Shelley; and have fondled the earth-worm that rioted on the pallid lips of Keats, and have kissed those lips, and laid the palms of my hands upon his ghastly cheeks, and have pulled back the shroud from his face that *I* might gaze upon his features; and all this have *I* done in the deep midnight, when the moon was in the full, and the bodies were in their graves, and those graves were in a foreign land. Strange—strange—but it was so.

I am a poet, and have written verses—and sweet verses too—but they were wild, as verses ought to be, and they were about love—a pleasant thing is that same love—Ha! ha! ha!—and they were about the trees, and the daisies—the bright-eyed daisies; the daisies are my brothers, and *I* wrote and talked to them, and—and—but the time is fled away, and my poor heart is heavy now.

I read poetry, and got it by heart. *I* could recite the whole of Shakspeare; and *I* learned Dante and Tasso, and many of the poets of Italy *I* knew well. There was one, Ippolito Pindemonte, to whom Foscolo, the friend of Byron, inscribed his "*Sepolcri*"—a strange thing that "*Sepulchres*." Ha! ha!—Ugo Foscolo could write poetry! But poor Pindemonte had a piece to Melancholy, which *I*

used to sit and sing by the hour, when the green leaves were on the trees, and the flowers were blithe in the bright sunshine. Pleasant times those—Ha! ha! Poor Keats, too, had an Ode to Melancholy, but it was not so good as Pindemonte. Now, hark! this is Keats:

“ No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf’s-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss’d
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine :”—

Hush! that will not do. Very pretty, though, but it is not *my* song. Now hark again, this is Pindemonte; it is beautiful as the summer-swallow nestling among the grass—like the far-off spires of one’s own birth-place, seen after many a long year of weariness and wandering:

“ Melanconia,
 Ninfa gentile,
 La vita mia
 Consegno a te—
O che ti piaceia
Di dolce Luna
 L’argentea faccia
 Amoreggiar;
 Quando nel petto,
 La notte bruna
 Stilla il diletto,
 Del meditar.”

But I will not sing any more. Oh! ye that persecute the helpless children of men, how is your breath polluted in my nostrils! Scorpions are ye, and as twisted serpents. Good God! how it burns; my poor brain—throb—throb—throb: but I must write, for they will be soon here to take away my pen. Ha! ha! ha! poor fools, take away my pen, like they did the opium—as if I could destroy myself with a pen. Well, well, and we must submit—submit to be blinded by the ignorant.

And now let me sublime. I am a son of Parnassus. I have climbed the “high hill.” Other poets, even Byron, him of “the red hand” in song, himself only basked at the bottom. But I—I have been mad, and then we write poetry. Yes, madness is the true inspiration, the genuine Castalia. Drink deep when you do drink. “Great wits are sure to madness near allied” But it is to moon-madness, when we look upon the moon in the far midnight, and see her shining upon us with her dear pure light.—God! but there is something in that. We see her, and cannot she see us? Yes, as a spirit is she veiling the wretchedness of our soul—when we think ourselves alone in the wide, desolate world, and she steals softly into our bosoms with her sweet silvery ray—and we love her as she loved Endymion—and she nourishes our brain with the spirit of deep thought, and we watch the atoms of poetry sailing through the air, ready to mix with and mingle into our own, and then we become poets. Fine thing is it to be a poet. Oh! this poor brain of mine, how it burns! But it is only for a moment; there—now it is gone,

and I am better for it afterwards. It is something to be a poet! Is it not Wordsworth who has written so beautifully of the poet?

“ He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own;
He is retired as noon-tide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.”

And I am this poet.—Ha! ha! ha! but let me go on. I have a fearful thing to tell—it is quite true—wonderfully true—Ha! ha! I was sitting in my room—a dark, dark night—you could see the darkness gather around you; it came thick, very thick—you could *feel* it crawling about—oh! so cold and clammy! I was sitting in my room, and the darkness went away, and the moon got up, just as she is getting up now—why don't they take away these bars that I might see the sky?—and the sky was beautiful—oh! so beautiful!—it seemed to melt into your soul; the stars here and there peeped forth like twinkling atoms in the ocean firmament. If the spirit could have left the body then, it would have done so to have become, as it were, a part of the existing universe around it, an essence of its own spirituality, fine and impalpable as the flitting moon-beam upon which it would have revelled.—I believe in ghosts; that the soul returns to this world after it has left the body—returns to hover over the cherished scenes of its imagination; to guard the friends whom it has left behind; to watch them in their loneliness and solitude—in the hallowed retirements of their privacy, the haunts of infancy and youth;—that the soul does this I am certain. Oh! how my brain throbs again; but I *will* go on! I was sitting in my room—it was a pretty neat room, not like this hideous cell, this place of loathsomeness and vermin;—why don't they let me out? but it was a beautiful light apartment, with a honeysuckle trailing over the window, and the young roses peeping in—the laughing summer roses. And the moon was shining in the far blue sky; and—and—good God! why did I recall it? He came; yes, *he* did—*he*—just as he was in life, the young, the beautiful, with his wildfire eyes, and his long curling hair, but his cheeks were pale—oh! very pale—and the sea-weed was clinging to his garments, and they were wet, very wet, dripping; but the water made no mark as it fell—Ha! ha! ha! and he came and sat down.—Yes, yes—oh! God!—blot it out of my remembrance—scorch—scorch—scorch—my poor brain how it burns! He came, and he sat down, and he looked me in the face—for he knew I loved his poetry—and he smiled, but oh! I don't smile like him, do I? I would not for the world. He came, and the worms were winding about him; through his hair they crawled, twisting in and twisting out. I thought they would have touched me—I shrank from them, they were such slimy creatures. He came, all pale and languid: how he got from his grave I know

not—but he did come—it was Shelley—the poet Shelley. I felt that it was him; and I loved him; and I knelt by his side and kissed his cold, wan, bloodless lips—they made me start—they were *so* cold. Poor Shelley—it was him! I clasped him in my arms, and I wept upon his bosom; and he did not disappear as ghosts do; and yet I knew it was a ghost—I *felt* that it was—I held him in my arms—I pressed him to my bosom. I laid my hand upon his forehead—that fine, manly forehead. Oh! how deadly and cold it was, and mine was so burning! Well, well, he disappeared; and I know not how: he did go, and he will never come again. And I am still the same Moon-Idiot as ever—and they call me madman—and I am mad—for I feel the fire burn—burn in my brain, and my head swims, and my eyes are heavy.

“ My apprehensions come in crowds;
 I dread the rustling of the grass;
 The very shadows of the clouds
 Have power to shake me as they pass.”

[The remainder of the manuscript is illegible.]

SONNETS.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, TO THE EARL OF BOTHWELL.

I.

AT once the bane and solace of her youth,
 The gentle Cushat to her mate replies;
 Soft as the languishing regrets which soothe
 The pining bosom with their symphonies.
 Still brooding wildly o'er that dream of bliss,
 In lonely hour of the deep dark night;
 Oh! could my will the parting word dismiss—
 Farewell! and resolutely cleave to right!
 Still must my soul, from its own weal departed,
 Recal the innocence of brighter years;
 Still mourn o'er fleeting hopes and passions thwarted,
 Where—ah! no conscious rectitude appears;
 And still,—untimely seared, and broken hearted,
 Weep its wild purpose through a vale of tears!

II.

We all are due to death; and tarrying here,
 Sooner or later, we at last depart:
 A lingering stay, and oh! my bleeding heart,
 How bright the bliss of that celestial sphere!
 Love is not Paradise: o'er Laura's clay,
 Fondly the bard of Vaucluse' favoured stream
 Bewailed,—when all from earth had passed away
 Beside the recollection of that dream.
 Oh! quaff the nectar, consecrate to thee,
 Of joy delirious;—mine the bitterness!—
 I would not yield my soul to love the less,
 Nor chide the absence of thy sympathy.
 Ah! gaze not on me with that vacant eye;
 I see thee weep, and dare not ask thee—why?

TO FANNY.

"A Briton even in love should be
A subject, not a slave."—WORDSWORTH.

I.

I've danced and I've flirted with many,
I've bask'd in Miss Ellen's bright eye;
I've press'd fairy hands, but not any
Have won from me more than a sigh.
In fact, though it's under the rose,
The ladies began to declare,
They believed I had no heart to lose,
Because I refused them a share.

II.

Oh, Fanny, I'd have you indicted
For stealing what never was your's—
But courts where poor lovers are righted
Have ceased in this planet of our's:
And if I should sue you where Cupid
Sits smiling his judgments above,
They tell me the Court is so stupid
As to list to no lawyer but Love.

III.

And Love, I am sure, would be pleading,
When he once caught the flash of your eye,
"My Lord, there's no need for proceeding
Such a very plain action to try:
For one ray from that beautiful star,
Your Lordship at once will allow,
Exceeds his heart's value by far—
And exchange is no robbery, you know."

IV.

And I scarce of a loss can complain;
For, like gold in the rayless mine,
My heart yielded no pleasure or gain,
'Till the sun of thy smile made it shine.
Then you stole it so gently away,
That I, with your presence content,
Had not missed it to this very day,
But the theft was found out when you went.

V.

And therefore, since law's of no use
To win back the heart that has flown,
In pity you must not refuse,
Charming Fanny, to give me your own.
Should you have the bad taste to say "No,"
Why, before I'll be laid on the shelf,
I'll send pretty Miss —, I know who,
To steal my poor heart for herself.

F.

To the Editor of the Symposium.

DEAR SIR,—It is the opinion of some Biblical critics of Germany, that every text in the Bible has two meanings—one literal and expressed, the other symbolical and esoteric. In accordance with this acute idea may we give a mystical interpretation to the following case of a Lunacy Commission, copied verbatim from the Law Reports of last term. We may consider Mr. Bull as the embodied symbol of Radicalism, and we shall find that his particular aberrations have something strikingly correspondent to the general course of that principle for the last ten years. Like the foxes on Mr. Bull's estate, did Roman Catholics gain admission to our senate, and legislate for our Protestant Church, under an oath that they would do nothing tending to injure that Church in any possible degree or manner, thereby putting themselves under the necessity of being either bad Catholics or perjured men. No one will have any difficulty in recognising their friends, the weasels; or their respectable leader, him of the tail immense, him whose motto might fairly be, "I could a *tale* unfold." For Mr. Bull's attention to the lady of the manor, we need not go far to find a parallel in the annals of Whiggery. Every body remembers who sung—

"Which is the day to dine with the —,

Saturday, Sunday, Monday?

Every day in the week I ween—

Why should I name but one day?"

And may we not trace in Mr. Bull's ridiculous calamity with respect to the "jumping cattle," and his more ridiculous conduct, a close resemblance to the course of Canadian affairs? While we were busy at home with internal dissensions and party strife, we were attacked by vermin, not indeed in our vital parts, but still not by any means to our satisfaction; and I will venture to say that Mr. Bull's gross absurdity—the result, as appeared to the jury, of mania—was more than equalled by the never-to-be-forgotten conduct of a Whig Ministry and a Radical House of Commons on that occasion; and the contemptible scenes that afterwards rose from the spiteful jealousy of a restless demagogue are not inaptly shadowed forth in the quarrel of the two barbers. It is the attribute of true genius to throw "a novel light o'er common things," and with this view I have endeavoured to add new interest to a common law case.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

REPORT OF A COMMISSION OF LUNACY,

HELD IN THE CASE OF JOHN BULL, ESQ., OF LIBERTY-HALL, IN
THE VILLAGE OF GREAT BRITAIN, BEFORE COMMISSIONERS
LYNDHURST, PHILLPOTTS, AND SOUTHEY.

THE Commissioners having entered the Court at nine o'clock, and the oaths having been administered to the jury, Mr. Commissioner Lyndhurst opened the proceedings by observing, that the case before them was one of great importance, inasmuch as their verdict

to-day would go far to decide the question, whether or not a man was entitled to exercise rights, which, though they might naturally belong to him, yet he was disabled from exercising without injury to himself and others, through some unfortunate defect of mind, either inherent or acquired, permanent or temporary. He would not, he said, detain the jury any longer with remarks upon the case, but would proceed to call witnesses, to whose statements he entreated their most patient and serious attention. The learned gentleman then called William Faithful, butler to the unfortunate gentleman in question, who gave his evidence as follows:

Faithful.—I have been in 'Squire Bull's service for now this fifty years, taking in the time I served his father, ever since I was a lad of fourteen or fifteen. Old 'Squire Bull was the pleasantest, kindest-hearted gentleman I ever knew—a fine, generous, open Englishman, with a purse always full, and a hand ever ready to dip into it to give to the poor and needy; looked up to and loved by those who depended upon him, not because he fawned upon them and flattered them to fancy themselves his equals, but because, while he treated them with kindness and courtesy, he maintained that conscious dignity which wins homage from the most reluctant. Well, your worship, Master Jack—I beg his honour's pardon, but I've been so used to him as a little boy—Master Jack, your worship, was born the very image of his good old father. I had the pleasure of giving him 'his first glass of port, and to see how his bright merry eye twinkled as the old gentleman swore it should be a bumper, and held it up between him and the candle to let him see how it sparkled—Lord, sir, it would have warmed the heart of a brick wall; and then, with what a gusto he tossed it off, and smacked his lips when it was gone, and danced and shouted till his nurse came to take him to bed. Oh! he was a beautiful boy, and so he grew up till he was eighteen or nineteen; and then, more's the pity, he must have a French tutor. I knew what it would come to when I saw that d—d Mounseer set his gingery foot and dandy boot within Liberty-Hall. However it was'nt my place to make any remarks—so the young Squire and the Frenchman grew very thick; the Frenchman teaching my young master philosophy, as he called it, but from what I heard of it, though I don't pretend to be any scholar, it seemed nothing but seditious, a theistical cant—for in my idea there's quite as much cant prevalent in wickedness as in goodness. Then after the old gentleman's death, nothing would satisfy the young 'Squire but going to France with the aforesaid Mounseer; so to France they went, and stayed some considerable time—time enough to catch a fever that was then raging there with great violence; I think the doctors called it the Democratic fever. Well, Master came home ill, very pale and thin, but with his blood rushing through his veins just as water rushes through the hole of a dam; we thought we should never have got him round again. But we sent for Dr. Pitt, the cleverest doctor in the country, and by bleeding and low diet, he was pretty well restored to health, though he continued subject to fits of lightheadedness and raving from time to time;

till about the year 1828, when the fever came back upon him with greater violence than ever, and has never since left him.

Commissioner.—Then you think that up to 1828, Mr. Bull was in possession of his perfect faculties, and quite capable of managing his affairs?

Faith.—Not exactly so; I thought him never quite himself since he had his first attack of the fever; but not so bad as to need controul.

Com.—And what has occurred since to make you alter your opinion?

Faith.—A great many things. I remember, just about the time I speak of, something happening which first made me fear the poor gentleman was quite beside himself.

Com.—Have the goodness to mention this to the jury.

Faith.—Why, gentlemen, 'Squire Bull had some very fine preserves, which both he and his father had always been particularly anxious to keep free from foxes and weasels. Now about this time he was very much troubled in mind about the injustice, as he was pleased to term it, of keeping these vermin from their natural rights and privileges, talking a great deal about all creatures having a common right to walk the earth without molestation; and that, much as he valued his game and his preserves, he would not for a moment think of keeping them on at the sacrifice of justice; that they formed a constituent portion of the community,—what possible right had he to debar them from the full exercise of their citizenship? I reasoned with him upon the absurdity of his ideas, and told him that he would lose all his game. "Well, William," was his answer, "*fiat justitia, ruat cælum*; we have no authority for using the arm of the civil power to restrain the thoughts and feelings of our fellow worms; if God has implanted in them a natural craving to satisfy their hunger by killing and devouring pheasants and partridges, it belongs not to vain man to fetter the appetite, which may be called the bodily conscience, by the weak chains of human might. Only think, William, of the monstrous impiety and iniquity of saying to these foxes—eat the same food that I eat, and digest it in the same way, or lose the natural rights of a fox to go where he pleases, under penalty of trap and halter. A fox is not responsible to his fellow-creatures for his peculiarities of appetite, he is responsible to his Maker alone; and never will I be a party to so foul an attempt as that of chaining what God has left free. Besides," added he, "we've always governed the foxes by force and restraint: I intend trying what kindness and concession will do; I doubt not but that, overcome by my disposition to treat them well and conciliate them, they will change their nature, give up their old habits, and instead of devouring, become some of the most zealous protectors of the game. In fact, William, I and the foxes have a perfect understanding; and to tell you the truth, they have actually petitioned to be taken by the gamekeepers, and employed in preserving the estate; and to-morrow morning, a deputation from their collected body, headed by an old Irish fox, who is spokesman for the whole, is coming to the Hall to take an oath I shall impose before admitting them to the office of preserving the game." I stared throughout all this, and

when he came to the last, could not for the life of me help laughing outright, and I said to him—"Why, 'Squire, you're surely playing your jokes upon me—you'd never think of having foxes to keep your game; they'd be after keeping it to themselves pretty much, I'm thinking." "William, remember the oath I told you of; besides, their sense of gratitude will prevent them doing me an injury." "Gratitude and oaths for foxes! well, heaven help me!" said I, "if I ever heard any thing come near this." "Faithful, you're an illiberal, narrow-minded brute. You judge of foxes from what they were many years ago, but they've advanced with advancing knowledge and civilization, as much as we have ourselves. I'm well aware that some well-meaning yet bigoted people still regard them as cunning, treacherous creatures; but then they've taken their ideas, not from the foxes of the present day, who are a very enlightened, honorable, and gentlemanly body, but from old smoke-dried histories, in which, too, the man has generally been the painter, as the lion in the fable wittily observed: let me never hear another such illiberal sentiment from your mouth." Well, I saw I had nothing to do but be silent. So the next day about twenty foxes were actually brought to the Hall, and were received by the 'Squire in the drawing-room as politely as if they had been human Christians; and he got out his Bible, and made them kiss it, and take a solemn oath they would, in the exercise of their duties, do no injury to the partridges and pheasants, just as if they had known a word of what was in the Bible, and then off they went again to assist the gamekeepers, being now regularly installed.

Com.—Thank you, Mr. Faithful, for your full statement of the case. Gentlemen of the jury, do you wish to put any question to the witness before he proceeds with his evidence?

By a Juror.—Did not any of his family interfere to prevent this folly?

Faith.—Why, sir, Dr. Peel, the family physician, reasoned against it as long as he thought it any use; but the Squire's head was so completely turned by the fever, that the more the Doctor reasoned and expostulated against it, the more bent was he upon pursuing it; so at last he gave up saying anything about it; and only endeavoured, by seeming to sanction the measure, to render it as harmless as possible; and he succeeded so far that they have not done nearly so much mischief as they otherwise would have done.

Juror.—Have they done much mischief?

Faith.—You may be sure, sir, they've done all they could—and that's no little; they're pretty closely watched by the other gamekeepers, however, so that their main object, as yet, has been to gnaw through and tear down the hedges that surround the preserves, in order to let in a greater number of foxes, and then they hope to be strong enough, and numerous enough, either to outwit the keepers or conquer them by force, and then make the game their easy prey.

Juror.—You spoke of an old Irish fox as the spokesman of the rest; does he continue their leader?

Faith.—Sir, there's no sort of mischief that old varmint is not as well up in, as a child in his A, B, C. I've heard of people looking two ways at once—he can look a hundred. He'd have taken the shine

out of Argus, and no mistake, in no time. He can look one thing out of one corner of his eye, and just the opposite out of the other. He can swear black white, and white black; while he puts his paw on his heart, and turns his eyes up to heaven, calling down imprecations on those who entertain the vulgar prejudice that foxes are great liars. Then he bamboozles the other foxes, so as to make them do all the dirty work, and run their noses into traps and their necks into snares, all for him; for he manages to take the lion's share of most things the poor creatures get, while he is always haranguing about the dreadful state the "*finest* animals in the whole world" are in, from the tyranny of gamekeepers and landlords. There are many foxes now on the estate who go about with not more than one inch of tail, the rest having been lopped off in some unfortunate nocturnal expedition, undertaken entirely to pay his "demnably outrageous quarterly tribute;" though as for tail, he has one of his own that beats the Darby Ram's, so celebrated in song, quite hollow.

Juror.—You've said very little, Mr. Faithful, about the weasels you spoke of.

Faith.—Why no, they follow the foxes at a humble distance; they're small vermin, though mischievous; and though the foxes join with them just now for convenience' sake, and make tools of them, directly they have all they want, they'll send them about their business very soon with a flea in their ear. For they hate them in reality much more than they do the real gamekeeper's dogs; and moreover despise them for their meanness and credulity in letting them get up on their shoulders, supposing that when they have got as high as they want, they'll politely lend them a hand to raise them to the same height. But no, foxes are foxes still, and weasels must be content with being weasels still! so they may think themselves well off, if they escape at last as well as the ass did when he went out hunting with the lion, or the stork when he pulled the bone out of the wolf's jaw.

Commiss. Southey.—Then, Mr. Faithful, if I understand you aright, your evidence amounts to this—that since the year 1828 your master has entertained the strange idea, that all living creatures are intended by their Maker to be on a perfect equality; and that consequently one creature has no right to obstruct another in the full exercise of this equality, even though that obstruction be essential to the good order of the whole community of beings, and even to their absolute preservation and existence. That, in accordance with this notion, he has admitted into his preserves, which he particularly valued, a species of vermin naturally and fiercely hostile to the inhabitants of those preserves; and has actually gone so far as to constitute them guardians of the preserves. That this mental hallucination has, furthermore, led him to adopt the strange delusion, that foxes could be bound by an oath; and, under its influence, to administer an oath to them in his own drawing-room, and on his own Bible. Is this your meaning?

Faith.—That's exactly what I meant, my Lord. This has been the form of his disease all through: a continual harping upon the idea of all things being naturally equal, and its being a heinous offence against religion and liberty to use compulsion in any case.

Commiss. Lyndhurst.—Can you, Mr. Faithful, mention any more recent instance of your master's supposed aberration of mind?

Faith.—Why his conduct with respect to the young lady of the manor has been anything but what I should have expected from an ancient gentleman of his reputed modesty, and a married man too. He stares at her whenever she goes out, either to church, play, races, or merely for a morning drive; makes use of her name as his plea for carrying out all the strange vagaries I have mentioned; is always haunting her mansion, dining with her, driving out with her, holding tête-a-têtes at all hours of the day; so that folks begin to suspect he has something ulterior in view—the young lady in question having a very pretty penny; though some think Mamma is the great attraction; besides, it would not be so scandalous. However, he must be either fool or knave to go on with her as he does. Does your lordship think a man in his sober senses would actually dine with a single lady just 278 days out of the 365, which he positively did last year, and both of them expect to keep their character for respectability? I can't say I've any hopes that my master will voluntarily break off the connexion—he's too far gone for that, and thinks he's a marvellously sly dog, and that no one takes any notice; but he's considerably mistaken, and the lady herself begins to open her eyes to the scandal she incurs; for though she is a sweet lady, and a blessing to the neighbourhood, yet people don't look half so gracious on her as they did before her name was connected with my master's strange doings; and, I'm sure, I don't at all mean to blame *her*, poor young thing—so sweet tempered and easily led as she is; it's the fault of those who had the care of her, and ought to have known better. But, as I said, she's opening her eyes at last, and will soon give the silly old man the notice to quit he so richly deserves; and we shall all love her the better for it.

Com. Phillpott.—Most scandalous! The old fool ought to be put into an Ecclesiastical court—

Lyndhurst.—Patience, brother Phillpott, he'll be there time enough. You know the old joke about Purgatory and—ahem! You must remember he has'n't reached the former yet. The Queen's Bench was the last place he was hauled up in; his tail was a little singed there, though, as they say, the devil's children have the devil's luck; and I've no doubt he will take pot-luck with *his* Majesty soon, instead of *her* Majesty.

Com. Phillpott.—Oh! Lyndhurst, you forget we're on the bench now.

Lyndhurst.—Egad, so I do; though some malicious folks would say, if we had our deserts, we should both be at the bar. However, to the point. Have you anything further to communicate to the court and jury with respect to Mr. Bull's insanity?

Faith.—Why, one little matter that happened about twelve months ago would put the question beyond doubt. I really beg the court's pardon for the nature of my story, but it must be told. Throughout master's illness, he was so dreadfully bad internally, and at his vitals, that we almost forgot to pay due attention to what was going on in his hair, and about his skin; so the usual consequence of neglect in the department of combs and towels manifested themselves in an

assiduous fierce attack made by certain "Anons," paraphrased by Burns as "jumping cattle." Lord, sir, they jumped about his dear old body like Frenchmen. And (would you believe it?) the 'Squire was so fond of his notions about equality and natural rights, that it was a very long time before he could be persuaded to use the weapons of the barber to get rid of them. He even went so far as to rejoice in the attack, inasmuch as it proved the noble energy of the vermin, who, he said, had the same right to their liberty as he had himself, and held their existence as citizens by the same tenure; and even after he had given permission to the barber to use force to compel them to submission, he hastily repented of his injustice, and at the instigation of a rival named Brush, who was jealous of the other's increasing custom since his employment at the Hall, fell into a violent passion, and after pouring a torrent of abuse upon the poor fellow's head, in return for the soap and ointment he had spread upon his, ordered him to quit the house, and threatened him with instant committal for a violation of the civil rights of God's creatures. So the poor fellow departed with a flea in his ear, for attempting to cure my master of something worse near his, and left the soap and ointment in lather on Mr. Bull's head, which now presents a very curious unfinished performance. These, gentlemen, are the principal facts I have in my memory relating to my poor master's insanity; but these I think are sufficient to establish the fact in the minds of reasonable men.

Com. Lyndhurst.—Mr. Faithful, you may sit down. Call Dr. Peel. Dr. Peel, have the goodness to step into the witness-box. You are, I believe, Mr. Bull's family physician, and also an intimate personal friend?

Dr. Peel.—I was, my Lord, the former, and am still the latter, as far as he will allow me to be.

Com. Lyndhurst.—How is it that you ceased to be his medical attendant; if such a question be allowable?

Dr. Peel.—I believe the reason to have been, that he was disgusted at the strong treatment I recommended for his complaint, but which was, in fact, absolutely necessary. I humoured his fancies for a little time, but I found that only made him worse; so, after a consultation with my medical brethren, who were likewise in attendance upon him, we resolved to state openly our mode of treatment, and if he refused to submit to it, to retire at once in favour of some less conscientious and more complaisant physicians.

Com. Lyndhurst.—Who succeeded you?

Dr. Peel.—Oh! a firm who had picked up their medical education the Lord knows where, unless it was at the Medical Dissenter Office, established by those arch-quacks, Bentham and Malthus.

Com. Lyndhurst.—Are you aware of the treatment they pursued with respect to their patient?

Dr. Peel.—I am; having still thought it my duty, as a friend of the family, to interfere occasionally, though, I am sorry to say, with but little success.

Com. Lyndhurst.—Would you have the goodness to state as briefly as possible the nature of their treatment, and the effect it would be likely to produce in such a case as the present.

Dr. Peel.—Their treatment, my Lord, was very simple—an imitation of Morison and Co., who cure all diseases, fevers and consumptions, coughs and diarrhoea, atrophy and apoplexy, thinness and thickness of blood, gout and attenuation, by a composition of gum, gamboge, and aloes; so these gentlemen had a universal medicine of their own—a pet, a favorite, evidently the pride of the firm. They administered it on the same learned practitioner's grand and noble principle—that we can never have too much of a good thing; and so, if one dose would'n't do, two must be tried, and if two failed, then try three, and so on with equal liberality, and a beautiful confidence in their own panacea.

Com. Lyndhurst.—Did you analyse this medicine?

Dr. Peel.—I did; and found it to consist principally of a drug most fatally dangerous in such complaints as Mr. Bull's. In fact, I apprehend these wiseacres had studied under some Omæopathist; for the drug they gave was one exactly calculated to feed instead of allaying the raging fury of the fever. This drug was termed "concession," and was given in the shape of pills, of which the more the patient swallowed the more he needed; so that if in any case they have been found to fail of success, it of course has always been because the patient (patient he may well be called to endure them) has not bolted a sufficient number.

Com. Lyndhurst.—Then you consider that Mr. Bull's complaint was aggravated by this treatment?

Dr. Peel.—Decidedly I do. Concession is not a drug to be trusted in the hands of any but regular practitioners; it needs the very greatest care, and the most experienced skill, to tell exactly the time at which, and the quantity in which, it may be safely and even beneficially administered. But these persons know neither the one nor the other. They are very well aware that it gives immediate relief; and so they do not scruple to purchase the reputation of wonderful cures at the expense, in most cases, of the patient's entire constitution. I was myself present on one occasion, during a very violent paroxysm of Mr. Bull's fever, when these persons stood round his bedside, mixing up, in a pestle and mortar, an enormous bolus, composed almost wholly of this powerful drug. I remonstrated, but in vain; little Dr. Russell was in an ecstasy of rapture at his wonderful mixture, and skipped about the room shouting—"the pill, the whole pill, and nothing but the pill." So I contented myself with throwing in, by stealth, a strong antidote, which somewhat counteracted the pernicious influence of the other components. However, for a time the tremendous dose he had taken seemed to put new life into him, to those who did not know the nature of the medicine. But, like opium, the effect passed away, and left him in a more helpless state of craving than ever; which these unprincipled rascals, who care nothing for their patient's health so long as their quarterly bills are paid, still continued to gratify with dose after dose of this baleful medicine, and still to this present hour are doing so, while the patient, who has been completely childish for many years, does nothing but cry out for more; and so, I suppose, they will go on till they have killed their victim, or have no more of their drug left, for the quantity

grown is of necessity limited; and in this case I have no doubt the poor gentleman will kill himself—the usual fate of those whose constitutions have been utterly shattered by stimulants. I am afraid nothing can now save him; his mind and body are both in the dreadful state of the city of old, of which it was said, “*nec vitia nec remedia pati possumus*,”—we can neither stand the disease nor the physic. My only hope would be to remove him entirely from business, and mingle with his drug (for he could not live a day without it) as much wholesome medicine as possible. If that fail, I have not other plan to offer.

Com. Lyndhurst.—Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the statements of the witnesses, which it is unnecessary for me to recapitulate. You now have to come to some final decision upon the question at issue, which, you must allow me to say, I think you will not be long in doing.

The learned Commissioner having thus briefly charged the jury, they consulted together for about five minutes, when the foreman addressed the Bench, and said, “They were unanimously of opinion that John Bull was of unsound mind, and had been so since the year 1828; and that he was incapable of managing his own affairs with discretion.”

A.

SONNETS.

TO MARCH.

THEY wrong thee, stormy harbinger of spring,
Who call thee comfortless.—All seasons bear
Peculiar virtues—’tis not thine to wear
May’s flower-enwoven garland; nor to fling
Over Earth’s breast the gorgeous covering
Of Summer’s mantle; neither dost thou care
With Autumn’s fruits t’ enrich the od’rous air;
But like the trumpets of victorious king,
Who proudly doth triumphant entry make,
Thy loud blasts herald summer; at their voice
His path is strewed with flowers—musical break
The groves and hills from silence, and rejoice
To greet their monarch—man’s attentive ear
Hails the prophetic sounds that tell of Summer near.

N.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

WE view thy brightness, solitary Star,
Beaming upon the brow of infant Night;
As the sun’s farewell gleam of latest light
Looks on old Ocean, and its waves from far,
With trembling swell, return the parting glance
Of the fond monarch; as a timid maid
Parts with her lordly lover, half afraid,
Yet proud of his regard. Glorious advance
The beautiful spirits of heaven, but thou alone
Canst claim our love; for grief is dedicate
To thee, and the first pang the heart has known,
Offered as incense to thy queenly state—
And what it breathes on, sorrow sanctifies,
Investing with a claim to human sympathies.

N.

A TALE OF CORINTH.

"Trembling with ecstasy of thought,
Behold the Grecian maid,
Whom Love's enchanting impulse taught
To trace a slumberer's shade.
Sweet are the thefts of love :—she stole
His image while he lay ;
Kindled that shadow to a soul,
And breathed that soul through clay."

MONTGOMERY.

I.

SWEET birth-place of the deep and passionate,
Corinth ! we weep thy vanish'd loveliness ;
Thy pride has yielded to a sterner fate
Since beauty breath'd upon its sunniness ;
Thy fanes are fallen,—thy shrines desolate,
Thou hast no eye to weep, no tongue to bless ;
Long years have pass'd since Freedom dwelt with thee,
And Greece o'er slumb'ring worlds cast lightnings of the free.

II.

Sweet Greece ! Sweet Corinth ! birth-place of the soul,
And the soul's poetry—rich hues of thought—
Tempests have roll'd above thee, and still roll
Here, where young Love his phantom image caught,
Since thou wast in thy majesty !—the knoll
Of years has sounded, and the change has brought
Gigantic empires to strange destiny,
Has wrestled with thy land, and desolated thee.

III.

'Twas sunset, and the soft breeze faintly play'd
O'er the light ripple of the fairy stream,
Kissing the tresses of a Grecian maid
That blushed beside the fount in summer beam :
'Twas sunset, and undying music stray'd,
Soft as the thrilling songs of passion's dream,
Through the lit air ; the red Sun, glad and bright,
Sank to his solitude in roseate light.

IV.

Sweet is the sunset of bright Italy,
Sweet is the nectar of the balmy south,
Sweet the rich orange hues, which far outvie
Heaven's own resplendent loveliness ;—but truth
Has fled the altars, and gives sanctity
The bold unblushing lie with open mouth ;—
Sweet is Italia's morn, and sweet the breath
Of her ambrosial flow'rs, twined in one odorous wreath.

V.

But sweeter far—oh ! sweeter far than all,
 Sunset of Corinth's gorgeous land, art thou !
 Down—down, red, fierce, from his own radiant hall,
 The full round Sun departs with fiery glow ;
 And now, sweet twilight ! thy bewitching pall
 Clothes with deep phantasy the earth :—and now
 The sister-queen of Heaven brings forth the night,
 Flinging o'er tower and tree her spirit-speaking light.

VI.

There stood the maiden by the stream, and there
 The bright moon sent unravish'd beauty down,
 And the sweet fragrance trembled with the air
 Of night-flow'rs by the precipices sown,
 Of steep, o'erhanging mountains. Worshipper
 Of solitary vigils, are they flown—
 Thy dreams in full-robed beauty? Have they brought
 Unto thy musing soul the summer-tide of thought?

VII.

The poet does not die ; he to all time
 Waves his triumphant coronal of song,
 And Nature seeks the majesty of rhyme,
 To lead his dewy thoughts with her's along :
 But thou, fall'n Corinth ! in thy golden clime,
 The vengeance-thrilling aspect of thy wrong
 Demands, yet daunts, the thunder-tuned verse,
 To hand thy shame down to a future Universe.

VIII.

Deep utterance, with which the soul endued,
 Is Poesy.—But I, sweet Land ! must leave
 These phantoms of my spirit's solitude,
 These longings for the past that bid me grieve,
 For that which was when thy proud temples stood :
 From thy luxuriant footsteps, I must weave
 Songs of bright memory, unlike to these
 Which chance conception flings from Time's wrought images.

IX.

My dreams are in the grave of silent years ;
 My hopes are in the future, and I trust
 To be some shadow more than man appears,
 When this frail form is shatter'd in the dust.
 Thoughts idle all,—the ideal aspect wears
 Sad prospect of reality : the rust,
 The burning plague-spot, and eternal gloom
 —Of stagnant life, will prey o'er my untimely tomb.—

X.

But what are these to Corinth?—Let me lie,
 All, all alone, by thy entranced stream,
 And drink thy fountain's bubbling melody,
 And poesy with love as with a dream :
 Oh ! let me soothe my soul with phantasy,
 And shed sweet star-light o'er it, as may seem—
 Seem the reflected image of my thought,
 And teach me that deep strain which Heaven-kiss'd Fancy taught.

XI.

The Grecian maiden linger'd by the stream,
Her soft breath mingled with the dewy air,
She gazed upon the moon's transparent beam,
And fed upon the love that kindled there :—
Oh ! could we ever love as in the dream
Of youth's first passion, and for ever share
The earliest sighs breath'd out from beauty's breast,—
Of heaven, or sunny earth, which were the happiest ?

XII.

She was not all alone ; there was the moon,
And there the stars, and there the blue, blue sky,
And there the waters, with their murmuring tune
Lulling the soul to dreams of infancy.
Oh, Love ! young Love ! 'tis thy delicious boon
That clothes all things with beauty !—let me lie
In thy beatitude !—beside the stream
Stood one to muse of love, and one reposed to dream.

XIII.

She looks upon him ;—Is he her's or Love's ?
She looks upon him ;—he is beautiful :
Gently she kneels beside him, and removes
His curling hair from his fair forehead ;—full
The moonbeam melts upon his cheek ;—he moves,
Oh ! not to waking !—the soft zephyrs lull,
Lull him to dreaminess :—in manhood's pride
He sleeps—oh ! let him sleep—that sleep is deified.

XIV.

'Twas thence Canova sprung. Oh, ecstasy !
And Guido, Spagnoletto, Raphael ;
'Twas thence, fair Florence, the sweet mastery
Of thy immortal Venus lent a spell,
To wrap around devotion ; as an eye
Piercing the soul of thought ; ineffable ;
Creation of young Love, chaste, glad and bright,
Waking from passion's womb, as from the Infinite.

XV.

She stoops to kiss him—he is fast asleep ;
She stoops to kiss him—let him not awake !
She gazes on him—that repose is deep,
And undisturb'd as the midsummer lake
That ripples not, save when the soft winds sweep
Along its bosom, and its surface break :
She gazes on him—they must part to-morrow,
And Love for her be ill, and thought wake thought to sorrow.

XVI.

Farewell, farewell—for ever fare thee well !
Oh ! Love, sweet Love, sweet ecstasy of bliss !
Time tries all friendships—the unchangeable
Dwells in the depth of woman's tenderness ;
Thou wert not cloth'd with beauty, as a spell
For earth ;—and life has not thy dreaminess :
Thou art a portion of Eternity,
Sent to the world that we may worship thee.

XVII.

Her eye is on the Moon ;—one moment cast
 To Heaven, but it soon return'd to Earth ;
 And then she watch'd the light cloud as it pass'd,
 And then deep thoughts in her young breast had birth,
 And images too beautiful to last
 Flash'd o'er her recollection,—first the mirth
 Of childhood,—then the voice of falling waters,
 And all those joys which Greece had lavish'd on her daughters.

XVIII.

And then she thought of Love ;—one moment only,
 Oh ! blessed moment !—Is the maiden gone ?
 She stood beside him, statue-like and lonely,
 One instant since, and now he sleeps alone.
 She stood beside him, statue-like and lonely,
 As the pale poet that out-wakes the Moon ;
 Her eye was on his features, and the full
 Orb of the night shone forth, and made them beautiful.

XIX.

And is the maiden gone ? Oh, phantasy !
 She is not gone—she has return'd again :—
 Is there not wildness in that flashing eye ?
 Is there not thought upon that brow ? her brain
 Almost to madness whirls ;—unceasingly
 It throbs, but more of ecstasy than pain.
 She kneels beside him, and upon the wall,
 With her keen glance observes where the plain shadows fall.

XX.

Then with her pencil, delicately fine,
 She traced his features, by young beauty guided ;
 Thence Painting sprang to birth, of all the nine
 The sweetest Muse :—though they should be divided,
 And on his face no more her glad eyes shine
 Like atom stars, twin-born, whose brightness glided
 Into his bosom,—yet his features fair
 Would shine into her soul, and still find beauty there.

XXI.

What is Existence ? Madness and deep Love ;
 And thence the soul hath power to revive
 Flown images of thought, that rise above
 The ken of human foresight ;—if we live,
 'Tis not of our own purpose,—to remove
 The charnel weight of passion, and to give
 Language to fancy :—Life hath its own pain,
 And death would be release, did we not live again.

XXII.

For life has been to me no ecstasy ;—
 My brain has scorched with the deep-heated madness
 That was not of the world ;—the azure sky
 Looked from its realm of beauty ;—there was gladness
 In Nature, and the earth made melody ;
 My heart was as an orphan girl in sadness
 Kissing her father's lips, with vain endeavour
 To re-illumine the spark that is extinct for ever.

W.

POETRY,—ITS NATURE AND EFFECTS.

" Poetry is to philosophy, what the Sabbath is to the rest of the week."

J. C. HARR.

We intend giving a series of papers upon the British Poets of the present age ; and it will not be away from our purpose previously to examine into the nature of Poetry itself, and the end to which it is directed, in order that we may possess a standard by which to test the merits of each composition that passes under review.

What then is Poetry? Evidently not merely verse; for then should we dignify with the most august title literature has to bestow, that shoal of scribblers, who deck their brows with the faded garlands they either beg or steal from the true children of the Muse. Verse is a casualty not at all affecting the poetry of a composition; this consists in the ideas, in the language, and may be couched in one arrangement of syllables as well as another. There is more true poetry in the prophecies of Isaiah than in half the verses that were ever palmed upon the world: in fact, we are frequently obliged to lessen the poetry of a subject, in order to arrange it rhythmically. Take, as an instance, David's lament over Saul; what verse would not take from its exquisite beauty and pathos? We must seek for an answer to our question then, not in the outward form, but the inward soul of literature; we must anatomize its frame to detect its subtle essence, its principle of life, and unfold the powers of mind predominantly active in its construction. It is not philosophy, or eloquence, or pathos, or passion, though it may, and often must, involve each or all of these. These are not the qualities which distinctively mark the Poet, and separate his office from that of other men. We apprehend that this distinctive mark will be found to consist in the superior activity of the two faculties of *Imagination* and *Fancy*, the power of originating conceptions, and the power of detecting analogies. Imagination is that complex exertion of mental energy, by which we combine the scattered materials of thought, feeling, and observation; and fusing them together, bring them out by a process almost amounting to creation in new and unheard-of forms. This faculty may be brought to bear on language, description, character; but wherever its agency is felt, the result is a novel combination of elementary ideas—a combination existing in the mind of the writer, not in literal fact. We will give instances of imagination exercised, first, on language: Milton terms Beelzebub "a pillar of state," in which expression the poet has joined to the simple idea of his supporting the state by his counsels and bravery, others evoked by the potent wand of imagination. The state is compared in the writer's mind to a magnificent fabric supported on columns; to one of these is the rising archangel likened, and thus an additional idea of his gigantic stature and "Atlantean shoulders" is gained; while, by fusing the whole together, an image rises from the process to which we bow in wonderment and admi-

ration. As an instance of imagination exercised upon description, take (*Par. Lost*, v. 50—75) the same author's picture of Satan awaking from his nine days' stupor, and surveying his dismal prison-house; and no finer display of imagination in character has ever been given the world than the delineation of Satan himself throughout the whole work. We have said that Imagination may be exercised upon various classes of objects; it may also be exercised variously upon the same object. It has as many different tones as the human heart has different moods and shades of feeling. It is, in fact, a power which we can exert as we please, and upon what we please. It is as conspicuous in the delicate and graceful Ariel, as in the grotesque and unshapely Caliban; in the groves and lawns and shady walks of Paradise, as in the golden streets of heaven, or the fiery concave of hell; in Shakspeare's "sleeping moonlight," as in Milton's "thunder winged with rage." We must bear this constantly in mind, that it is not the matter on which, but the manner in which, the power is exercised, that criticism has to do with. There is as much artistical skill in Gerard Douw's *Old Schoolmaster*, as in Correggio's *School of Love*, aye, and as much imagination too; and if the aim of the one has not been so high as that of the other, this is no business of the critic's, supposing each to have succeeded equally well in attaining their self-proposed standard.

"Fancy (to quote the words of an eloquent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*) leaves the original thought untouched, and merely surrounds it with things which ornament without either changing or hiding it. Imagination indeed is, as it were, a condensation of the fancy, acting directly on the idea, and investing it with the qualities to which it is the business of Fancy to compare it." The most beautiful displays of Fancy are to be found in Shakspeare—

"That strain again! it had a dying fall—
Oh! it came o'er my ear *like the sweet South*,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

Or those still more touching lines—

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, *like the worm i' the bud*,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a *green and yellow melancholy*,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

Here the whole passage is a fine instance of a pathetic conception of the imagination, while almost every line furnishes us with exquisite touches by Fancy's lighter pencil. In a word, Imagination creates, Fancy adorns; Imagination penetrates its subject and animates it with real life; Fancy only plays round it and gilds it, making it seem to live as when the bright beam of day falls upon the pale cold features of a corpse. These two combined are the foundation principles, without which, whatever else a composition may be, whether better or worse, it can never be poetry.

We have asserted that these are the distinctive qualities of a Poet ;

but as a definition is necessarily compressed into the smallest possible compass capable of distinguishing one thing from another, we shall not be deemed paradoxical in saying, that though a distinctive, they are a very small part of the ingredients that go to make up his character. He must be rich in all the gifts that elevate and adorn human nature; he must have an eye to perceive and a heart to feel beauty, whether physical or moral; he must be endowed with warm and lively sympathies; he must possess a deep knowledge of the workings of the human heart, and the springs of human emotion; above all, he must be one who habitually elevates the things of time by connecting them with those of eternity,—who dwells in humble adoration on the idea of a Creator and ever-present Guardian of the Universe, and who necessarily strives to attain that moral elevation of character, which will render him approved in his sight.

The man who in union with Fancy and Imagination possesses these qualities, either some or all of them, in a greater or less degree, will be a better or worse poet; but without Fancy and Imagination, I repeat it, he can be no poet at all, however effective his compositions may be, either as displaying powers of reasoning and observation, or deep stores of feeling and affection.

In truth, no poem of any length contains poetry in anything like the proportion in which it contains other ingredients. We should be nauseated with sweetness, or choked with burning spirit, if the pure Castalian were not considerably diluted. We could not look upon the unveiled radiance of the Muse, and live; we should be overpowered, dazzled, blinded by her unearthly splendour. Like Attar of roses, or any other powerful perfume, a small infusion of poetry is sufficient to scent a vast quantity of neutral matter with ambrosial odours. We must further remember, that Fancy and Imagination are merely powers, not materials. These must be gathered from thought, reflection, feeling, passion, observation, study; for a poet of any pretension in his art must be a man whose mind is stored with knowledge of the most valuable kind; knowledge of the sympathies of his fellow-creatures, of the longings, the loves, and the hatreds of man's heart; of what will console and what will afflict him, of what will raise and what will lower, of what is merely the transient feeling of a capricious society, and what the eternal, indestructible elements of human passion. He must likewise be well acquainted with the appearances of nature, the storehouse of similitudes. Upon this mass of scattered material he must bring to bear the agencies of many powers of mind, but principally Fancy and Imagination; though these no more constitute the poetry, than a saw constitutes a table, or a hammer a ship: they are connected not as parts of the same construction, but as instrument and effect. This necessity for the union of all these qualities is most observable in Dramatic Poetry, whose object is to exhibit men and women on the stage, acting and suffering on human principles and with human feelings, for which purpose an accurate acquaintance with the complex operations of the mind and heart is absolutely essential; so that the Dramatic Poet must be a finished Mental Philosopher, with this difference, which exists in every case between the poet and the man of science—

that the former presents you with the results of his studies in collected groups and finished pictures, the latter with the details and steps of his calculation; the one appealing to an intuitive perception of truth, the other to the slow and gradual conviction effected by the reasoning power. He must not only be a Mental Philosopher, but must be so conversant with all classes and all situations in life, as to be able to adapt his dialogue exactly to the age, rank, and circumstances of the speaker. He must frequently be a consummate orator, and a subtle casuist; witness Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar, in which, till the very close where he talks of "putting a tongue in every wound of Cæsar's," there is no fancy or imagination, but the most wondrous skill and knowledge of what was likely to move the passions of the populace.

Shakspeare, doubtless, was a very great poet; but this alone would never have made him a great dramatist, had not his observant eye and sympathetic heart gathered such a rich store of information as never fell to the lot of mortal man before. It was this, and not simply his poetic faculty, which made Coleridge term him "a myriad-minded man;" it is this that has induced another to style him emphatically the poet "from whom philosophers may learn wisdom, and courtiers politeness." Not that even his most prosaic passages—and we use the word in no invidious sense—are not irradiated and exalted by the bright fancy and vivid imagination that planned the whole conception of the character; the master's hand is as conspicuous in every minute touch, as in the grand and finished whole; and this agrees with what we said above, that other faculties of the mind must gather the materials, but that Fancy and Imagination were the most active in moulding and transforming them. Perhaps we should give the justest idea of their operation in poetry, by calling them the directing powers, which, though they do not lay every brick and carve every moulding themselves, superintend the workmen they employ to do the coarser parts, which are as necessary to the building as the capitals of the columns and the cornice of the roof; themselves reserving for their own workmanship the more delicate and ornamental portion, yet giving by their presence and direction the impress of their own spirit to the whole magnificent structure: or they may, in many instances, be compared to the architect, who draws his plan, and leaves to the mason and the carpenter to embody his ideas in stone.

We shall now be prepared better to admit a distinction, most important in its bearing upon literary criticism, between fine writers in verse and true poets. Dr. Johnson might have written *Rasselas* in verse, and a very beautiful didactic work it would have been, rich in moral warning and generous emotion, and conveyed in language whose alternate rise and fall comes upon the ear like the modulations of some full-toned organ; but fine poetry it never would or could have become in his hands, except so far as the original conception of the whole was imaginative. There are in the work all the necessary materials for fine didactic poetry—sentiments, characters, dialogues, scenes, adventures; but they ask the wand of Imagination to infuse the poetic blood into their veins, and the hand of Fancy

to encircle them with her light and airy garlands. Shakspeare's *Tempest*, on the other hand, might have been written as a prose tale. I do not mean to say it would have been equally beautiful, but there would have been as much poetry in it as there is now. We should still have had the enchanted island, the mild and majestic Prospero, the tender girlish Miranda, the encircling ocean with its shipwreck, and that wondrous spiritual creation, which is one of the boldest attempts even of Shakspeare's daring imagination,—we should have Ariel and Caliban, occupying each the extreme points of grace and deformity, of aerial lightness, and earthly grossness. We should want the charm of that verse so varied in its melodies, now falling on the ear like a dying gale, anon "sending its brass voice" like a trumpet through the startled air, and at another time compressing itself to the moral maxims and pithy sayings, in which he who wielded it so delighted—we should want all this; we should no longer hear the ravishing of that lute which "discourses such eloquent music:" but the ideas, the characters, the images, the scenery, would be all unchanged. Still would the regions of the Muse be peopled with the same interesting and fascinating creatures; still would the same words of truth or beauty flow like nectar of the gods from their opened lips; still would they feel and act as they do now, conveying to us the same moral lessons, and exciting in us the same vivid emotions of pleasure or of sorrow, of hopefulness or regret.—It may seem paradoxical to some, but if Shakspeare had never in his whole life penned a single verse, he would have been the same great poet he is now, with the exception of the praise due to his wonderful skill in managing Dramatic rhythm; and if Johnson had written all his works in verse, invaluable as they are in many respects, they would not have been poetry, nor he a poet.—But, it may be replied to all this, of what use is it to introduce a new distinction into Literature? Why not abide by the old and popular notion of Poetry? Because the old classification is artificial, and the one we propose is natural; and nothing tends so much to introduce confusion and consequent obscurity into our ideas, as to have things essentially different from each other placed side by side, because they happen to agree in some visible yet unessential point, which the popular mind at once seizes on as a palpable link of connection, thereby obstructing most materially the progress of true knowledge and clear conception. The same change is taking place in the sciences, which we aim at making general in literature. Artificial systems of classification are everywhere making way for those suggested by natural and essential distinctions. We might just as wisely and as well class a man with a bird,* in our systems of Natural History, because they both walk on two legs, and refuse to allow him any connection with the class to which he really belongs, because most of them walk on four; as arrange together two literary compositions, from the simple fact that they are both written in verse;—or still more appositely might we assert that a monkey becomes a man by being dressed in man's clothes; and a man a monkey, by being reduced to the nakedness of nature;—if at least

* This classification is in use at Cambridge.

we say that a certain composition, arranged in one particular form, is poetry, while by being arranged differently it loses all title to be so called; just as if any arrangement of words could change the spirit, the essential nature of a thing, the creative faculty displayed in its conception, or the fancy employed in its decoration: and it is in these that the poetry consists.—Napoleon was a great poet, when on the plains of Egypt he said to his army, “Soldiers, forty ages are looking on you from the Pyramids,” which then rose in giant and colossal majesty from the bosom of the level that stretched around them; I say, he was a great poet, and no verse could have added poetry to the magnificent conception his words symbolized. The Duke of Wellington was not a great poet, when at the battle of Waterloo he addressed his soldiers in those memorable words,—“What will they think of us in England to-day, if we are beaten?” Yet both were stirring sentences, and both touched a chord which answered well the noble appeal: the difference was that the Frenchman spoke from and to the imagination—the Englishman from and to the heart; the appeal of the latter was more moving, and must have been felt more strongly, as the memories of home and children and wife and friends came rushing o’er the soldier, perhaps destined to lie a cold and mangled corpse before that evening’s sun went down:—its want of poetry consists in its kind, not in its power or degree.

It remains that we speak briefly of the several classes into which poetry is divided.—1st, The Epic, or Narrative. 2nd, The Dramatic. 3rd, The Reflective. 4th, The Descriptive. 5th, The Lyric. We will notice the essential characteristics of each of these.

The basis of the Epic is some event of sufficient importance to engage our sympathies, which has a regular beginning, middle, and end, connected together by some tangible link; and not merely following each other, but arising out of each other in natural sequence. Upon this event, whether real or fictitious, imagination has to work, adapting to it suitable characters, putting into their mouths fitting conversation, and surrounding them with consistent scenery; while she calls fancy to her aid in superadding the needful decorations.

Next comes the Dramatic, the basis of which, like the Epic, is some event proceeding through its successive stages by a regular gradation, but in which, unlike the epic, the poet speaks only through the medium of the characters of the piece, to whose particular circumstances he has to adapt conversation. The great distinction between this and the epic seems to be, that in the former the interest turns on the display of character, passion, feeling; while in the latter, the course of the action, the surrounding scenery, the reflections of the poet, excite at least an equal interest with the evolution of character. Or to state the distinction more antithetically—in the one we have the action supplementary to the character, in the other the character supplementary to the action.

Our third class is that of Reflective poetry, in which neither individual character, nor any particular event, constitutes the main interest; but meditations on the general course of human life and conduct; on the virtues, vices, follies of society; its prospects for the future, its enjoyments or sufferings during the past; the truths of

religion, science, and philosophy; in a word, all that concerns, or is at all connected with, the retrospect or prospects of the moral history of the human race. It is to poetry of this class that Mr. Wordsworth refers when he says, with an exquisite felicity of language, "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." It is in this class of poetry too, where imagination operates on sentiments and not on ideas, where the moral predominates over the intellectual, that the task of the critic is most difficult; for so frequently does the poet merge in the moralist, that it requires the most subtle analysis to detect the irradiations of fancy and imagination, and distinguish them from effusions of simple pathos or reflection.

Our fourth class, the Descriptive, needs but one remark, which is equally applicable to all mimetic art; that it is not a copy, but an imitation that is required; an idea which has been expressed thus, that "the basis of all art is similitude in dissimilitude,"—not that we could produce a copy of a natural scene in words, but what we mean is, that the province of art is to describe things not as they actually are, but as they seem to us, invested with the lights and shadows and hues that human vision "half beholds and half creates;" a general theory which, limited to poetry, may be expressed by saying, that the duty of the poet is not to tell exactly the height of every tree, or the hue of every leaf, or the width and depth of every stream, or the relative distance of each object that compose his picture; but to endeavour, by the best mechanism his skill has at command, to convey to the reader the exact impression which that scene is to produce upon his eye or mind, clothing it in all the radiant and unearthly charms that a lively fancy, a warm heart, and a vivid imagination have the power to conjure up, and throw at will round the most barren spots of the most sterile wilderness. We may illustrate this position by the comparison of a painting by Claude, to an exact copy of a natural scene made of wood, moss, stones, and paper, and then placed behind some optical glass that would raise it to the just magnitude of the original. No one could deny that this toy would more exactly represent the scene than the flat coloured canvass of the painter; but no one would think of instituting a comparison between them in point of art or genius, any more than they would dare to liken a waxen doll to Titian's Venus.

We have lastly to consider Lyrical poetry, which we shall define to be the language of high excitement operating upon, and in its turn affected by, the imagination or fancy. The reader will observe, that in this definition we simply follow out the principle before laid down, of introducing natural in place of artificial distinctions into literature. In the popular language, poetry is called lyric when written in some particular measure—a classification which has arisen from those measures being more adapted than others to music; and thus we have huddled together in one heterogeneous class, compositions the most opposite in tone, principle, object, and style. For instance, we shall find Collins' Ode to Evening, one of the most exquisite descriptive poems in our language, placed side by side with Gray's Progress of Poetry, with which it has no one feeling or principle in common. The

essential of Lyric poetry is the uncurbed rush of Imagination. Through all the other classes, Imagination, though predominant, is not despotic; here it rules with imperial sway, fixing its magic throne within a spell-bound circle, where Science dare not enter, where Reason shrinks astounded into nothingness, and even the senses find themselves amid a world of sights and sounds too fleeting and visionary even for their subtle comprehension. Judgment, or the power of selection, when the frenzy fit is over, when the fiery eagle, wearied with his impetuous course, returns homeward with flagging wing, and

“ Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, the lightnings of his eye,”

moves like a spirit o'er the mingled and shapeless elements, moulding them into forms of beauty, of terror, or of grace.

We have nowspoken, briefly indeed and imperfectly, of the five orders of poetry; yet, we trust, with sufficient clearness to convey to our readers the exact distinctions we wish to lay down. We would remark, however, with respect to all, that there is scarcely a single poem which does not partake of the characteristics of more than one of the classes. The Epic poems must be dramatic, descriptive, and reflective. The Dramatic will not seldom trespass on the ground peculiarly belonging to the other classes; and above all, the Lyric, with its wanton wing, has no confines of its own; its only law is its lawless will; its only condition is, that the mind should be entirely abandoned to the impulse of passion, imagination, or fancy; that, in a word, it should be exactly in that state in which music is the only adequate symbol of its rapid and tumultuous emotions: for we may, I think, fairly assert that Lyric poetry always requires the aid of music fully to develop the feelings of the writer; that it is only while we listen to “airs

Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;”

it is only, I say, while listening to such airs as these, that we can follow the Lyric poet in his dizzy flight from earth to heaven, that our feelings bound upward like the lark with his; that we can be borne unconsciously on untiring wing from realm to realm, from world to world, even beyond the flaming wall that hems round the palpable and visible, to strange, mysterious regions, where Imagination surrounds herself with a wild and wondrous creation of her own.

We have not been speaking of poems, but of poetry—of its inner spirit, of its essential principles; and we must ever bear in mind that poetry is only one component of a poem. Our remarks have been directed, moreover, to poetry as a conception residing in the mind of the poet, rather than to the transmission of that conception to the reader; we have taken him to the laboratory, and shown him the elements before they are manufactured for use; and, therefore, he must not turn round upon us and pronounce all that we have told him

falsehood and nonsense, because the manufactured article is unlike the raw material. We could, if time permitted, lead him through each successive step of the operation,—but it is needless and superfluous; and we prefer giving principles, and leaving their evident application to our readers, whom we will only detain while we treat briefly of the final theme of our subject—the ends and effects of Poetry.

We have defined poetry to be the product of Imagination and Fancy; and our enquiry therefore is, for what purposes were these powers of mind given us by Him, every part of whose creation, moral or physical, is exquisitely adapted both to the whole and to every other part? Suppose them for a moment eradicated from the moral world, what a blight would instantly fall upon our social affections; what a chill would be thrown over all the intercourse of life; how dull and how dreary would be our pathway through the vale of tears! It is to the perhaps unconscious exercise of these powers, insinuating themselves into every thought and action, and enwrapping nature and society in an aerial veil, as the atmosphere we breathe adds hues of beauty and brightness to every object bathed in its all-en-circling stream, that we owe the constant though gentle excitement that keeps the pulses of life in motion, and preserves our sympathies from stagnation. How much of Imagination is there in a mother's love for a child, as she bends fondly o'er his placid slumber, and kisses his pillowed cheek, calling up with all a mother's partiality the scenes of his future life, and painting them in colours fair and glowing as her own enraptured feelings. What but such enthusiasm could support her through the toil and weariness of that child's rearing? And in those happiest hours of existence, when, from love to one, our sympathies with all are enlarged; when we feel that a new charm has been added to every object of thought or sense; when the earth wears a brighter green, and the sky a more glorious blue; when the step is lighter and the laugh merrier, and the eye more bright and the cheek more flushed; in those rapturous hours of ecstasy, when we abandon ourselves without restraint to the mighty flood-like rush of overmastering passion, how busy is Imagination in fashioning a paradise, and an Eve the guardian-goddess of the place; and how cunning the hand of Fancy, that dainty delicate spirit, in adorning it with flowers and fruits brighter than bloom on earth! Without these master spirits, these potent magicians, the world would be a desert, and man would wander through it listless and uninterested, feeling life a burden, and welcoming annihilation as the greatest of all blessings. We might multiply instances selected from every period and every situation of life; but we wish to suggest matter for the reflective, rather than unfold it to the passive gaze of the unthinking. Enough has been said to show the office of these two powers in human existence—that of investing every object with ideas which may not, perhaps, literally and actually belong to it, but which do belong to it as it stands related to our feelings. And this is the distinction that lies between the poet and the man of science: that the latter represents things as they are individually and abstractedly, considering only what they are in themselves; while the poet never dissevers them from human thought and human feeling, painting them,

as we said before, as they seem, rather than as they are, thereby giving them a claim to human interest and sympathy.

Whatever disenthalls us from subjection to the senses, and renders us more spiritual and less worldly, elevates our nature. Religion does this in the highest degree, by supplying us with pleasures which have no connection with the body, and but little with earth. Poetry does this in the next degree, not only by creating a world of its own, where the almost disembodied spirit may range at will, but by throwing a brilliance and a glow over the coarsest scenes of earth and sense, that well-nigh transform their nature by turning them from *sensual* to *sensuous*; and vice goes far to lose its viciousness when it loses its grossness.

We could linger over this delightful theme "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve;" a thousand interesting questions throng upon us, the answers to which lie hidden in the deepest chambers of the mind; we should wish to speak of the reality and truth of that world created by the poet, of the trusting faith to be reposed in his pictures, of the high and solemn office he bears as the High Priest of the moral world—the interpreter of its mystic symbols—the regenerator of its fallen and defiled beauty. But we hope at some future time to treat more fully of the whole range of subjects comprehended in the effects and object of Poetry. For the present we bid our readers farewell.

B.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

THE NECTAR.

HURRAH for the nectar!—the nectar—the nectar,
The bright-flowing nectar that warms in the bowl;
Here's to Bacchus—a glory might fire a Hector,
Hurrah for the nectar, the life of the soul!

We have drank—we have tarried from morning to even,
From even to morning we tarry again;
The juice of the grape is the Mussulman's heaven,
Then let us be Turks while the goblets remain.

To the smile of each lov'd one, the glow of each beauty,
We pledge a full bumper, the gush of the soul;
Here's to Love, rosy Love;—'tis a pride and a duty,
When Cupid, young urchin, sits crowning the bowl.

Away with your sadness and dull melancholy,
With all but the bright-flowing nectar—away!
Young Love would be apt with his chidings, if Folly
Should nurse any care but the goblet to-day.

Then a pledge for the nectar, the bright-gushing nectar,
The sparkling nectar, the life of the soul:
Your cynics may scoff, and your sages may lecture—
The noblest sage is the flow of the bowl!

Ω.

TALES OF OUR UNIVERSITY.—No. I.

A LEGEND FOR SENIOR WRANGLERS.

"More strange than true."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

MANY years ago—it were useless to tell how many, although report would fix the date at the commencement of the Mathematical Tripos, which has been established somewhat less than a century—a student of the University of Cambridge, habited in full academicals, was plodding his way, slowly and silently, along the road conducting to the famous Gog-Magog Hills. It was a still evening late in autumn; the birds were chanting vespers to the departing sun; a faint, gentle breeze murmured through the air, scarcely sufficient to shake the brown leaves that hung in thick foliage on the trees. It was one of those calm and dreamy periods of existence, which speak tranquillity to the soul; when the blitheness of the visible world around us is responded to with chords of exquisite melody by the internal sympathy of our own hearts; like the beloved voice of a lamented mother, or the remembered music of some far-off land. It was a merry evening, but the student was unconscious of its merriment. "Slowly and sadly" he wended his way onward, as heedless, apparently, of the distance of his journey, as of the descending twilight and lengthening shadows. And what were the thoughts which occupied the attention of the young collegian? He was in love, undoubtedly, and the charms of his mistress had smitten his susceptible breast: he was awakening from the unseen future—bright and cherished visions of conjugal tenderness, and matrimonial felicity. But what, in truth, was he thinking of? Was he indeed in love? Was it of the dark-eyed girl, who sat near him in St. Mary's Church on the last Sunday, and of the stolen and half-timid glances which she occasionally cast at him? Oh, no! The dark-eyed girl shared no corner of *his* heart. He was not in love.

What were his thoughts? His young sisters were dear to his bosom, and they were many miles away over the wide, wide-bounding sea, and the curling, frothy ocean; and his thoughts were with them—yes, that they were. The young student was thinking of his sisters, and of his happy home, and of the steep mountains. Happy, happy student!

But what were his thoughts? Were they of his young sisters, who were many miles away, over the wide sea and the curling ocean? Were they of his own happy home, and the steep mountains of his own dear land? Oh, no! the student was not thinking of home.

He had reached the Gog-Magog Hills—those hills which are celebrated in the academical history of every Cambridge gownsmen, and which afforded to the late Robert Hall so good an incident for a *bon mot*. He had reached the Gog-Magog Hills, and the earth was indeed darkening, and the stars were peeping out from heaven—

"The stars are forth—the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful!"

But there was no snow upon the ground, and the Gog-Magog Hills (as every University-man at least is aware) are *not* mountains—merely excrescences of nature, slight protuberances elevated above the rest of the too level country, by no very dire convulsion of nature: so that Byron's

quotation is out of place. The young student stood upon the *summit* of these hills, and cast his eyes around him. The "gloaming" of a summer twilight had descended upon the earth like the mantle of Coila upon the shoulders of Burns; and the gownsman stood alone upon the hills, and there were four miles between him and King's College Chapel. But he thought neither of the distance, nor of the sacred edifice, which has braved so many centuries of tempest and decay,—has survived so many revolutions of states and changes of empires, and now stands, like a pyramid amidst the storm, the object of unbounded admiration. The young student thought not of the Chapel.

The dream of the opium-eater is a fearful thing. "The morning was come of a mighty day,—a day of crisis and final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Then came sudden alarms, and hurrys to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives—I know not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and, at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me—and but a moment allowed, and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed, when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of *Death*, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again, reverberated—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more.'"

This dream is indeed what we before pronounced it, a fearful thing; and into such a trance was the young student fallen, as he threw himself upon the ground, and fixed his listless and vacant gaze upon the bright evening star that shone in the far horizon. But its operative was not opium. He threw himself upon the ground; and strange thoughts, and still stranger feelings flashed across his brain. It was the delirium of jealousy. The young Cantab was jealous—jealous of his fellow-students—madly, fiercely jealous. It wanted scarcely three months to the general Senate House Examination:—he was not prepared: he had worked hard—very hard; morning and evening—evening and morning he had worked, and toiled, and struggled—in vain—all in vain: his fellow-students, and one whom he hated with a mortal hatred, would look down upon him, and would banter and laugh! The student knew this—he felt it, and he was jealous.

"It is not that I shall not be the first of the wranglers, but that Hester M'Gregor will be a higher man. I would buy the seniority at any price."

"You would, would you?" uttered a deep voice near him.

The young student started, and jumped up. The darkness in which the world had been but lately enveloped, had yielded to the brilliant and beautiful light of the moon. The heaven was radiant with fleecy clouds, the grass was sparkling with the dew-drops that glittered in the soft moon-shine. "You would, would you?" uttered the deep voice.

The student started, and looked behind him in terror. The light of the moon was clear, and the country was visible for a great distance—but no being was to be seen. "It was only the winds," ejaculated the student.

"The winds sing not upon a summer's night," was the mysterious reply. The gownsman's hair stood on end; the voice which had answered him was not of earth—at least so thought the student: his jealous fears—his mathematical honors, all escaped from his memory. He made an effort to run down the hills, but alarm had paralyzed him: he stood rooted to the spot. "The winds sing not upon a summer's night, I tell you."

The speaker was a little, old, haggard-looking man, with a long beard, and hair that flowed down to his ankles. He was dressed in a dark fustian coat that seemed to have seen some service—it was torn and ragged; a large pair of silver buckles ornamented his shoes, which were of a strange

ungainly make, and terminated at the toes in a peak. His head was covered with a huge slouched hat, similar to that worn by the London coal-heavers.

"And *what* price would you pay?" was the demand of this singular intruder.

The student attempted an answer, but his voice died away ere the air vibrated with the sound. His heart sunk within him; he *felt* that the being before him was a visitant from another world, and he gasped for very fear, and his breath came thick and clammy. It is a dreadful thing to fancy one's self in the presence of a spectre.

"You say you would pay any price, to obtain the seniority over Hester M'Gregor—now *what* would you pay?"

The inquirer was earnest in his interrogatory; the student was terrified at the idea of offending him—he faltered out a reply. "I would pay anything—anything, that is, which is lawful."

"Listen," continued the stranger: "I can obtain for you your desire: one word from me, and you shall be at the head of *ALL* your fellow-students—at the head of them *ALL*; what say you to that?"

The student's eyes glistened with delight, notwithstanding his fear. "I would pay you any price, whatever you may demand:—can you indeed do this?"

"I can—but ask no questions. You will pay anything, will you?"

"Willingly, only——"

"Only what?"

"It must be lawful."

"Lawful or unlawful, it is too late now to hesitate—you have agreed. What is your price?"

"For God's sake, let it not be an —— that is, I mean, not of another world—let it not be an infernal compact."

"It will be at least a binding one—the bargain is mine," replied the being; "the price is ——"

"Not *MY* SOUL."

"It is *not* your soul."

The student breathed more freely, but his knees still knocked together with fright, and the cold sweat still stood in large drops upon his forehead. "It is *not* your soul," continued the being; "but hearken, and you shall learn the nature of the bargain. You see this repeater—it is a beautiful jewel, a rare gem—there is not another like it in the world: it is your's, but hearken! if you omit to wind it up any one night, before the moon rises—mind, ~~BEFORE THE MOON RISES~~—the bargain is closed, and your fate becomes mine. Are you agreed?"

"It is indeed a beautiful jewel," and the student's breast thrilled with vanity as he beheld it. "It is indeed beautiful—but what is its price?"

"Nothing—I affix no price whatever. It is your's, but remember to wind it up before the moon rises; omit that one night—only one night, and your fate is mine. Beware, I warn you!"

The student gazed upon the watch: it was set round with diamonds, a rare, beautiful jewel, and that jewel might be his at an easy purchase. He remembered too that Hester M'Gregor's watch was considered the most handsome in the University; but Hester M'Gregor's watch did not equal this. "I accept your conditions," he replied; "but how does this affect my mathematical honours?"

"Take the watch under the conditions which I have specified, and you become senior wrangler. Do not start—senior wrangler, I say. I know the name you bestow upon the most talented. Do you accept the offer?"

"I do, but what, if I forget my duty—if the moon rise, and the chain be run out—what then?"

"YOU LOSE YOUR REASON!"

An involuntary shudder ran through the student's frame; not that there was anything in the words of very fearful import, but the thought *MADMAN* flashed upon his brain, and the possibility—but, tush, there was *no* possibility. He should always remember to wind it up—as if he could forget it, with such a curse hanging over his head—impossible! It *was* impossible, and he knew it. "I accept the conditions," he shouted. The watch was in his hands—he felt it—he grasped it. Oh! what transports were in that grasp! "Yet stop," he cried—but the being was nowhere to be seen. * * * * *

It was late when the student arrived in Cambridge, past the hour of closing the College gates; but he was a richer man than when he last passed under the great arch of Trinity, with Sir Isaac Newton's rooms above it; he was a richer man, and a man sure of the highest mathematical honours—sure, quite sure, without a possibility of failure. His heart leaped with delight! what would Hester M'Gregor say now? aye, what *would* he say?

Days—months, rolled away—months—days—blithe and bonny days, for the student had taken his degree, and a most splendid degree it was, SENIOR WRANGLER! His friends were as glad and proud as himself. What a happiness to have such friends! Days rolled away, and Hester M'Gregor had left Cambridge out of sheer mortification: how the student chuckled when he heard of it! it was a lucky ramble, that, to the Gog-Magog Hills that night!

Well, months did roll away, and the watch was regularly wound up; a fine rare jewel, that! One would have thought the student's friends would never have ceased their admiration. His grandfather had bought it for him of a Scotch jeweller, the only man who could have made such an *unique*, and *he* could make no more, for he was dead. Ah! ah! what a good grandfather!

The river Cam, notwithstanding its narrow channel and ambiguous windings, is a great source of temptation to those who are gifted with a liking for the nautical. "We will try a boat to-day," said the student to his friends, on a glad sunny afternoon in the early part of May. So away they rowed up the stream towards Ely, and the fish played along its margin, and the dragon-flies sported in the bright sunshine, or dipped their gauze wings and painted bodies in the glassy surface of the water. Away they rowed;—it was a bonny day.

"If Hester M'Gregor were here now, Vivian, (Vivian was the student's name,) would he not die of *ennui*, or something worse?" began one of the party, after a long conversation relating to subjects unconnected with the history of our tale.

"I think he would," replied Vivian. "Did you notice his features when the degrees were given, and when the names were read over?"

"I did; never was demon half so deadly—he would have strangled you for very revenge. I saw how his fingers clutched, and his hands clenched, till the nails were actually driven into their palms, and the red blood trickled forth and dropped upon the floor of the Senate House."

"The mad fool!—but never mind him; our friend Vivian is senior-wrangler, and why should we heed? But we had better turn our oars now—we have lost our dinner as it is, and the moon has risen; how early she rises to-day—the sun has hardly set——"

"*The moon risen!*" screeched Vivian, "for God's sake, where?"

"There—behind you; but what is the matter—what is that to you? why do you look so pale?" Vivian felt instinctively for his repeater,—he held it to his ear—it was silent, the chain had run out. Good God! how

the blood rushed tingling to his temples! He dashed the jewel into the river.

"Vivian! why Vivian!" exclaimed his friend; "why, what do you do that for? are you mad?"

"MAD!" answered the student, with a piercing shriek; "MAD!—what did you say *that* word for?"

Vivian walked that night in the fields leading to Grantchester. They were then, as now, the most picturesque ramble which the University-man can enjoy. The evening was a beautiful one; twilight had again descended upon the world, and had shrouded in her "sober livery" the lovely forms and flowers of the earth. Vivian walked over the fields to Grantchester.

It is a fearful thing to dread madness—to watch it coming slowly, but surely on—to loll out the parched tongue, and shrink at the touch of a drop of water—to feel the head swim giddily, giddily, and the temples burn, and the eye-balls strain in their sockets.

Grantchester itself, at that period, was not the pretty village which it now is. There were tall trees, it is true, that overshadowed the church-yard, and ivy had grown up, and had spread its mantling arms round the ancient edifice, and the graves were here and there surrounded with flowers; and old houses—quaint enough in their architecture—and rustic cottages, which have been long pulled down, were standing. It was a pretty place, though, even then.

Grantchester is a locality with which every man who has been educated at Cambridge is well acquainted. The fields which lead to it are said to have been Lord Byron's favourite walk, when at Trinity. Many a genius, hardly less famous than the noble poet, has trodden that "slight pathway" before and since his day. There, perhaps, Bacon and Newton walked, and Ben Jonson, and Churchill, and Grey, and even Milton—we had almost forgotten the "proud bard of song"—if the road was formed in their time. And there, in later periods, strolled Kirke White, the "martyr student," as Professor Smythe has called him, with his heart full of piety, and his brain full of poetry; and Byron, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge. It is one of those beautiful rambles which make us to love the country, and the green fields, and the tall elms, flinging their shadows upon the pathway; and the sweet flowers springing beneath the feet, and the young daisies basking in the hedge-rows.

Vivian reached the church-yard. It was spring, and the violets threw up an odour which gave luxuriance to the atmosphere, impregnated with their "balmy utterance," as the enthusiast Keats has it. It was spring, and the soft moss yielded to his tread, and the golden buttercup bent beneath his footstep.

Hark! It was but the nightingale singing her evening song in the depth of the sweet silence, making the air to tremble with the loveliness of the harmony.

Vivian leant over the iron-railings which surrounded a tomb, and, in the agony and loneliness of his spirit, he wished himself beneath that sod, sleeping his last sleep, and slumbering his last slumber. It is fearful for the man of carelessness and gaiety to meditate upon the grave's deep solitude. There arises a shrinking of nature—of *his* nature at least—from familiar communion with the cold and slimy earth-worm.

It is not thus with all. The being of blighted hopes and bitter disappointments has his "bourne" in the grave, and his dwelling in the sepulchre. The weary are at rest there,—they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The man of wretchedness, the poor and the afflicted, the desperate and the distressed,—all have a home there; a place of retreat from the scorn and calumny of the world, the voice of malice, and the sneer of contempt and pity.

"The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

"I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

"For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish:—Oh, my mother-earth,
Take home thy child!"

Vivian leant upon the iron-railings, and gazed upon the moon. There was no cloud in the sky, no mist to obscure her brightness, and she *was* bright—she was beautiful—she was holy: Vivian gazed upon her thoughtfully, and as he gazed, recollections of past and fondly-cherished years came rushing, thick and crowd-like, upon his brain,—thoughts of home and dreams of infancy; and then there were whisperings—loud and startling whisperings of evil, and the tones of silvery voices, long since choked in dust.

He remembered when he was a child, when his mother stroked his flaxen-hair with her soft, delicate hand: and he remembered, too, sitting in her lap, and listening to the sweet songs she used to sing him in the night-fall of a summer evening, when the cool breeze came in at the open lattice. Then there followed a long blank—a dim, desolate void which he could not fill up; there were indistinct recollections of death, and a black hearse, and a weeping father, and a newly-dug grave:—the traces were confused, he could not arrange them in their proper order.

Again his remembrances returned; but he had no mother *now*—her soft, delicate hand no longer stroked his hair, and she no longer sang him the pretty songs which she was wont to sing. Vivian had grown into boyhood, but he had no mother.

There is a something in the want of a mother, when we first miss her accustomed endearments, which defies the power of human pen to describe; those little kindnesses, only valued when lost for ever,—those cares, apparently trivial, but only to be treasured up in our bosoms when the beloved of our hearts is departed from amongst us.

Again there was a long and dreary blank:—there were scenes constantly changing, and the whispering of friendly voices, and the greetings of relatives, and the songs of young and beloved sisters. Again, and again the scene altered, and Vivian was now at College. The schoolboy was forgotten in the undergraduate; the short jacket was exchanged for the manly coat, the green school-bag for the cap and gown of the collegian. But here the tablet of his remembrance grew darker:—Vivian was no longer the young and ingenuous boy; no longer were there merely whisperings of evil—the catalogue became gloomy: friends had fallen off; deeds had been committed at which Vivian would once have shuddered; the deserted companion—the injured female—the fearful array of dark reminiscences all marshalling themselves in order. Vivian could not recal them:—he *dared* not.

He leant upon the tomb and wept. What tears are like the tears of penitence? The moon fell softly on the earth around him, and the stars were looking forth like angels' eyes from heaven; and the breeze passed gently by, like the melody of departed spirits. The air was odorous with the breath of the balmy flowers, the primroses and the violets which sprang up in the hedge-banks; and the perfume of those flowers recalled the scenes of his boyhood—the green fields and the fertile pastures; and Vivian leant upon the tomb, and wept.

There was a noise in the church-yard. It was the village sexton, preparing to finish a grave in which a corpse was to be interred on the following morning. He was a merry-hearted man, and he began to whistle to enliven his employment. The tall trees which grew around the old church, cast their lengthened shadows upon the spot where Vivian was standing. The sexton continued to whistle, and Vivian remained silent. There was something in the fellow's mirth, unsuited as it was to the sombre character of the place and the stillness of the hour, that diverted the student from the contemplation of his own wretchedness. "I must join this man," he thought to himself: "his merriment may gladden me. You're jovial to-night, friend."

The man stood bolt upright. Had a ghost arisen from one of the neighbouring graves, and appeared suddenly before him, he could not have been more startled than at Vivian's unexpected intrusion. "Aye, aye, merriment is merriment, though it be in a church-yard, although it is not a place, as one may say, to be merry in. You are here after your hour to-night, if I may be so bold."

"I am late out of my college," replied the student; "but the night is fair, and the walk to your village is pretty."

"The trees have shot up since I was a boy," continued the sexton; "they were but small then: my father had the planting of them, poor soul; they overshadow his own grave now."

"Ah! and do you follow your father's occupation?"

"I do; man and boy he worked, as sexton and grave-digger, here sixty years: and I have taken his trade up, as they say: we have shared it a hundred years between us."

"It is a long time," replied Vivian, "to have turned over one piece of ground; you have buried many a proud heart, and many a broken heart, in your day."

"Why, as for that, many's the proud heart, 'tis true, that I've buried,—it isn't every haughty person that wears fine clothes; poverty can be high as well as riches, as my father used to say;—but broken hearts, I buried one broken heart; the grass has'n't grown over her grave yet."

"Indeed, did she belong to this village?"

"She did, poor girl: I knew her, sir, from a child, and a fine young thing she grew up. First there came the carpenter that lives down yonder, with his round face and his spruce Sunday-coat, but Mary Gray had nothing to say to him; then there was the young farmer would take it into his head to see her into church every Sunday, but she shook her head at him too,—more's the pity! And then came Bill Dackets, and poor Mary had soon no heart of her own to lose. It was a weary day when that happened."

"Were they married?" demanded Vivian.

"Never," returned the man. "Bill died, and the poor girl drooped:—she sank, sir, by degrees; day after day we watched her; and her parents, it would have wrung tears from a stone to have seen them; she broke her heart, sir, and we buried them side by side."

"And what ailed her lover? did he die suddenly?"

"No, sir, no! he became strange: used to walk about the fields and this church-yard by night; and then would tell us he had seen his mother's ghost, and that she had come to warn him that he had been leading a wicked life,—he, poor fellow, that had never in his life done an infant's harm; and then he took a dislike to water, and they couldn't get him to drink. It was terrible to hear him shriek when they brought it where he was."

A slight tremor ran through the student's frame. "What was his illness?" he asked of the sexton.

"It was not illness," replied the man; "it was no illness, sir,—it was worse than that, poor Bill was mad."

"Damnation!" shouted the student. "What did you say that word for?"

The man looked up in surprise: Vivian had dashed over the graves, and disappeared.

* * * * *

Eleven o'clock; how the hours fly away when we are afraid of some approaching calamity! There's nothing on earth like it—on they go—on—on—on—with the rapidity of a steam-coach, or Mr. Wordsworth's "little crescent boat," tossed up and down in a hurricane. Pardon the simile, ye admirers of "Peter Bell."

Eleven o'clock, and Vivian was seated by the side of a good blazing fire in his little room, in the old court of Trinity College. The empty glass stood by his side upon the table, inviting him to replenish it: he filled a bumper, and smacked his lips as he set down the bottle. "Pshaw! 'tis all foolery—confounded nonsense—I am not mad—am I? pshaw! not I!" and he drained off the wine; "'tis glorious good stuff, by Bacchus!"

And it was undoubtedly, for five glasses more set Vivian to singing most merrily. He got up from his chair, danced about the room, shouting at the highest pitch of his lungs, and finally, being wearied by the exertion, he flung himself into an easy chair, and fell fast asleep.

How long he continued to sleep is not recorded; but the wick of the candle began to lengthen, and by-and-bye to be surmounted with a thick, black-looking mushroom top, and the fire in the grate grew lower and lower; the coals, ever and anon, sending forth that ominous crackle which warns us of their departing heat. A loud knocking at the door aroused the student at length from his slumber: "Who in God's name wants me at this time of night?" was his first exclamation, as he arose from his chair and indulged in a good yawn. Knock! knock! knock! "There it is again—stop—stay a moment, don't hammer the door so furiously,—what do ye bang it so for?"

Vivian arose, and having snuffed the candle, proceeded to open the door. He undid the latch cautiously, for he was fearful of some trick about to be played upon him by the intruder, whom he supposed to be his old acquaintance and fellow-student, Philip Forester. "Aha! Philip, a late greeting to night," he exclaimed, as he set open the door of his study and gave free ingress to his companion. But his eyes opened to the fullest extent their lids would allow, on beholding the form, shape, and universally quaint appearance of his unceremonious visitant. Vivian's heart sickened to its core, on beholding the precise counterpart of the miraculous being who had accosted him upon the Gog-Magog Hills, and whose fatal gift had been that day the cause of such extreme mental agony and excitement.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said the being, "we have met again then." Vivian replied not, but his knees trembled, and his lips quivered; an ashy paleness overspread his face: he made way for the old man, and then tottered to a chair which stood by the window. "You will be cold out there—draw your seat nearer to the fire," said the being, who had already comfortably seated himself by the side of the nearly extinguished embers: he stirred them, however, and they blazed up astonishingly. "A merry blaze that," he exclaimed; "come here, young man—you remember our bargain; you are senior wrangler then, are you not?"

Vivian gave a convulsive start.

"Senior wrangler—ha! ha! a merry honour that! 'tis something to see all the rest of your College looking up to you, as to the branch from which their own laurel is gathered—is it not, Vivian?"

Vivian had approached the old man, and with a determination to be as

firm as his nerves would allow him, he drew his chair immediately opposite the object of his extreme dread. The latter seemed to enjoy his trepidation, for he smiled marvellously as the student turned away his eyes from his glance. "Have you got the watch?" he demanded.

"I have not," was Vivian's reply.

"I thought as much—in fact I knew it," returned the being, "and I have troubled you with my company to night, that we might settle the difference. You remember the stipulation?"

"I do;" and Vivian shuddered again as he spoke.

"And I am still willing to give you another chance of avoiding the fulfilment of it. Are you content to accept any further conditions?" continued the old man.

"Oh! for God's sake," cried Vivian, in the highest pitch of agony, "for God's sake, demand nothing further—it was an unholy, an infernal compact. I have bound my soul already to the powers of darkness."

"Of your own free will. It was a glorious watch!" and the creature chuckled as he spoke.

"It was a foul invention of the Unholy One; it was the workmanship of Satan, whose emissary thou art, if thou art not the very demon himself," replied Vivian.

"Ha! ha! the moon rose earlier than usual to-night," continued the being, in a most provoking strain.

"God of Heaven!" ejaculated the half distracted student, "why didst thou suffer my vanity to lead me into this distress. Oh! Vivian, even honours may be too dearly purchased.

"It was a glorious watch," chuckled the wretch, "a most beautiful jewel, rare, costly; there was not another like it in the University—no, that there was'nt. Your old grandfather gave it you, and the man who made it was dead; nobody else could make such a one. Ha! ha! what a good grandfather!"

Vivian *did* repress the oath that rose to his lips, but his rage for a moment overcame his fear. "You blackened scoundrel, you perfidious wretch!" he shouted; "if you are a human being, you shall pay for your audacity. Help, help—here! hallo!" and he darted to the window as he spoke, with the intention of throwing open the shutters, and calling some one to his assistance. But before he could undo the bolt, the tones of such diabolical laughter pealed upon his ear, that his whole frame seemed paralysed with dread. "Ha! ha! ha!" the sounds came ringing along, till the student was petrified with terror. "Ha! ha! ha!" a thousand echoes seemed to reverberate the peal, till at length Vivian was fairly stunned, and sunk half senseless upon the floor.

For a few moments only was he allowed to lie there. The voice of the being was heard summoning him to arise, and Vivian could not disobey: he got up, as it were, instinctively. The creature's eyes gleamed like fire: never had the student beheld such dreadful orbs; they rolled about—burning and sparkling horribly. "Ha! ha! ha!" the first sounds that greeted Vivian's ear were the same notes of infernal laughter that had alarmed him before.

"Do you know this jewel?" demanded the being.

He laid it upon the table—it was the watch, the very watch which Vivian had received from his hands on the Gog-Magog Hills, and which, in the delirium of his excitement, he had flung into the river. Yes, there it was, the same identical watch, lying upon the table, and sparkling before his eyes. How the blood rushed tingling to his brain, as his glance fell upon it! "Do you know this jewel?" repeated his tormentor, with a most sarcastic smile.

Vivian's tongue was glued to his lips. "'Tis a pretty toy," continued the old man, not heeding the student's silence, "a very pretty toy;—*Hester M'Gregor* had not such an one. Do you remember it, Vivian?" Still was Vivian silent. Yes, he remembered it well enough; never could he forget it, though a thousand years of existence were granted him.

The clock struck twelve,—one,—two,—three,—four; the leaden hours of "old father Time" roll on very leisurely when we are in a hurry for their departure: one would almost think they stayed to mock and jeer us. The clock struck twelve, and Vivian thought he had never before heard it strike so provokingly slow. He had hoped at midnight to see the being calmly take his departure; and as the last deep note of the surly monitor rang upon his ear, he half expected to see him rise from his seat; but the old man had no such intention, the warm fire-side was better than the cold night-air, so he continued to sit on, casting, at the same time, a most malicious, fiendish leer at the terrified student. "It is a beautiful jewel after all, and it may be your's again. What say you?"

"Never! Oh, say not it may be mine again—never! never!" answered Vivian, in a stifled shriek.

"The bargain is not hard, and is easily made; besides——"

"Besides what?"

"Ah! what? Pretty girls love jewels; those eyes that looked upon you so smilingly, as you pressed through the town to-day to get your boat,—do you remember them?"

Vivian must have remembered them, for he started as if a thunder-bolt had struck him; and we do not often start, and blush moreover as red as a new-blown rose, when bantered about the coquettish glances of some fair "*demoiselle*," if there be no truth in the matter.

"Pretty girls love jewels,—she would like this watch, Vivian: oh! what a present on the marriage morning; and you have taken your degree, you know, and care nothing for a fellowship. Come, what say you?"

Vivian did not know what to say: he was most sorely puzzled as well as frightened. The creature before him could not, then, be of this world, for to no living soul had he breathed a word about the fair girl of whom he had been reminded; and no eye but his own had marked the pretty glance, that said a thousand things as it met and answered to his own on the morning. Vivian did not know what to say, but he contrived an answer.

"At what cost may it be re-purchased?—at what further risk?"

"Nothing, as regards yourself, but much, as concerns another?"

"Whom?"

"The person to whom you give it."

"What, *HER*! foul fiend!" Vivian's blood rose, and came rushing to his face. "Dark and infernal villain! I charge thee, by the name of God, that thou depart from this room, and leave me to myself: if I have sold myself to thy base and diabolical arts, upon my own head come the consequences. Madness, madness,—raging madness! if thou wilt; but upon her's—upon her pure and sacred cheek, not even the sunny breath of summer should fall, if it left one tint behind it darker than the fair complexion over which it played. Go—go! now, this instant! I exorcise thee, by the name of God, depart!"

"The name of God! why namest thou that name to me? I that care not for God nor devil, angel nor demon, saint nor sinner. Theodore Vivian, I have watched thy destiny from thy infancy; I have marked the rising of the stars, and their courses, and their setting; I have listened to the sound of the blast, and the howling of the night breeze, and I have heard only thy name in all its utterance; thy name and mine—for they were both mingled together—have rung and echoed upon mine ear. Yes, tremble not; *my* name—for I have a name, though it would freeze thy young blood to hear it.

And this have I learned from observation, that thy destiny and my own were connected,—yes, by a tie which thou, poor mortal, couldst not shiver; by a bond which neither heaven nor earth shall break. My time, the time allowed me by the superintending order of fate, to which I owe my existence, is now elapsed—and we perish together!”

As the being said this, he rose from his seat, and approached towards the student. Stealthily he planted his right foot forward, with his piercing, snake-like eye fixed all the while upon Vivian. The latter could not fly: he was as the bird fascinated by the serpent—bound, riveted to the floor, and yet resolute in the midst of his alarms. He cowered not, nor quailed; firmly he darted his gaze upon the fiery eye of the being, sending back glance for glance. There was a silence, still and death-like: it could not last; Vivian's brain reeled with delirium, like the intoxication of the person drunk with laudanum. A thousand figures danced about the room,—a thousand fancies came flashing across his brain; images and forms innumerable, changing with the pulsation of every moment;—even the watch, that cause of all this mysterious peril and agony, assumed a thousand different shapes; as it lay upon the table, Vivian's eyes rested on it for a moment, and but for a moment; the being had sprang upon him, and he now felt himself half suffocated in his grasp. He must make one effort—he must wrestle with his antagonist, though it were with a superhuman foe. He put forth all his strength, but to no purpose. He felt the creature's breath come burning hot against his cheek; and his eyes,—oh! the glaring of those fiery orbs! like red hot coals did they shine out from their sockets. Vivian never looked upon a sight so awful. He could oppose him no longer, his brain swam round; he sank down, and the being fell with him. “It is done!” he shouted; “now hear your curse!”

Vivian's ears were opened to catch the awful words: he gasped for breath; his hair stood on end with fright, as he listened to his sentence. The being spoke at last. The student caught the sounds, and heard the voice of some one bending over him—the voice, as he thought, of the dread old man, beneath whose grasp he crouched, say, “Why, Vivian! are you not coming out of chapel to-night?” Vivian opened his eyes in the greatest amazement, and found himself kneeling by the side of one of the forms, and his friend Philip Forester stooping down to awaken him, while all the other men were leaving the chapel. “Why, Vivian, you have slept over all the prayers. What in the world have you been about? You surely were not in bed last night.”

TO THE POET WORDSWORTH.

“By our own spirits are we deified.”

Oh! I could kneel for ever at thy shrine,
And weep till summer days have passed away,
And drink, great Bard! the fullness of thy lay
For ever, and those strains be ever mine!
Wordsworth! thy name was as a creed foresworn,
And my proud heart refused to bend the knee
In adoration:—it now worships thee
With depth of homage, in the early morn,
And sunny noon, and eve's sweet sanctity:
For nature has unlock'd her secret store,
To teach thee wisdom, and the poet's lore
Has robed the dim shades of futurity
With hopes too bright for utterance. May He
Who gives to all, be bountiful to thee!

W.

STANZAS TO G——.

" I was indeed delirious in my heart,
To lift my love so lofty as thou art."
BYRON'S *Lament of Tasso*.

I.

STAR of my youth, farewell !
I would not leave thy shrine ;
The pangs that in my bosom dwell,
May find no home in thine ;
The flow'rs that twine around thy brow,
I may not pluck, nor share them now—
And do I then repine ?
My heart has borne so much of pain,
I scarce can wish them back again.

II.

And it was but a dream
In boyhood vainly nurst ;
'Tis ever thus our visions beam
Till, meteor-like, they burst.
When weeping o'er affection's urn,
I knew the dead could ne'er return ;
But thou, the last, the first,
The only, only living thing
I loved—hast thou too taken wing ?

III.

And canst thou thus survive,
To triumph o'er the slain ?
I did not think my soul could give
Itself to love again :
I deem'd my spirit lone and sear,
And knew not I was doom'd to wear
So tyrannous a chain ;
And least I thought that thou couldst be
The fair false thing I witness thee.

IV.

Thou wert the best and brightest star
That o'er my path wast shed ;
And thy pure beauty fell from far
Like sun-light on my head :
But life has lost its summer sky,
And love is but deep vanity ;
The living and the dead
Alike are lost to me, for fate
Has swept my young path desolate.

THE MINISTRY.

Μαντις δ' ἄριστος ὅστις εἰκαζει καλῶς, says the Greek poet, and we may fairly put in our claim to be considered as prophets, having foretold in our advertisement that the "flash house" *was* on the point of dissolution, and now having the pleasing duty of announcing that the dissolution has commenced. In plain language, there has been a break-up in the ministry. The Whig-Radicals have been consistent—they have adhered to their old plan of deserting a friend in distress—they foresaw that Lord Glenelg would be attacked—they knew that neither he nor they could defend themselves, and preferring, as they ever have done, office to honour, they threw him overboard as the tub to the whale. But it won't do, my Lord Melbourne—it won't do. You may call out with all the affected indignation you can assume, "Plague on that boy, he's asleep again,"* and to show your sincerity you may turn him out of your service with all the insolence and indignity that so well become you, both as a minister and a gentleman. But it won't do, my lord. Of course you and your worthy colleagues are perfectly welcome to rush into the Colonial Office, and wake up the fat boy by a slap on the shoulder, and when he rubs his sleepy eyes, and draws out "what d'ye want with me?" to bid him be gone about his business, and add a kick to give his exit peculiar *éclat*. Of course, I say, you're at liberty to do this, and we're very glad to see it, as it shows us what stuff Whig ministers are made of, and exhibits a beautiful idiosyncrasy as regards their notions of friendship. But you're vastly mistaken if you think to make a scape-goat of this sleeping wonder. Lord Durham would have whipped him from his trances, and truly delightful would it have been to behold his contortions and his wry faces, as the lash whistled round his head, before descending upon the nether regions. But this is neither here nor there—it is little matter to the people of England whether Lord Glenelg or Lord Normanby is Colonial Secretary: what we want,—what the people of England want, is, that the country should be rid of a ministry whose only principle is that of having no principle—whose only consistency is in inconsistency—who cling to office with the tenacity of a drowning man, only that they may gorge its emoluments. What we want is a ministry, who, having taken their stand upon some known political principles, resolve to abide by them, and carry them out; not one which, chameleon-like, changes its hue with the colour of the sky and the hour of the day, regarding office as the chief and noblest end of political ambition, and principle as the means to that end. We do not complain of you or your party for being Whigs—you have the same right to your opinions that we have to ours; but we do complain of you, and we have a right to do so, for keeping the country in the dark as to what your intentions are; for not letting them know where to find you, what to expect from you; for professing one determination one session, and acting just opposite to it the next; for

* Vide "Pickwick Papers."

allowing your measures not to spring from your own opinions, if you have any, but from the demands of your supporters, not to derive their shape from the spirit within, but from the pressure without; in a word, for being, while you profess to act as a responsible and independent ministry, the merest tools in the hands of another party, upon whom you depend entirely for support, nay, even for existence. You issued your speech at the beginning of the session—are we a bit the wiser for it? Are we not rather more in the dark than ever as to what your future course will be? The time is come for throwing down the mask, you must declare yourselves—you must either stop, or concede further. Are you prepared to give up the Irish Church, with all its revenues, to O'Connell and the Priests? It is no longer a question of pounds, shillings, and pence, a dispute about a conjectural superfluity of income, an argument concerning the disposal of what has no existence; he unblushingly demands “that the *whole* of the property of the Irish Church should be devoted to secular purposes;” he who holds his seat in Parliament under an oath that he will do nothing tending to injure or weaken the National Church. But will you concede this? If not, can you endure—have you the spirit, the patriotism, to shake off your infamous ally? to break your unholy league? to beard the army of Precursors, men and *women*—we blush to write the word—in the person of their chief? to tell him to his face that you are not to be dragged at his chariot-wheels through the mire of his agitation any longer, the scorn of the wise, the pity of the good? while he, the wily knave, chuckles at your folly, well knowing that the deeper your degradation in the eyes of your fellow-countrymen, the closer must you cling to him for support. You have now a fair opportunity to disunite yourselves from him: he has openly expressed his determination to destroy the National Church: every blow you strike in concert with him will be aimed at her; and should she fall, posterity will curse you as the weak, deluded authors of her ruin. There must be some among you who are protestants and gentlemen; to these we would point out the noble examples of a Stanley and a Graham, who, when they perceived mischief intended to the church of their fathers, came out from among you, rather than share in so foul a disgrace, thereby preserving their honour, and leaving infamy and office to their successors. Like them, do you open your eyes to the injuries you are inflicting on the Protestant religion by your passive submission to a Papist demagogue, and like them “come out, touch not the unclean thing.” There is no disgrace in discovering one's errors and retrieving them; it is worthy of such an age as our own to pour reproaches on men for abandoning a wrong course, and, however late, doing all they can to make up for the mischief they have done before: the real disgrace consists in rushing on with blind self-will in a course ruinous to one's country. We conjure you as gentlemen—as Protestants, no longer to act as underlings to an Irish ruffian in his attacks upon your own country and your own religion.

But above all would we turn to the Conservatives, and say—Yield not one single demand which bears the stamp and seal of O'Connell—look with suspicion on every proposition that comes from him, or to which he lends or sells his support—*timeo Graios dona ferentes.*

Firmly united among yourselves, you are already stronger than all the other parties in the state together,—fresh recruits are daily thronging to swell your ranks; each hour's delay adds to your strength; high and low are recovering from the feverish excitement of the Reform mania, and are gradually settling down to their sober senses: only prolong the battle a little longer, and you will have no enemy to fight with, but a handful of Irish scarecrows, whom a bold front and a determined eye will put to flight without the discharge of a single musket. Then, when you have conquered, if these Irish have any *real* grievances, see to it and repair them,—it is politic as well as just; but so long as they keep their arms in their hands, listen neither to entreaty, remonstrance, or threat. Extorted concessions only pave the way for further demands, to be followed by new concessions, impressing on the minds of the people the pernicious idea, that what they want is to be obtained by force and impudence; while spontaneous acts of justice not only repair defects in the constitution, but conciliate the minds of those to whom they are done, binding them in the powerful ties of willing, self-devoted obedience.

THE following Petition was got up at the suggestion of small Spring Rice, to supply the annual deficiency in the Revenue:—

“ To the Honorable the House of Commons,

“ *SHEWETH*—That the custom of lending books is detrimental both to the interests of Booksellers, especially the Publishers of Magazines, and also to the revenue of the state, inasmuch as the consumption of paper is thereby lessened, and the paper-tax proportionably diminished.

“ Your Petitioners therefore entreat your Honorable House to pass a law rendering the practice punishable by fine, or any other such mode as may appear suitable to the offence.

“ And your Petitioners will ever pray, &c.”

N.B. As the same petition has been presented from almost every town in the kingdom, and a bill introduced into the House with a retrospective operation, which meets with general approval; we warn all purchasers of *THE SYMPOSIUM* against rendering themselves liable to this penalty.—*Opinion of Sir J. Campbell, Attorney-General.*

REVIEWS.

Mother Hubbard. A new Edition, with the Recension and Annotations of PROFESSOR BUSBI FUZWISKA. E'Hokianga, Anno Domini 3211.

WE hail with delight this excellent and learned edition of the very ancient melodrame, which sets forth so quaintly and pleasantly the affecting history of that worthy grandam, Mrs. Hubbard. We think that a legend portraying the domestic habits of an age of such remote antiquity, replete with so much moral instruction, and exhibiting such fine traits of character as those exemplified in the case of an aged female ministering to the wants, and humouring the fancies, of her canine favourite, cannot be too extensively read, too frequently edited, or too copiously illustrated. Moreover, we rejoice in bearing our testimony, that the present Editor is in every respect thoroughly competent for the herculean task he has undertaken. Combined with rare proficiency in choric metre, and truly marvellous acuteness in discovering what needs emendation—two most important qualifications for a critic—he possesses a profound knowledge of the dark and barbarous ages in which the extraordinary poem before us appears to have been written. His powerful mind has penetrated into the depths of that period, when the mythic Sailor King, William the Fourth, and the Fairy Queen Victoria, with her treacherous court, are fabled to have reigned;—when Lord Chancellors wrote Penny Magazines, and when the absurd, corrupt, and dangerous superstitions said to have been disseminated by the Church of England, had not yielded to the present beautiful system of drawing lots among the “most-thinking people,” for a parson to preach the annual sermon at the grand national, anti-protestant, voluntary-principle, think-as-you-please Chapel in Fudge-fields.

There are, however, some few points in the present edition, on which we must beg, with all due deference to the learned Professor, to differ—we may say, to be at loggerheads with him. We do not wish to be severe—we would abstain from all cutting sarcasm and taunting expressions—but we do feel it our imperative duty to declare, in strong and decided language, that, in some points, we think he has been rather injudicious. We consider, that in settling the text he has, in some cases, omitted the best readings, while in others he has been far too hasty in admitting conjectural emendations—particularly his own—though we could name some other editors who are slightly liable to this little amiable peculiarity. Now we happen ourselves to possess a slap-up codex, which may tend to throw here and there a pretty respectable glimmering on the true readings of the text. It is a MS. of extreme antiquity, discovered by us in a dust-hole in an obscure part of London, and containing the whole poem, written, in rather a juvenile round-hand, on whitey-brown paper. The outside cover contains a rude engraving—probably the earliest wood-cut now extant—of a black man standing on some scarlet sand, with three palm-trees and a pagoda in the distance, and a drunken-looking

sun in the sky; while within two inches of the sable gentleman crouches a creature, a good deal like a pig, with a flowing bob-wig and indian-rubber tail—which animal we take to be decidedly meant for a lion, more especially as we deciphered underneath the obscure and partly effaced inscription, A*DR0**ES LI**. The rest of the MS. contains the word ROSCOMMON, written in large-hand a great many times over; from which we might infer that it has been some school-boy's copy-book in the dark ages.—We shall now proceed to comment on various passages of the edition before us, occasionally transcribing some of the various readings supplied by a careful collation of our MS., which we refer to the 19th century, and shall designate by the letter Z, as having been discovered in the house of our literary friend Zacharias Snob.

V. 6. *And so the poor Doggie got none.*] *And so, &c. Z.* This we think necessary to the metre, which at present "*crurifragio laborat*," to use the language of the learned Brunck. Nevertheless, we must not omit to mention, that in an interlinear translation of the poem into Latin verse, which our MS. contains, this addition of the copulative is not recognised. We shall append the commencement of this version, which we believe has not before been discovered.

Cellarum latebras Hubbordia mater adibat,
 Os citò quæ caro promeret inde cani.
 Quum tamen intrasset, cellas conspexit inanes;
 Sic expectati nil tulit ille cibi.
 Tum pede festino pistoris læta tabernam,
 Unde cani tostum far emeretur, adit;
 At citò regrediens, invenit mœsta catellum
 Interea fatis occubuisse suum.
 Continuo fabri properavit tecta periti
 Quæ secum afferret parva feretra domum;
 Cumque revertisset reduci vestigia gressu,
 En! risus lepidi sedit in ore canis.
 Inde tuam petiit, caupo vicine, tabernam,
 Quà stetit in largis ceria multa cadis;
 Unde ferens plenum calicem (mirabile!) vidit
 Impositum cathedræ mollè sedere canem.

V. 16. *Note.* We are compelled to differ from the learned commentator's opinion, that *ale* and *beer* were one and the same beverage. That they were different, appears not only from some of the very passages he adduces to prove the contrary, but also from many others which might be cited from the prose writers of the 19th and 20th centuries. It is strange that no former editor should have perceived the true reading of the curious legend referred to in the note, to be ALE *not* BEER. Professor Mantalini stigmatizes the Editors as "demned outrageous thickheads" for not restoring ALE *and* BEER. Now (to say nothing of the ungracious language in which the Professor's opinion is couched) we would, with all due deference, submit that the true reading is not ALE *and* BEER. Is it credible that one shop should sell both? For who would ever buy beer where ale was to be procured?

V. 15. *She went to the Pot-house.*] to the *Public*, Z. which we are inclined to prefer.

V. 18. The Editor has rightly obelized this verse. Our MS. reads, "he drank it all very near." This, it is true, slightly verges on the Alexandrine, but probably is not far from the true reading, though not recognised by the Latin version. Perhaps we should omit *very*.

V. 22. *Dancing a jig*.] *Jumping*, Z. which furnishes a pleasant alliteration.

V. 28. *Tripe*.] "Derived from the Greek *τριβή*."—*Fuzwiska*. Bilsmethi thinks that as this food approaches the leathery, the uncomfortable complaint called *colic* is derived from its equivalent Greek *χολικ*.

V. 34. *Flute*.] The Editor has omitted, in his note on this instrument, to inform *tirones* of the derivation. We conceive it to be a diminutive of *flue*, a pipe or passage through which smoke, steam, breath, or air ascends, and which (like its musical derivative) in windy weather sometimes becomes unpleasant.

V. 46. *He was feeding the cat*.] *killing*, Z. absurdly.

The Editor has rightly perceived that *cat* is derived from the amiable propensity of that animal to *catching* mice. He might have added that *rat* comes from *ratio*, and *mouse* from *μῶς*, seeing that these vermin do show a marvellous lack of *reason* and *sense* in letting themselves be caught. Vide Sancho Slipslop, "On Bugs, and other *αὐτοχθονες* of this island," vol. ix. p. 963; and Christopher Catchem on Mice, p. 401.

V. 58. *Bow wow*.] *Wow bow*, Z. pessime, as the only ground on which we can tolerate the objectionable spondee, is that the two words may be considered as forming one, from the consecutive *w's* flowing into each other.—A learned friend proposes to do away the spondee altogether, by reading *bo wow*, a form which a MS. lately discovered in the fourth Court of Libeokrotoni, appears to sanction. Our MS. ends with the curious sentence, "Bil Klarc is copper buc"—the meaning of which we have not yet exactly ascertained.

A Dissertation on the Assemblies of the Athenians; translated from the Latin of Schömann. Cambridge: Grant, 1839.

SCHÖMANN'S valuable work, "*De Comitibus Atheniensibus*," is too well known and too highly esteemed to need any comment. But however good the matter of that treatise might be, the form in which it appeared was certainly very admirably adapted to deter any one of only moderately strong nerves from ever opening it. Our obligations then to Mr. Grant would have been great, had he only reprinted the original Latin of Schömann in a neat and commodious dress: but he has, besides this, given us a very accurate translation of the whole work, thereby rendering it much more accessible not only to *tirones*,

* We beg to offer as a mere conjecture, that the above sentence means "Bill Clarke, his copy-book."—We feel however no certainty on the question, and should be happy to see it discussed at length in the forthcoming number of Professor Humbugge's *Anglica Inscriptiones*.—ED.

but to advanced scholars also. For however well a man may be acquainted with Latin, the habit of translating is so strong, that in reading it, he insensibly attends much more to the words than the things, which, in a work like Schömann's, intended more for reference than any thing else, greatly obstructs both the ease and usefulness of its perusal. But whatever may be the case with the learned, it is undeniable that nine out of ten persons would never have read this useful work untranslated, and on these a great benefit is bestowed by such translations as the present, of which we may safely say that it will take its place in the classical library of every student who wishes to obtain an accurate knowledge of the proceedings in the Athenian Assemblies, and the various technical terms used to designate them.

A Posie of Poesies. pp. 51. Cambridge: Deightons, 1839.

THIS small volume, by two of our companions leaving the retired studies of College for the busier scenes of active life, is dedicated to those of their friends who are willing "gently to hear, kindly to judge;" and this qualification will, we are sure, embrace the greater portion of our number. The motto of the critic ought to be—*χρη περι τουτων ανθρωπινως λογιζεσθαι, ως αυτον οντα εν τοις αυτοις*, more particularly when he is engaged in noticing a maiden publication, especially one of such modest pretensions as the one before us. We rejoice to say that it contains no Byronian melancholy, so fashionable of late years, no mourning over hearts seared, and fortunes blighted, and feelings withered and dried up; no wringing and torturing the soul to get one drop more of agony, as a washerwoman squeezes and wrings a wet dishcloth; there is none of all this lacrymose nonsense, generally the production of short, fat, oily gentlemen in love; but a calm and gentle strain of very sweet poetry runs through the volume, that gives proof of considerable taste and feeling. We will quote some few passages that strike us. The first Sonnet to the Jasmin Bower closes thus, speaking of the Evening Star—

"Like her who keeps my heart thou 'rt distant far,
But pourest through the clouds that gather round
Sweet smiling light upon my lonely way."

We quote the whole of the Sonnet entitled "Cupid Consoled," as one of the prettiest gems in the volume:

"I wander'd in the pleasant twilight hour
With Amaryllis by the river side,
And sweetly did the mighty waters glide
With quiet and unhesitating power.
There spied we Cupid, who in grief did seem,
To make lament and bitterly to weep;
The river nymphs had caught him in his sleep,
And sent his bow and arrows down the stream
Ah! who could see him thus, nor shed a tear?
I wept and said, "Dear brother, grieve not so,
And from the cold damp grass I pray thee rise.
Would'st thou resume thine arms? then see but here,
On these sweet lips behold another bow
And arrows in the glancing of her eyes."

The finest poem of all, is the legend of the "Lady's Leap," which is told with great spirit, and displays no ordinary power.

The following lines will meet a warm response in the hearts of those who write verses and love pretty women (and who ever separates them?)

"For one reward doth all eclipse,
And this shall be my prize—
To see my thoughts move ruby lips,
Enlighten glorious eyes;
To hear a silver-sounding voice
Sweetly my words prolong:
Say, what reward can more rejoice
The Bard who writes a song?"

Truly, *les beaux yeux* never look so beautiful and bright as when they are singing one's own poetry. We cannot forbear quoting the opening verse of "The birth of Poesy:"

"The golden lyre of Poesy
In old Olympus hung—
Nor had its silver-streaming melody,
Roused at the hands of mortals, ever rung
*From off the trembling chords of human hearts,
Emotions buried deep in their most hidden parts.*"

We are least pleased with the translations, particularly those from Horace. But on the whole we bid the authors farewell with great hopes that

"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
Will prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. 4 vols. Moxon, Dover Street.

WHEN, some twenty or twenty-one years ago, the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviewers dealt out with lavish hand their pitiless anathemas against the noblest poets of the day, they undoubtedly assumed to themselves an extraordinary degree of sagacity. Like old and accomplished hands, they plied their tools with admirable dexterity. Persecute,—destroy,—kill, were their watchwords, and nobly was the signal responded to. Criticism seemed to have newly whetted its fangs—to have newly buckled on its armour, and girded its mightiness for the battle. "Worse than ten Munroes," it advanced to the charge, and what arm could stay its progress, or what force resist its encounter?

But are the poets who smarted beneath the rod of the oppressor themselves buried in forgetfulness? has oblivion gathered upon their graves, and all their works become a prey to "forms obscene and foul?" Not so: they are among the great, whose generation is eternity—whose fame is as the everlasting hills.

The announcement of the Poetry of Shelley, in four handsome volumes, has led to these few remarks. Of all the noble and gifted beings who have been of late years summoned to a more exalted state of existence, there is not one who was more worthy of this tardy act of justice than the unfortunate Shelley. We call it tardy, because, as

far as the publisher was concerned, it ought to have been done long ago. We cannot wonder that the writings of English authors, published in France, should be brought to this country and purchased, if English copies are not to be procured.

The first volume of this edition of Shelley's Poetical Works does great credit to Mr. Moxon, who, by-the-bye, seems to have erected a sort of "Temple of the Muses," from which to issue a series of beautiful volumes, of rare value in the world of letters. The Poetry of Wordsworth and Campbell, together with the works of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, published by this gentleman, are an honour, not only to himself as a publisher, but also to the state of printing in England.

In editing the works of her eminent husband, Mrs. Shelley has a difficult task to perform. Though prejudice and calumny have in a great measure died away, the tongue of malice is ever in existence. We think therefore, upon the whole, that she has acted with prudence in omitting the objectionable portions of "Queen Mab." The crude opinions of a boy of eighteen are not to be subjected to the same scrutiny with those of the man of maturer years, neither are they to be tried at the same rigorous tribunal. It was, therefore, but an act of justice towards the deceased poet, in giving to the world this masterly specimen of his precocious talent, to reject every passage which would offend the ear of sanctity, or shock the better feelings of human nature. In so doing, the Editor has at least removed the scruples which fathers of families have hitherto had, in placing on their bookshelves the poetry of Shelley.

Besides the poem of "Queen Mab," the present volume contains "Alastor," and "The Revolt of Islam," two of the noblest productions of modern times. The notes which accompany the text will be read with interest by all who cherish any affection for the genius and memory of this injured man.—We have not space to enter into any discussion as to the merits or faults of Shelley, nor have we an inclination to do so, if we had; for whatever harm his opinions might have done the world, the sincerity with which he maintained them cannot be pleaded in expiation. He is now gone to give an account to his Maker for the use of those splendid talents entrusted to his use; and "of him to whom much is given, of the same shall be much required."

A noble portrait accompanies this edition. It is by far the best, to our taste, of any of our modern literary men which we have ever yet beheld. The striking expression of countenance, and the wildness of the eyes, are unequalled.

Mrs. Shelley is very solicitous to do justice to the memory of her lamented husband:—she has succeeded to the utmost of her wishes. With what depth of affection could she adopt the exquisite lines of Petrarch, which we find in the title-page:

"Lui non trov' io, ma suoi santi vestigi
Tutti rivolti alla superna strada
Veggio, lunge da' laghi averni e stigi."

We wish Mr. Moxon would publish the works of poor Keats. Our life on their success.

TO OUR READERS.

WE are unwilling, gentle reader, that our Magazine should come before you without some more explicit communication than we have as yet made, as to the precise mode in which it is our intention, should it meet your kind approbation, to carry it on for the future. We wish it to be a vehicle through which the Undergraduates particularly, of this University, may express their opinions on the various subjects of Literature and Politics that may chance to occupy their attention; and it is on this ground solely that we venture to hope it will succeed, by making it an affair in which all may have a common interest. At the same time we, the contributors to the present number, deprecate the charge of presumptuously claiming to be the self-constituted voice of such a body as the Undergraduates of Cambridge. We do no such thing; we are ourselves alone responsible for whatever is good or bad in the Magazine; but we confess that we set it on foot with the idea that it might one day become so. With these intentions, it is needless to state that our pages will be freely open to all who please to contribute; their communications will be judged kindly, and in no carping spirit of criticism; as our only purpose is, not to set up ourselves either to instruct or amuse men, among whom there are many to whom we look up with respectful deference, but merely to offer them a means of publishing the various compositions that amuse the leisure of every thinking student. We depend on the Undergraduates for support—failing which, our project must fall to the ground. Having thus stated our views and wishes, we commit our Magazine to your indulgent perusal: you will find much to blame, much to excuse,—none can be more sensible to its many defects than ourselves; but the vessel must move from the shore with fluttering sails and unsteady progress—it is not till she has bounded over many a wave, that the steady breeze fills the bosom of her canvass, and “she walks the waters like a thing of life.”

THE POETS OF ENGLAND WHO HAVE DIED YOUNG.

NO. II.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"The splendours of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguish'd not ;
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfill'd renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
 Far in the Unapparent."—ADONAI8.

As naturally as all mankind are divided into two classes, (we use Charles Lamb's arrangement,) viz. the class that borrows, and the class that lends, so naturally do poets fall into two distinct orders. All men spend money; all poets depict nature: but as some men let their money pass into their neighbours' pockets, so do some poets throw the light and shade, the colour and the complexion of their own spirit, over the objects that they describe; and their readers see the external world through the medium of the minstrel's thoughts as through a coloured glass; they lend to nature the influences of their own soul. Those that read Milton most know this best. Whenever you rise from a work, thinking more of the *writer* than of the *matter that he writes upon*, more of the constructor than of the construction, more of the builder than of the materials, you may depend upon it that you have held converse with one who *lends* to nature. The external world is the *object*—the mind that works it into poetry is the *subject*. Hence the poetry that we have alluded to is *subjective*. There are but two pictures, properly so speaking, in Milton. So says Coleridge, and he says so most truly. Thus much for subjective poets.

And who are the *objective* ones? Read Scott's description of a highland landscape, Loch-Katrine for instance. How definite is every thing here. The lake, the wood, the rock are all spread out as a picture before the eye; not the *mind's* eye, but the genuine bodily eye, the physical, corporeal, optical eye. Are Milton's pictures addressed to the *bodily* eye? No! his Eden is as little a picture to anything but the imagination, as his Chaos is. Is Homer objective or subjective? Objective, every inch of him. What proof have we of this? The fact that we forget the author in his hero. *Who thinks of self when gazing on the sky?* Who thinks of Homer in fighting with Ajax? We know Homer as the bard of Troy: we know Paradise Lost as the work of Milton. Objective authors borrow of nature. Of nature did we say? they borrow Nature herself. So

may a pecuniary debtor ask the loan not only of a pound-note, but of a pocket-book to put it in.

We expatiate upon these things by way of illustration. We wish to make the difference between objective and subjective poetry familiar to our reader; a difference well understood on the continent, but indifferently on the ISLAND, *ocellus insularum* though it be. Critics should pronounce our classification to be a practical one; amateurs may simply say that *there seems to be something in it*.

First catch your hare, then skin it. First form a class, then settle the place of your poet. Subjective amongst the subjective is Percy Bysshe Shelley. If he were not so, he would not be the *poet for poets*. Milton and Shelley are subjective. This makes subjectivity respectable. Writers aim at it—not always successfully. There is such a thing as *Brummagem* subjectivity. A man that professes subjectivity will generally make a hash of it. If he say to himself, *My spirit has some poetical features, and the world shall see them*, the chances are that he will draw but a plain picture. Now plain means ugly. Perhaps he will do this. He will distort his mind to make it look violent, as posture-makers twist their bodies to display their muscles, or as maniacs do it so out of spasm. He sets his thoughts in unnatural posture, as people sitting for portraits call up a look. Who do all this? Byron? No—not Byron, but his imitators. Conscious self-portraiture is not subjectivity. Sir Thomas Lawrence would not have been a subjective artist, even if he had drawn a likeness of his own sweet self.

Again, the Brummagem subjectives do another thing. They hold this notion—a thing may be mean itself, but if it strikes my mind in a peculiar manner, it becomes ennobled; the very contact with spirit spiritualises it, just as the touch of Midas turned straw into gold, or the hand of a monarch metamorphosed the king's evil into a wholesome state of body. There is some truth in this, but it must not be stretched too far. Who are they that do this? Wordsworth? No—not Wordsworth, (at least not the author of *Laodamia* and the *Excursion*,) but his imitators. Depend upon it, that many a good man is spoilt by Brummagem subjectivity. Whence did objective poetry especially come?—from Greece. Subjectivity in general?—from Germany. Whence the species Brummagem?—from Germany and France. Is the latter likely to take root in England? *Metuimus magis quam speramus*.

A subjective mind may deal with things material, palpable, and external; these it may idealize. Milton did so when he sang of the bodily deeds of the last of the devils, and of the horticultural labours of the first of men. But it may also deal with things immaterial and impalpable—Hope, and Thought, and Fear, and Love, and Faith, and Despondency, and Doubt: it may idealize these; may

———“gild refined gold, may paint the lily,
Or throw a perfume o'er the violet.”

Dissent from the Church (says the Transatlantic maker of chronometers) *shows something of the spirit of contradiction; but dissent from the Dissenters—what shall we say to that?* Aye, Mr. Clock:

maker, what shall we say to that? and what shall we say to an idealizer of the ideal? By *we*, we mean the critics; for we know what the booksellers will say. Even this: *Sir, no one reads poetry now-a-days*. Grating words these to a fledgling minstrel with the prospectus of his third Epic. By *we*, we mean the critics; for when booksellers say that no one reads poetry, no one *does* read poetry, and the public have no voice in the affair; for this reason—they hear nothing of the matter; *no one publishes*—unless indeed the author be rich, and then he rarely writes *poetry*.

Well, then, what will the critics say? Good words if the writer be their friend; bad ones if he be their foe, socially or politically. And the poet—what will he? *That* depends upon his claim to the title. Simple talent, that mistakes the inclination to write for the power of writing, will be cowed. Perhaps it will die of a blow from the *Quarterly*, or pine away under the *blue* (not green) and *yellow melancholy* of an *Edinburgh*. But genius (and when was genius unconscious of its own worth and vitality?) will use stronger language. We do not answer for the words—their import perhaps may be as follows: *D—the critics. Nitor in adversum*. A milder spirit might indite the following expostulation:—

—
LINES TO A CRITIC.

Honey from silk-worms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
And men who rail like thee:
An equal passion to repay
They are not coy like me.

Or seek some slave of power and gold
To be thy dear heart's mate;
Thy love will move that bigot cold,
Sooner than me thy hate.

A passion like the one I prove
Cannot divided be;
I hate thy want of truth and love—
How should I then hate thee?

SHELLEY'S POEMS.

Or perhaps he might write such a sonnet as the following one:

Alas! good friend, what profit can you see
In hating such a hateless thing as me?
There is no sport in hate where all the rage
Is on one side. In vain would you assuage
Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,
In which not even contempt lurks, to beguile
Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.
O conquer what you cannot satiate!
For to your passion I am far more coy
Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy
In winter noon. Of your antipathy
If I am the Narcissus, you are free
To pine into a sound with hating me.—IBID.

Hear now another sonnet, on a higher subject.

POLITICAL GREATNESS.

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,
History is but the shadow of their shame,
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts,
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquish'd will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.—*Ism.*

This is not the language of a political adventurer, with whom statutes, and charters, and acts (not of honest men, but of Parliaments), and laws, and bye-laws, and bounties, and endowments, and intermeddlings, are all in all; but the conviction of a thinker who has well assured himself of the one great truth—that individual greatness, and individual goodness, are the true and only substrata of political splendour. Bad laws may make good men knaves and fools and paupers; but good laws can scarcely make knaves and fools and paupers good men. When Shelley radicalized, his purpose was “simply to familiarize the highly refined imagination of the more select classes of readers, with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence; aware that, until the mind can love, and admire, and trust, and hope, and endure, reasoned principles of moral conduct are seeds cast upon the high-way of life, which the unconscious passenger tramples into dust, although they would bear the seeds of his future happiness.”¹ And when he made the imagination familiar with high idealisms, he radicalized.

Shelley's father was a baronet, and sent him to Eton, *literas dicere et natare*, where he was fagged and flogged. Boys of excessive sensibility have no business in public schools. As Cowper was at Westminster, so was Shelley at Eton. All villages, according to either Sir Walter Scott or Miss Mitford, have their idiots; and all large schools have, at each and any period of their duration, a boy with the credit of being maddish. Such a character was Shelley's, and, of course, he was hunted, and booked, and holloaed after, and insulted, by boys half his size, *ad infinitum*, as all such characters had been before him, as all such have been after him, and as all such will be to the end of time. Let no tender-hearted mother raise a cry of lamentation upon reading this: morbidly-sensitive nerves will make any one unhappy anywhere, and most so in a crowd.

Shelley had the credit of meaning to die of consumption (for as then the stethoscope was not) while a stripling. He came to a violent end, after having lived to write the epitaph of his friend Keats.

¹ Preface to *Prometheus Unbound*.

Now, when delicate people are called consumptive, and *don't* die, the chances are that the medical prophet pronounces consumption curable, and that the patient is of a highly nervous temperament. Again, when people undergo animal magnetism, and are affected by it, the chances are also that they are of highly nervous temperaments. Now Shelley *was* magnetised, and *was* affected by it. Given then the phenomena of simulated consumption, and the susceptibility to animal magnetism, what was the condition of Shelley's nervous system? Answer—morbidly susceptible. Such men should never go to public schools: such men should rarely go to the University. Gentility is to be got beyond the bounds of Eton, and scholarship without the walls of Christchurch.

Most men have read a good author with a bad commentary—a great writer cursed in a little editor; a first-rate Athenian *curd* a third-rate Leipsiger. If few people have read through Milton's *Paradise Lost*, (as we fear is really the case,) how much fewer have studied it in Bentley's edition. Such as have performed any or all of these feats will see what I am driving at, viz. the possibility of the text being invaluable, whilst the commentary is worthless; the one being to the other as the kernel to the shell, the metal to the scoria, the corn to the chaff, the political reform to the speeches made about it. Such was the case with Shelley's earliest and most notorious poem. There was no harm in the poem of *Queen Mab*—the mischief lay in the *notes*. If an undergraduate, even in the present more enlightened age, and in our own not less latitudinarian University, were to write, tomorrow, a poem like *Queen Mab*, and notes like the notes appended to it, he would be proctorized to say the least, or perhaps sent down into the country to attain a more pastoral style than he had hitherto shewn a tendency to. It would nought avail him to have written lines like these:—

Yes! she will wake again,
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
And silent those sweet lips,
Once breathing eloquence.
Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillow'd:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

QUEEN MAB.

Or these:

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
 Seized on her sinless soul?
 Must then that peerless form
 Which love and admiration cannot view
 Without a beating heart, those azure veins
 Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
 That lovely outline, which is fair
 As breathing marble, perish?

Again :

Spirit of Nature ! no,
 The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs
 Alike in every human heart.
 Thou, aye, erectest there
 Thy throne of power unappealable :
 Thou art the judge beneath whose nod
 Man's brief and frail authority
 Is powerless as the wind
 That passeth idly by.
 Thine the tribunal which surpasseth
 The show of human justice,
 As God surpasses man.

Spirit of Nature ! thou
 Life of interminable multitudes ;
 Soul of those mighty spheres
 Whose changeless paths thro' Heaven's deep silence lie ;
 Soul of that smallest thing,
 The dwelling of whose life
 Is one faint April sun-gleam ;—
 Man, like these passive things,
 Thy will unconsciously fulfillet :
 Like theirs, his age of endless peace,
 Which time is fast maturing,
 Will swiftly, surely come ;
 And the unbounded frame, which thou pervadest,
 Will be without a flaw
 Marring its perfect symmetry.—QUEEN MAB.

Next in value to seeing what may be urged against an erroneous doctrine, is the knowledge of what may be said in favour of it. What Truth gains by the one, Charity gets by the other. There are but two kinds of toleration : that which arises from indifference, and that which arises from knowledge. No man is shocked at a difference of opinion, who sufficiently bears in mind the following facts ; viz. that all theories have their plausible points of view, all plausible points of view have their advocates, and humanity is fallible. Let us try Shelley by this test, and see if we cannot look upon his aberrations rather in sorrow than in anger. Whence came the mischief of the notes to Queen Mab? Not from Shelley's heart, but from his head. Any one who reads his works may see this. Shelley was, as truly as any man that ever lived, one who would have believed if he could. He was no amateur sceptic, no would-be unbeliever. He set no theory of his own in opposition to established modes of thought. He had no parental affection for any dogmata of his own. That that man had the spirit of neither a sneerer nor a sceptic, I would swear, even

had every external record of his forbearance, his forgiveness, his unworldliness, and his womanly tenderness of heart, been annihilated, by the Ode to Intellectual Beauty, by the Prometheus, by the Alastor. It is said of him that he felt a continual desire to see and converse with Coleridge, expressing the conviction that *he*, if any one, could change his disbelief into faith. Self-satisfied men, and men of paradox, confess not the yearning after such instructors.

Simply as a matter of biography, as an explanation of Shelley's notions, let us enquire into the nature of his earlier reading. It lay among the authors of a school that *now* causes little uneasiness. Heterodoxy, which in these days flows from Germany, then came from France. Rousseau and Cabanis—the one for the mental, the other for his physiological code—are the authors quoted in the notes. Men may learn how little *danger* lay in them, by hearing that their author believed in Baillet's Tartarian centres of civilization, and in the Peptics of the author of the History of the Nairs. He was a Necessitarian; denying free-will on the score of cause and effect being linked together *ad infinitum*; and he eat no meat because there was a difference between the intestinal convolutions of a man and those of a tiger.

He was *quoad hæc* an English Brahmin, and a metaphysical Calvinist. There are two kinds of sceptics—those who would degrade man, and those who would elevate him; those that sink him into the ape, and those that elevate him into the angel. We doubt whether the *first* kind ever arises out of anything but a corrupt heart. Shelley was an elevator. Take for witness the sonnet already quoted—take the Prometheus—take the following theory of man's immortality:—

"Time is our consciousness of the succession of ideas in our mind. Vivid sensation, of either pain or pleasure, makes the time seem long, as the common phrase is, because it renders us more acutely conscious of our ideas. If a mind be conscious of a hundred ideas during one minute, by the clock, and of two hundred during another, the latter of these spaces would actually occupy so much greater extent in the mind as to exceed the other in quantity. If, therefore, the human mind, by any future improvement of its sensibility, should become conscious of an infinite number of ideas in a minute, that minute would be eternity. I do not hence infer that the actual space between the birth and death of a man will ever be prolonged; but that his sensibility is perfectible, and that the number of ideas which his mind is capable of receiving is indefinite. One man is stretched on the rack during twelve hours; another sleeps soundly in his bed: the difference of time perceived by these two persons is immense; one hardly will believe that half an hour has elapsed, the other could credit that centuries had flown during his agony. Thus, the life of a man of virtue and talent who should die in his thirtieth year, is, with regard to his own feelings, longer than that of a miserable priest-ridden slave, who dreams out a century of dulness. The one has perpetually cultivated his mental faculties, has rendered himself master of his thoughts, can abstract and generalize amid the lethargy of every-day business; the other can slumber over the brightest moments of his being, and is unable to remember the happiest hour of his life. Perhaps the perishing ephemeron enjoys longer life than the tortoise."—*Notes to QUEEN MAB.*

The above remarks apply only to the notes which are allowed to stand in the latest edition of his works. A generous posterity will

not judge a man by writings, which those who may be considered to be his second self have cancelled. And what was Shelley's final belief? Hard it is to say what a man, whose philosophy is traversed by his poetry, whose reason is coloured by his imagination, whose judgment is bent by his sentiment—shall think of things like man's destiny, and man's creation. Was he at once a Pantheist and an Idealist? More so perhaps than anything else. Tell me a man's principles, and the *quantum* of his consistency, and I will tell you his opinions. We cannot, however, measure Shelley's consistency.

Once for all, let us turn our eyes to a painful picture—the contemplation of Shelley's transgressions, and of his punishments.

Before Shelley was of age, he married a Miss Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired coffee-house keeper. Two children were the fruit of this union. *Consistent with his own views of marriage and institution*, (as the author of his life in the French edition coolly remarks,) *he paid his addresses to another lady, Miss Godwin, with whom, in June 1814, he fled to Uri, in Switzerland.* On the 10th of November 1816, his former wife destroyed herself. Here again the same biographer consistently says, *her fate hung heavy on the mind of her husband, who felt deep self-reproach that he had not selected a female of a higher order of intellect, who could better appreciate the feelings of one constituted as he was.* As if that was the head and front of his offending. Shortly after this he was married to Miss Godwin.

He was no sooner a husband than he was abandoned by his father, and he had not long been a father when his own children were taken away from him. The Lord Chancellor Eldon took away from their father and guardian the two children of Shelley, on the plea of his opinions being atheistic. The faithless husband became a childless father. In 1818 he left England, never to return to it. Here ends the first stage of his life. As a boy he had written at school, and before the completion of his fifteenth year, two novels—the Rosicrucian and Gastrozzi; at the University, and as a stripling, Queen Mab; and at Great Marlow, where he resided with his second wife, the Revolt of Islam. Now whence came his inspiration? and who were his models? Over-and-above the internal impulses, he had seen much, and read much—seen much of Nature in her loveliest shapes, and studied much of human intellect in its noblest developments. He had seen Switzerland, and his own country—the fairest and the grandest parts of nature. And he had read at first more of our later than our earlier authors—more of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, than of Shakspeare, Spenser, and Jonson. He knew more of the Lakers than of the Elizabethans. It was only previous to the publication of the Revolt of Islam that he thoroughly became acquainted with the intellectual Anakim, Shakspeare, and his contemporaries.

*The Poem now presented to the public occupied little more than six months in the composition.** Let no one imagine from this that Shelley was one who

——— mille
Ut magnum versus dictabat stans pede in uno,

* Preface to the Revolt of Islam.

that some

“Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.”

Hear what he tells them to the contrary a few lines lower. *Although the mere composition occupied no more than six months, the thoughts thus arranged were slowly gathered in as many years.* This lets us somewhat into the secret of his mode of composing. He did not versify as he went on, translating into verse one thought before he created another, but laying in the material by degrees, he combined and shaped it rapidly. He wrought poetry at once, and projected it *en masse*.

We say that Shelley wrote much in despite of the critics. One of Horace's rules he most particularly violated: he believed neither in the bard of Venusium, nor in old Cratinus:

“Prisco si credas Macænas docte Cratino,
Nulla manere diu, neque vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.”

Yet Shelley was a water-drinker. “Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, was his motto. When he sent out cards for his Symposium, they ran as follows—

“Though we eat little flesh, and drink no wine,
Yet let's be merry; we'll have tea and toast;
Custards for supper, and an endless host
Of syllabubs and jellies, and mince-pies,
And other such lady-like luxuries;
Feasting on which we will philosophize.”

Voltaire wrote the *Henriade* in prison, yet we have no evidence, beyond that of his natural thinness (compatriot as he was of the *anatomie vivante*), to suppose that he was fed upon bread and water. Many a bard writes in the Fleet; but they allow beer in the Fleet. Shelley wrote the *Revolt of Islam* on water. What would he not have written on wine?

“Genius regards not air, nor earth, nor skies,
And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.”

It will not be for want of water if it does not.

Keep your piece nine years.—POPE. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*—HORACE. Bards that are supposed to be consumptive can ill afford to do this, unless, as chameleons feed on air, they can fatten on that equally impalpable abstract—posthumous fame. What Shelley meant for the world, he gave out to it off-hand. As he kept no wine-cellar, he knew not how good things improved by being bottled up, *intra penetralia Vestæ*. How it is then that we talk of his posthumous works *par excellence*? What came out as posthumous works, were *not* written for fame,—they were mere fugitive pieces,

“Fugaces Posthume, Posthume.”

Every bard is a good critic (although the converse proposition does hold good); and no reviewer judges so severely of a true poet, as the true poet judges of himself. Shelley was, to excess, fastidious in the valuation of his own works; and thus it was that a great portion of the posthumous division of his works are fragmentary—either never meant for the world, or else, if meant, awaiting further emendation.

We learn all this, *totidem verbis*, from the new edition of his works,

by Mrs. Shelley ; where we are told that Rosalind and Helen, and the Lines on the Euganean Hills, were found by chance, and that it was only after considerable persuasion that their author was prevailed upon to publish them. Hear what lines the world has narrowly escaped the loss of:—

Many a green isle needs must be
 In the deep wide sea of misery,
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,
 Never thus could voyage on
 Day and night, and night and day,
 Drifting on his dreary way,
 With the solid darkness black
 Closing round his vessel's track ;
 Whilst above, the sunless sky,
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
 And behind the tempest fleet
 Hurries on with lightning feet,
 Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
 Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep
 When the dreamer seems to be
 Weltering through eternity ;
 And the dim low line before
 Of a dark and distant shore
 Still recedes, as ever still
 Longing with divided will,
 But no power to seek or shun,
 He is ever drifted on,
 O'er the unreposing wave,
 To the haven of the grave.
 What, if there no friends will greet ;
 What, if there no heart will meet
 His with love's impatient beat ;
 Wander wheresoe'er he may,
 Can he dream before that day
 To find refuge from distress
 In friendship's smile, in love's caress ?
 Then 't will wreak him little woe
 Whether such there be or no :
 Senseless is the breast, and cold,
 Which relenting love would fold ;
 Bloodless are the veins and chill
 Which the pulse of pain did fill ;
 Every little living nerve,
 That from bitter words did swerve,
 Round the tortured lips and brow,
 Are like sapless leaflets now
 Frozen on December's bough.

The author of the Cenci thought himself too abstract and ideal for the drama: the critics think otherwise, and are in the habit of appealing to the Cenci as a confirmation of their views. Notwithstanding this, let no man dispute a great man's opinion of his own powers *on light grounds*. Γνωθι σεαυτον, is only a difficult matter with second-rate minds. Real genius is, it is true, the first to lay aside the

mock-modesty of that would-be humility which professes blindness in regard to what the veriest simpleton can see, viz. its own greatness; but it is also the first to find out its own weak points, and, what is more, to be above concealing them. The bushel, although it hide the candle from the eyes of the world, is itself conscious (at least as conscious as a bushel can be) of the light within: it is also aware that that light is not uniform. Thus much of the modes of thought among *modii*, and of the degree of illumination displayed in corn measures—now and since the rhymes of Ebenezer Elliott, combined with the measures of prosody.—But to the point. We back Shelley's view of his own fitness for the drama against that of the critics. The dramatist, in the widest sense of the word, must depict the shallows of the human mind, as well as its depths. Subjective minds, essentially and unconsciously metaphysical, and writing more from reflection than from observation, seldom do this. These are not so much too deep for the mass, as they are *too exclusively* deep for the few. The characters of the Cenci stand out, and stand apart from each other, because they each differ from one another *in kind*, and are cast in a gigantic mould. This would scarcely have been the case, had Shelley attempted what Shakspeare has accomplished—the expression of infinite degrees of the same character, passion, or humour. There is no greatness *in minimis* in Shelley, no *good James, good Philip*.* All is *in maximis*—nay, *in extremis*, from the hoary badness of the Cenci, standing alone from its very enormity, and to those who look merely on the surface of humanity, incomprehensible, to the passive resignation of his wife. There is a nimiety of the one passion—too much Joanna Baillieism. We say these things on the faith of the poet himself. Shelley had one, and he had the greatest qualification of a dramatic writer, and it is no disparagement to say that he had that one *exclusively*. He wrote the noblest drama since the age of Shakspeare, just as Milton would have done had he written a drama,† simply because he was the greatest poet. But he wrote a drama, second to those of Shakspeare, and second to his own Prometheus, just as Milton (had he written a drama) would have composed a work inferior to the Hamlet of his predecessor, or to his own Paradise Lost.

What the character of the old Cenci was he tells us himself:—

CENCI.

All men delight in sensual luxury,
 All men enjoy revenge; and most exult
 Over the tortures they can never feel—
 Flattering their secret peace with others' pain.
 But I delight in nothing else. I love
 The sight of agony, and the sense of joy,
 When this shall be another's, and that mine.
 And I have no remorse and little fear,

* See Coleridge's Table-Talk.

† Of course, by the word *drama* is to be understood the drama of Shakspeare, and the Elizabethan poets. Comus, Samson Agonistes, Queen Mab, and the Prometheus, are not dramas, but dramatic poems, requiring for their composition powers of a totally different kind from those employed in the Merchant of Venice or Macbeth.

Which are, I think, the checks of other men.
 This mood has grown upon me, until now
 Any design my captious fancy makes
 The picture of its wish, (and it forms none
 But such as men like you would start to know,)
 Is as my natural food and rest debarr'd
 Until it be accomplished.

CAMILLO.

Art thou not

Most miserable?

CENCI.

True, I was happier than I am, while yet
 Manhood remain'd to act the thing I thought;
 While lust was sweeter than revenge; and now
 Invention palls:—Aye, we must all grow old—
 But that there yet remains a deed to act
 Whose horror might make sharp an appetite
 Duller than mine—I'd do,—I know not what.
 When I was young I thought of nothing else
 But pleasure; and I fed on honey sweets.
 Men, by St. Thomas! cannot live like bees,
 And I grew tired:—yet, till I killed a foe,
 And heard his groans, and heard his children's groans,
 Knew I not what delight was else on earth,
 Which now delights me little. I the rather
 Look on such pangs as terror ill conceals,
 The dry fix'd eye-ball; the pale quivering lip,
 Which tell me that the spirit weeps within
 Tears bitterer than the bloody sweat of Christ.
 I rarely kill the body which preserves,
 Like a strong prison, the soul within my power,
 Wherein I feed it with the breath of fear
 For hourly pain.

CAMILLO.

Hell's most abandon'd fiend
 Did never, in the drunkenness of guilt,
 Speak to his heart as now you speak to me,
 I thank my God that I believe you not.

From the drama we may turn to the dramatic poem:—

Ah, sister! Desolation is a delicate thing:
 It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air;
 But treads with silent footstep, and fans with silent wing
 The tender hopes which in their hearts the best and gentlest bear;
 Who, soothed to false repose by the fanning plumes above,
 And the music-stirring motion of its soft and busy feet,
 Dream visions of aerial joy, and call the monster, Love,
 And wake, and find the shadow Pain, as he whom now we greet.

Or take the following lyrical lines from the Prometheus, which,
 when they came out, were derided by the critics:—

My soul is an enchanted boat,
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;

And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses !
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound :
Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions ;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven.

Again, from his Hellas—

As an eagle fed with morning
Scorns the embattled tempest's warning,
When she seeks her aery hanging
In the mountain cedar's hair,
And her brood expect the clanging
Of her wings through the wild air,
Sick with famine—Freedom so
To what of Greece remaineth now
Returns ; her hoary ruins glow
Like orient mountains lost in day ;
Beneath the safety of her wings
Her renovated nurselings play,
And in the naked lightnings
Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,
A desert, or a Paradise ;
Let the beautiful and brave
Share her glory, or her grave.

So sang Shelley of the still unregenerate land, whose

—— foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Based on the crystalline sea
Of Thought and its Eternity.

The mourner over Adonais sympathised as warmly with whatever was great in the humanity, as he did with all that was beautiful in nature. To the greatest of his countrymen he gave the *mead of a melodious tear* :—

He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide
Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood ; he went unterrified
Into the gulf of death ; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns on earth, the third among the sons of light.

But Milton, the stern republican, the preeminently practical citizen, died not as the poets, that Shelley especially loved to depict, gentle, and loving, and impassioned, and idealizing, die; he died not as the wanderer of Alastor died.

When on the threshold of the green recess
The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew that death
Was on him. Yet a little, ere it fled,
Did he resign his high and holy soul
To images of the majestic past,
That paused within his passive being now,
Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe
Through some dim latticed chamber. He did place
His pale lean hand upon the rugged trunk
Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone
Reclined his languid head; his limbs did rest,
Diffused and motionless, on the smooth brink
Of that obscurest chasm;—and thus he lay,
Surrendering to their final impulses
The hovering powers of life. Hope and Despair,
The torturers, slept: no mortal pain or fear
Marr'd his repose, the influxes of sense,
And his own being unalloy'd by pain,
Yet feebler and more feeble, calmly fed
The stream of thought, till he lay breathing there
At peace, and faintly smiling:—his last sight
Was the great moon, which o'er the western line
Of the wide world her mighty horn suspended,
With whose dun beams inwoven darkness seem'd
To mingle. Now upon the jagged hills
It rests, and still as the divided frame
Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,
That ever beat in mystic sympathy
With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler still:
And when two lessening points of light alone
Gleam'd through the darkness, the alternate gasp
Of his faint respiration scarce did stir
The stagnate night:—till the minutest ray
Was quench'd, the pulse yet linger'd in his heart.
It paused—it flutter'd. But when heaven remain'd
Utterly black, the murky shades involved
An image, silent, cold, and motionless,
As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.
Even as a vapour fed with golden beams
That minister'd on sunlight, ere the west
Eclipses it, was now that wondrous frame—
No sense, no motion, no divinity—
A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings
The breath of heaven did wander—a bright stream
Once fed with many-voiced waves—a dream
Of youth, which night and time have quench'd for ever,
Still, dark, and dry, and unremember'd now.

Such was Shelley himself, such was his too sensitive friend Keats.

Of all Shelley's poems, the most mystical is the *Triumph of Life*, left unfinished. Thus it opens:—

Swift as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awaken'd Earth—
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds temper'd their matin lay;
All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,
Swinging their censers in the element,
With orient incense lit by the new ray,

Burn'd slow and inconsumably, and sent
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air;
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould,
Rise as the sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil, which he of old
Took as his own and then imposed on them.

“Yestreen I saw the new moon,
With the old moon in her arm.”

So sang the weather-wise bard of the *grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens*, the Mr. Murphy of his day. He spoke to the fact, simply as a meteorologist. Hear how the poet describes the same appearance :

—— Like the young moon,
When on the sunlit limits of the night,
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might,
Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim frown
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair.

TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

There are those that hold that Byron's lines in *Don Juan*,

“Down sunk the sun, up rose the yellow moon,”

are preeminently sublime, because they contain two great pictures. Poetry however is not a point of packing up: if it were so, the cheating landlord who puts a quart of wine in a pint bottle would be a great minstrel. However, if the Benthamite rule of *the greatest happiness of the greatest number for the greatest length of time*, is to be extended to poetry, according to some such formula as the following—*the greatest quantity of the greatest images in the smallest number of lines*, the Shelleian may quote the following—

“—— Before me fled
The night; behind me rose the day; the deep
Was at my feet, and heaven above my head.”

Have not these verses as much weight in proportion to their bulk, as any lines of any one?

Time shall come when

"A sleeping mother then would dream not of
Her only child that died upon her breast,
At eventide—a king would mourn no more
The crown of which his brows were dispossessed.
When the sun linger'd o'er the ocean floor,
To gild his rival's new prosperity."

Pity it is that one Robert Burns, a Scotch ploughman, should have packed up the same ideas more closely, and what is worse, have thought of them earlier:

"The bridegroom shall forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch shall forget the crown,
That on his head an hour hath been;
The mother shall forget the child,
That smiles so sweetly on her knee;
Yet I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me."

We especially assert, however, that Shelley could *pack*; e. g.

"As the fawn draws the hound,
As the lightning the vapour,
As the weak moth the taper;
Death, despair; love, sorrow;
Time, both; to-day, to-morrow;
As steel obeys the spirit of the stone."

But we do not say that the melody of his verse was always in proportion to its compactness.

Metaphors and similes are of two kinds: those where the thing likened, and the thing which it is likened to, correspond in one point only; and those where they correspond in more points than one. Campbell's lines,

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before,"

afford an example of the very closest metaphor. So do Moore's, where Ireland is not only a gem, but a gem spoilt in the setting:

"When the flag with its banner of green unfurl'd,
Led the red-cross knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

So do the following ones of Shelley:

"Lo! the sun floats up the sky,
Like thought-winged Liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and height."

Of all the poets of England, who are the most learned? *Primi* and *pares*, Ben Jonson and Milton. Then, in a smaller way, Gray and

Coleridge. We speak not to a poet's learning as a great qualification, but simply to the amount of erudition that has been at sundry times in the possession of poets. Shelley had his share of it. Let no man think that he had more. One of his eulogizers says that *he knew the properties of every plant, and the name of every star*. For all this, he was neither an astronomer nor a botanist. He knew the departments of science and the branches of learning as *amateurs* know them. To play music like an amateur is to play it without either tune or time. Linley has the credit of having said this, and he may make a more untrue speech. Shelley knew a good deal about a good many things, perhaps a great deal about a great many. If he was *nullus in singulis*, he was *aliquis in omnibus*. How many a man is *nullus in omnibus*! We take these exceptions to the extension of the acquirements of Shelley's, in order to rescue him from the eulogia of the general knowledge-men. Read his works, and you will find that scarcely a department of science has not been touched upon; for instance,—Optics,

“Down down in the abysm,
Where the air is no prism.”

Physiology,

“Yet animal life was there,
And every organ yet performed
Its natural function.”

Zoology,

“Like one bit by a dipsas”—

or,

“Like him whom the Numidian seps did thaw
Into a dew with poison.”

Or are these latter, points of learning, and referable to study rather of Lucan than of Cuvier?

Again,

“Nepenthe, Moly, Amaranth, fadeless blooms.”

Are these points of botany or of Greek? No matter which. That there was the wherewithal in the one department, we can see from the Sensitive Plant; and that there was the same in the other, we can tell from the translation of the Cyclops.

Er macht ein Paar Augen. So wrote Goëthe concerning an owl that stared. Shelley's translation however has the advantage of the original.

“The owl was awake in the pale moonshine,
I saw her at rest, in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad bright eye.”

When a boy at Eton, Shelley used to electrify his door handles, and his tutor used to say sonorously that he would have him flogged for it. This however does not make him a Faraday. We repeat it again, the physics of Shelley were the physics of an amateur. Nor do we believe that, because he wrote the following stanza, in his poem entitled the Sensitive Plant, he believed that the spirit of Fichte had

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been infused into him, or that he was the *one* man who understood Hegel.

“ And the beasts and the birds and the insects were drowned,
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress,
The light sand that paves it, consciousness.”

We want Shelley's acquirements to be valued as he in all probability valued them himself ; and the present age is not precisely the age to do so. Its preeminent evil is the grasping after wide and varied knowledge. Let a man get up a few text-books,—say Lyell's Geology, Tenneman's Philosophy, Lawrence's Lectures on Man, Lindley's Botany, &c., run over a few mineralogical and entomological museums, gallop out with Professor Sedgwick, translate from five different languages ; adding to all this multifariousness a clear head and a fluent tongue,—and he will be sure to have some good-natured friend who will tell the world that he is chemist among chemists, a politician among politicians, an anatomist at Windmill-street, a Turk at Constantinople, and a metaphysician in Germany. Out upon such pitiful ambition ! Men *should* know these things, or at any rate the lines of reasoning that are applied to them ; but they should take their knowledge for no more than what it really is—*amateurship* of a good kind.

Too much of ourselves, and too little of our author, we are overloading the text with the commentary. As an *amende honorable*, we shall conclude with a few extracts, as free from remark and introduction as they would be in a veritable selection from Shelley.

I.

THE PINE FOREST

OF THE CASCINE NEAR PISA.

DEAREST, best, and brightest,
Come away,
To the woods and to the fields !
Dearer than this fairest day,
Which like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle in the brake.

The eldest of the hours of spring,
Into the winter wandering,
Look'd upon the leafless wood,
And the banks all bare and rude ;
Found it seems this halcyon morn,
In February's bosom born,
Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,
Kiss'd the cold forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free ;
And waked to music all the fountains,
And breathed upon the rigid mountains,
And made the wintry world appear,
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

II.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear.
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure :
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan ;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret ;
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

III.

L I N E S.

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd,
 The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scatter'd,
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remember'd not;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute—
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
 Love first leaves the well-built nest;
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possest.
 O Love! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,
 As the storms rock the ravens on high:
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.
 From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall, and cold winds come.

IV.

L I N E S TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright:
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Has led me—who knows how?
 To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The champak odours fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;

The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must upon thine,
Beloved as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

Most truly was Shelley a poet that *died young*. What he did for immortality, he did before the completion of his sixth lustrum. At the age of thirty, on the 8th of March 1822, he was drowned in the Bay of Spezia, where he was sailing on a pleasure expedition. His remains were first burned, and afterwards interred in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, near those of a child he had lost in its infancy, and those of his friend Keats. His posthumous poems were edited by Mrs. Shelley in 1824, but from that time to the present no recognized edition of his whole works has been given to the world. His widow, however, has at length consented to become the editor of them, of which two volumes have already appeared. The valuable part of these volumes is the information given as to the external history of each particular poem, viz. the frame of mind in which it was composed, and the author's own opinion as to its merits, or his misgivings as to its imperfections. Men cannot make poetry by means of receipts ; but how great men wrote what they *did* write, and what they thought of their own works, forms the most valuable communication that an editor can make to the public ; and an editor, in order to do so, must have been long and closely intimate with the original. Such was the wife to the husband—the authoress of *Frankenstein* to the author of the *Prometheus*.

THE BOOMERANG.

LIKE a snake in the herbage, it has nothing straight-forward about it; like a bad shilling, it is continually returned; like ineffectual malice, it recoils upon the projector; as the Retrospective Review, as Lot's wife, as the affections of an antiquarian, as Orpheus in the shades below, it is continually looking behind; it is crooked, and uncertain; the spirits of air may play at blind-hookey with it. After the fashion of analytical metaphysicians, it regards its human original *à posteriori*. They use it as a warlike weapon in Australia; and verily it is not unlike the jaw-bone that did such havoc in Philistia. Who knows but that the remains of some fossil donkey may have given the hint to its first constructor? What if the Onager Maxillifer, or some other animal delighting in a name equally geological and asinine, was the unconscious proprietor of the original model? The philosopher that to-day throws it, may be holding in his hand the jaw of an extinct ass. Alas! that philosophy has not yet taught asses to hold their own. Throw one from Parker's piece to the East Road, and you may break a window in Regent Street. Is it because the modest Boomerang shuns the suburban impurities? Yet it is above, if not beyond, the proctorial jurisdiction. Ducks and geese can feather, but they cannot back water. Wild geese, in their migratory excursions, rest their heads on the rumps of their neighbours: nearer approach than this to the retrograde motion, no bird maketh. Thou alone of things aërial flyest backwards. The Times does not return by Royston, nor the Telegraph by Hockerill: *itque reditque viam*. Thou too, most cross-grained of timber, and most self-willed of instruments, returnest the way thou wentest, and in a direction thou wast not sent. The ships of Ulysses that first went home, and were thence blown back again, were but types and allegories of thee.

SONG.

I DARE not dream thou e'er wilt bless
 This lowly home of mine;
 Or waste on me thy loveliness,
 So peerless, so divine;—
 Yet didst thou suffer me to press
 My thrilling hand to thine!

O Lady! yield thy heart to me,
 And I will love thee well;
 How fondly beateth mine for thee,
 I have no words to tell;
 But tenderly, oh! tenderly,
 With truth unchangeable!

LEAVES FROM THE MEMOIRS OF M. DE SULLY.

THE "obstinate old Huguenot" has left us in his Memoirs scenes of his times, quaint as his language is, so racy, so full of humour, and withal giving such lively pictures of the day, that it were indeed a pity we should be deprived of an amusement so innocent. Take the following as a specimen. *

"Rosny, I think I must put the Arsenal under your care," said Henry to his minister, who was one morning employed on some private business in his master's own closet; "the stores there are in a most miserable condition, and we shall shortly have need to put them to the proof; for, if we intend to regain the Marquisate of Saluces, we must e'en resolve to fight for it."

"Unquestionably, sire," said Rosny, raising his eyes from the paper on which he was writing when Henry addressed him; "but think you M. D'Estrees will willingly resign it to a man whom you have already but too much honoured?"

"Why no," said Henry, "I do not think he will; nor should I like to ask him, if it be possible to avoid it; but—in short, Baron, I have been thinking that as De Born wishes to resign his post of Lieutenant-General of the Ordonnance, you might treat with him for it; and by that means be as effectually Grand Master without the title as with it; especially as I could increase the immunities and powers of the lieutenancy, so that you should be compensated for the sacrifice you would make."

Rosny's countenance fell. M. D'Estrees, the father of the "fair Gabrielle," then recently deceased, was very old; and as the post of Grand Master had been given to him, not at all because he was qualified for it, but solely to gratify that lady, whom Henry so passionately loved, the affairs of the Arsenal were in the utmost disorder, and Rosny knew very well that it would be impossible to put them in order, unless his control over them was without appeal. Beside that, from the opposition he always had made to Henry's amours, the house of D'Estrees were his acknowledged enemies.

"You do not answer me, M. de Rosny," said Henry somewhat coldly, when he observed the blank expression of that gentleman's features; "and I perceive that, as usual, my pleasure does not coincide with yours."

"Your Majesty does me not justice: it is always my pleasure to execute yours; and my only regret is when, as in the present case, it is impossible."

"You then refuse to serve me in this matter, unless on your own terms?"

"Pardon me, sire, if, in entreating you to excuse me, I seem to disobey you; and assure yourself that I only do so from the certainty that I could not effect that you wish, unless my power to act were uncontrolled."

"I am little disposed to pardon you, Monsieur;—my indulgence to you makes you forget yourself, and appears only to license you in opposing my will:—leave me, Monsieur. I shall not longer strive to honour a man who persists in listening to nothing but his own caprice."

The servant quitted the room in disgrace, as all servants deserve to do who presumptuously hold opinions contrary to those of majesty; and the monarch remained—to muse—on what? on the annoyance of having disobedient servants? *Nous verrons.*

As soon as the door closed, Henry's features relaxed into their wonted good-humour. "Inflexible as thou art, I will not thus be thwarted," said he; "ho! without there!" A page appeared. "Send Praslin to me." Praslin also appeared.

"Praslin, I want you to—" and so forth. Praslin received his instructions, and disappeared.

"And now," said Henry, "for the chase."

This was an amusement of which Henry was particularly fond. Accustomed from his infancy to every kind of corporeal exercise, he was little disposed to sit like his immediate predecessor, with dogs, monkeys, and parrots suspended from his neck by means of a basket and ribbon.

As soon as he was born, (in the progress of which event his mother beguiled the time by singing a song,) his grandfather, who had enjoined that occupation upon the mother, took the little wretch into his own apartment, rubbed its lips with a clove of garlic, and then washed away the bitterness with a drop of wine; "in order," said he, "to render his constitution strong and vigorous."

As he grew up, his Spartan education continued. Clothed and fed like the children of the country, he was accustomed to run bareheaded and barefooted up and down the rocks and mountains of his native Bearn; and to satisfy the appetite such exercises acquired him, with brown bread, beef, cheese, and garlic.

What his grandfather could be thinking of, to give him so very unroyal an education, I really cannot imagine; perhaps he had been reading the history of Greece, though that was an enormity few were guilty of in that day; or, what was more likely, perhaps some monk had been amusing the old man with tales from it, and so had animated him with the desire of trying the Lacedemonian recipe for making a hero. If that were the case, he had his reward.

The youth waxed, and grew in favour with every body—with all the ladies at least, and with all the gentlemen who did not think it a sin to admire "a sprig of heresy:" (all respectable people were red-hot Catholics in those days). The ladies said he was such a pretty youth; and then he was as gallant, and had as much discrimination on the subject of beauty, as though he had been studying it for twenty summers instead of thirteen. In short, he was a perfect gentleman; always spoke to the purpose; and never said more or less than he ought. They were sure he would have made an excellent Catholic; and they hated the new religion for robbing them of such a prize.

Though some of them could not help admitting that his hair was a *little red*, yet all agreed he was not a whit less agreeable for that; his face was finely shaped, his nose neither too large nor too small, (the portrait that lies by me just now, must strangely belie him then,) his eye full of sweetness, his skin, though brown, beautifully clear; and his whole mien animated with an uncommon vivacity. (Is not that truly French now?) Nay, so enthusiastically did they admire him, that they deemed a promissory note from him cheaply purchased by the loan of the money it stipulated to repay—"HE WROTE IT SO CHARMINGLY." That *was* an advantage! Happy youth! thy star was indeed in the ascendant.

Now also he began to evidence the good effects of the system of education which had been pursued with him. His grandfather was delighted; he called him a young lion, and swore that by him he should be revenged upon Spain for the injuries he had received from her.

At the period, however, of which we are now writing, the case with respect to his beauty was somewhat altered. Time, by adding nearly thirty years to his age, had changed materially the style of his beauty. The proofs which the young hero had given of his heroism, had added a still browner tint to his complexion, without preserving the clearness which in the eyes of the ladies had formerly redeemed it. Nevertheless, his beauty was manly in its character; and as his devotion to the fair sex was increased rather than diminished, his reception by them was no less favourable.

The horses are ready; the hounds have been for some time, and like their master are all impatient for this exhilarating, this maddening pursuit.

What is it that makes the sport so infatuating? is it the pride of achieving by a complication of means, that which we cannot achieve by our own individual exertions? or is it merely the fresh air, the exercise, and the company?—the latter probably; however, let it pass.

Away they flew; everything was in excellent order: their steeds outstripped the wind; the clear pure air transmitted the notes of their horns to the furthest extremity of the chace; not a single hound started on a false scent, or lost the true one; all were in at the death,—the king just so far ahead, as to entitle him by right, instead of by courtesy, to be the butcher of the day. All therefore were delighted with the morning's amusement. *L'amour propre* of each had been amply supplied with food; and they prepared to return home in the sauntering pace, and happy flow of spirits, which belongs to such a state of mind, exchanging for the exercise of their limbs, that of their wits, and emulating each other's mental qualifications, as they had before emulated the speed of each other's horses.

"Ventre Saint Gris," exclaimed the king, "but rarer sport than this has not been seen since the days of our grandfather Nimrod. What say you, Servin? we are told you are deeply read in antiquities; what kind of animals did they follow in the chace of those days?"

"Nay, Sire," replied Servin with the most consummate gravity, "I pretend to no book-learning; but so far as an indifferent good memory of events may serve me, I will solve your majesty's query."

"Thy memory, man!"

"Even so, your majesty. I remember one morning, St. Nimrod of blessed memory —"

"*Saint Nimrod!*"

"Your majesty will remember he was called a mighty hunter before the Lord, therefore no wonder he was put in the calendar—called to me to bring his weapons for the chace —"

"What were they like?" exclaimed the whole party at once, just in the humour, as they said, for some of Servin's jokes.

"Oh," said Servin, "he had a kind peculiar to himself: I kept a set for a long while, but when we entered the ark, at the time of the flood, Noah said he had no room for them, so I was obliged to abandon them to the waters; I wonder they've never been discovered yet."

"Thy memory betrays thee as to dates, profane man," said a voice which startled all, as none could ascertain whence it came.

"Oh, never mind," said Beringham. "I say, Servin, I should think that armour you speak of, fell on the spot occupied by Mount Etna, so they are melted in the crater: but how in the name of patience did you get into the ark? I thought there were no gentlemen admitted but Noah and his three sons."

"Why I had no beard then, being quite young; and as I had rather a womanish look, they took me for one of Ham's concubines; and so—, *Jesu Maria!*" continued he, but in a totally altered tone, "look there!"

All eyes turned, and the whole party simultaneously came to a halt, as soon as they saw the object of Servin's exclamation. Their halt however was but momentary: beholding the figure of a tall and very pale man, habited in black, they all, with the exception of the king and the Count of Soissons, whom the king detained, put their coursers once more to the top of their speed; exclaiming, when they reached the palace, that they had seen "the great Black Hunter," with his horses, hounds, and horns; each giving such a description of the "Spectre of the Forest of Fontainebleau" as best suited the temperament of his mind.

Henry, who, though not free from the superstition of the age, was yet by no means so great a slave to it as his attendants, advanced; the Count,

ashamed to desert his master, following, though at a more respectful distance.

"*M'attendez vous,*" said the spectre.

"I hear thee," answered the king; "what wouldst thou with me?"

"I would teach thee wisdom."

"How?"

"By the hearing of the ear, and the understanding of the heart: wilt thou open thy ear to hear and thy heart to receive?"

"I will hear what thou hast to say," said Henry, overcome by the mild dignity of his manner; "assuredly I will hear thee, and will give to thy admonitions such heed as I best may."

"Thou art a great conqueror! For these many years hast thou fought manfully against the enemies of thy country, both foreign and domestic; yet canst thou not conquer thyself. Firmly placed upon the throne, for which thou hast fought so valiantly, the wisdom of thy government is rapidly erasing from the minds of thy people the follies and vices of thy predecessors; yet, weakly enslaved by the most contemptible of passions, thou art laying the foundation of miseries to thyself, which will end only with thy life. Why should these things be?"

"I know not what thou meanest."

"Away! thou knowest but too well! She whose ashes are yet scarce cold in the grave, and for whom thou still wearest the habiliments of woe, has already given place in thy heart to another. Heaven in mercy has removed from thee one temptation: beware! or a worse thing will assuredly come upon thee."

So saying, one step placed the surrounding bushes between Henry and him, and hid him as completely from their sight as though he had vanished.

Henry pursued his ride, musingly. The advice tallied with the hints occasionally given by his conscience: but then, on the other hand, the source whence it came, being such as no man of sense would regard, drew the balance again in favour of his inclinations; which, being in themselves more weighty than his conscience, *like* a man of sense, he of course took part with the strongest side. While however this internal contest was going on, and before he would allow that he had decided which side to take, the monarch reached his closet door, and sent for Rosny.

"Rosny," said he, as that faithful servant entered, "I have seen the spectre of the Forest of Fontainebleau."

"Sire!" said Rosny in amazement.

"I tell you, I have seen and conversed with the spectre."

The baron's brow relaxed. "What did he say, Sire?"

"Why he talked so like you, that I believe in fact he is your familiar."

Rosny smiled: he saw that his master retained nothing of the displeasure he expressed against him before he went to the chace. "Nay," said he, "he acts without my privacy at least, since he has been here in your absence, and made such a trampling in the court, that I went down, fearing some accident had occurred to break off the chace, when, lo! the court was empty. Now, if we acted in concert, you know, Sire, I should not have made that fruitless journey. But, Sire, your observation that we must fight for Saluces is but too true."

"It is true enough I know, but how! have you heard any more intelligence?"

"You know, Sire, that this is about the time when the Pope was to have decided that affair."

"Well."

"And that he has not done it."

"Well, speak out, Monsieur de Rosny—speak out, sir," said the impatient king.

"The Duke of Savoy, not wishing him to decide it, knowing that the result would inevitably be in your favour, has been manœuvring a little. He wrote to his own ambassador in the Romish court, saying that he had heard both from France and Italy, that you, Sire"—

"Ha!" said Henry.

"That you, Sire, had induced Clement to promise the Marquisate in your favour by engaging to give it to him in such case."

"Well, sir, and what then?"

"Then, Sire, the ambassador, not suspecting his master of such gratuitous falsehood, spoke to his Holiness in such a manner upon this collusion, as to make him (who of course knew best his own entire innocence) resign all further interference with no little indignation."

"*Pardieu*!" said the king, starting up, "I am glad of it—now will I make Savoy suffer for it. Rosny, you must set that arsenal in order."

Rosny was going to repeat to Henry that it was not in his power to do it, if he possessed only the office of Lieutenant; but the king turned on his heel, saying, "that he had not time to listen to him—that he could not submit to have his commands disputed;" and left the room. At the same time there was a lurking smile in the corner of his eye, which would have puzzled Rosny had he seen it. Rosny's heart was set at rest on this subject a day or two afterwards by Henry, who, meeting him in the Gallery at Fontainebleau, said to him, "Do you know, I am informed M. D'Estrees is willing to accept an equivalent for his post of Grand Master; so that you may have it on your own terms, Sir Obstinate;—and to wipe away the offence you have given me, you must put my artillery in a condition to obtain the Marquisate of Saluces for me." And a day or two afterwards he was solemnly invested with the dignity of Master-General of the Ordinance, and took the oaths.

The young lady to whom the spectre alluded, was Mademoiselle d'Entraques, daughter to Francis de Balzac, Lord of Entraques, &c., and Mary his wife, formerly mistress to Charles the Ninth, whose daughter, by some, the young lady was supposed to be.

"Heir (or rather heiress) to all her mother's virtues;"

not so beautiful as the "fair Gabrielle," but younger, more gay, ambitious, and enterprising; and fully resolved to improve upon her mother's example, the fair Catharine, as will be seen, laid her measures accordingly.

She and her mother were sauntering together one day in the Park in Fontainebleau. "Kate," said the mother, "how speeds the king in his suit?"

"Indifferently well," was the reply; "I know my power, and will use it. He is charmed by my *modesty*, enhanced as it must needs be by my devoted attachment to him; and is in a fair way to grant me all I aim at."

"And what do you aim at, daughter?"

"Marriage, and a throne."

"Thou soarest high, my bird! one would think thou hadst had royalty itself for thy sire."

"I am not sure that I had not," said Catharine: "I know if I had been so near the throne as you were, I would have stepped into it."

"But Catharine de Medicis was alive."

"True, I had forgotten that; but she is dead now, thank God, at any rate."

"But," said her mother, "have you obtained anything yet worth obtaining, or are you yet speculating?"

"I have obtained 100,000 crowns; and seeing that by that means I had, instead of quenching his love, only heightened it, after assuming an uneasy conscience, expressing great fears of you—my father—and our little Count, and fifty more such-like follies; I told him flatly that, in addition to his 100,000 crowns, he must give me a written promise of marriage."

Her mother almost gasped out, "Catharine, how dare you?"

"No matter," said that delicate young lady; "if, as I believe, I am Charles's child, I am a fit mate for Henry. But however that may be, here is a draft for the money, which will make the Grand Financier look terribly ugly; and here is the promise, which I verily think, if he saw it, would strike him dead."

In this, however, the fair lady was slightly mistaken. When Henry put the duplicate of that paper into Rosny's hands, the minister read it with the most unqualified amazement; but returned it to Henry without a word, not in fact knowing what to say.

"Come, come," said Henry, "speak freely; and do not assume all this reserve." Still the minister hesitated; for while he knew on the one hand all the miseries and mischiefs which were certain to follow such a promise, he also knew the impetuous and ungovernable temper of Henry, when thwarted on such points.

"I tell you," said Henry, already waxing impatient, "that you may speak freely, man; you may say and do just what you please, and that will make you amends for having been forced to give me, so sorely against your will, this 100,000 crowns;—so come, Monsieur Anchorite, proceed."

"Will your Majesty give me that permission upon your oath?"

"What an impracticable fellow thou art! Well, there, I do."

Thus assured, Rosny took the paper out of the king's hand, and deliberately tore it in pieces.

"How!" said Henry; "*Morbieu!* what do you mean to do? I think you are mad."

"It is true, Sire," said Rosny, "I am mad, I acknowledge; would to God I were the only madman in France."

The king, in spite of his oath, was in a terrible rage: however he managed to suppress all expression of it. Gathering together the fragments of paper from the hands of Rosny, he compelled himself to listen to all that gentleman represented to him of the consequences of the step; which when he had done, without a syllable in reply, the king left the room, called to an attendant to bring him writing materials, and soon rendered nugatory all Rosny's well-meant endeavours.

This and gambling were the two vices which disfigured Henry's otherwise splendid escutcheon,—the foils which set off the brilliant parts of his character.

When we consider what he and his minister did, we feel that but for these vices they might have effected all Henry meditated, and Europe to this day have acknowledged the benefit of their plans.

Henry's marriage with Margaret of Valois, which had taken place during what may emphatically be styled the reign of Catharine de Medicis, had been a miserable affair at the best; but they had now been separated many years—in fact, Margaret never sat on the throne of France, but lived in retirement in the Castle d'Usson.

The question of a divorce had long been pending: but while the fair Gabrielle lived, it had been suffered by Henry's council to lie dormant, as they considered it not at all improbable, from Henry's extreme passion for that lady, that if he were at liberty he would raise her to the throne. When however her death freed them from that fear, they renewed it with vigour; Margaret was again applied to for her consent, which she no longer withheld, and all things were in train for a speedy conclusion.

The Marquisate of Saluces belonged of right to France, but had been usurped in 1578 by Marshal Bellegarde, who was supported in it by the Duke of Savoy and the King of Spain. Catharine de Medicis not being in a condition to resume it, and wishing to secure Bellegarde in her favour, confirmed him in it; reserving to herself a method of expressing her displeasure rather more in unison with her Italian predilections, *i. e.* when a suitable

opportunity occurred, to invite him to pay her a visit, and in the course of that visit to have served up to him some *bon-bon* or other, which should contain an especial specific against all such usurping fits in future.

Death by poison was fashionable at that time; and no doubt, Bellegarde would feel infinite satisfaction at leaving this world in a manner so truly *à-la-mode*.

However, in order to preserve appearances, and if possible to make people believe that his death was not referable to her instrumentality, she confirmed the government of Saluces to his son (a mere boy), under the guidance however of one of her own court.

In 1587 the Duke of Savoy, having it should appear a particular regard for this same Marquisate, offered his services to the French Court on some occasion, if he might have Saluces as the reward of those services. The French Court however had declined so fair a proposal; and therefore the Duke finding he could not get it by fair means, took it by foul, and had kept it too in spite of all that had been done to prevent him, till the present date (1599). It is true, that at the peace of Vervins, Henry and he had agreed to constitute Pope Clement the Eighth arbiter of their respective claims, and had limited the time in which it should be decided to twelve months; but the Duke of Savoy knowing that the decision must be in Henry's favour, had adopted the means already related to prevent the Pope from deciding at all.

"Lomenie," said the king, as he passed hastily through the anti-chamber to his own room, in his travelling dress, "tell M. de Rosny that I have arrived." He had been upon an excursion to Blois.

The page did so, and Rosny instantly joined his master. They met, and embraced; for the attachment which subsisted between this king and his minister was, notwithstanding their occasional outbreaks, passing that which is usually to be found amongst princes. Rosny had been brought into Henry's service when he was eleven years old, and that prince nineteen, and when as yet Henry was only Prince of Navarre; and from that time to the present, through all the vicissitudes of Henry's fate, Rosny had clung faithfully to him, and had often, very often, supplied his master's necessities from his own pocket. However, we ought not to leave them embracing all this time. "Well, Rosny," said the king, "what has been going on while I've been away?"

"The ambassadors from the Duke of Savoy have arrived from Paris, Sire."

"Oh! and what may be their instructions, pray?"

"I have only had one interview with them, at the close of which I strongly urged their applying to your Majesty."

"Very good; but what did you do?"

"Why, Sire, if we ought to believe them, their master is in the mood of mind very suitable to the real state of the case," said Rosny, smiling drily. The Duke, it seems, does not even pretend that he has any *right* to the Marquisate, except that as he knows so well your Majesty's munificent *spirit*—"

"Very good!" said Henry with mock gravity.

"And as Saluces is in itself a thing of too small value to merit the attention of so great a king—"

"Better still," said Henry.

"He is quite confident that, seeing the Pope has acted in this most unaccountable manner—"

"Yes," said Henry.

"That, without the interference of any foreign power, he may rely on your Majesty to confirm him in its possession."

"So confident, I suppose," said Henry, "that there was not even occasion to secure the good services of Monsieur de Rosny towards the completion of the affair?"

"Your Majesty has guessed rightly," said Rosny, laughing. "I was of course left in no doubt of the value of my advice to you."

"Well, and what reply did you make to all that?"

"I have been, your Majesty knows, all my life subject to a defect in my hearing, which is apt to seize me when such things are talked of in my presence."

"I know it, Baron, I know it."

"But as to the other part, I told them that it was impossible for any man to give what he had not; but that if the Duke of Savoy would put the Marquisate into its owner's hands, he would find that he had not at all miscalculated your Majesty's munificence of spirit, and might depend upon it that you would use your power royally. And I brought the interview to a close by strongly urging them to apply to you, which I think they will do."

"I'll see them, and treat them royally too, never fear," said Henry.

But while these ambassadors were waiting Henry's convenience, they were not idle. France at that period was much in the condition of a "divided house;" plotting and counterplotting, intriguing, and all the vices which usually attend intestine broils, were the order of the day: and I know of no stronger argument in favour of the fact, "that God ruleth in the kingdoms of men and giveth them to whomsoever He will," than might be drawn from this juncture of the affairs of France; the removing one after another so rapidly, those who had been educated by the debauched, abandoned, Jezebel-like Catharine de Medicis; and the bringing in, literally by the strong arm of His power, such a prince as Henry, with such a minister as the Duke of Sully. This is not a place to enter upon such a subject, interesting as it is; but no one at all acquainted with the nature of affairs in France at this period, will be surprised that the ambassadors of Savoy found in such a state of things an ample field for sowing the seeds best calculated for weakening Henry's councils, and strengthening the interests of their master.

Accordingly we find that they considered the aspect of affairs so favourable, that they wrote to the duke to come himself, that he might fix the waverers, encourage and reward those who had already declared for him, and try his power upon the "obstinate Huguenot," as well as upon his equally impracticable master. To this the duke joyfully assented;—it was a speculation perfectly in unison with his temperament.

He ordered them therefore to inform his majesty, that having at length, by the ill-treatment he had received from Spain, had his eyes opened to the true character of that court, so contrary, he said, to every thing he had experienced from France; he was convinced, that he only consulted his own interest, in resolving for the future to bind himself entirely to the councils of France; that therefore he entreated his most Christian Majesty to give him permission to seek his presence, in order, he said, that he might himself treat with his Majesty; or rather, he added, that he might submit himself entirely to his most Christian Majesty's will.—There's a specimen for you.

As I said before, all things were in train for the speedy execution of the divorce of Margaret from Henry; and this affair of Madlle. d'Entragues appeared in the eyes of his council only an additional motive for urging its completion. This therefore was done; and after the pattern of our Henry VIII., the marriage was declared void "by reason of consanguinity, difference of religion, spiritual affinity, compulsion, and for want of the consent of one of the parties." Directly then the business of seeking another wife was entered upon: the king, urged by repeated importunities, appointed a council to manage the affair, who had the interests of France too much at heart to let the affair sleep; and in an incredibly short time, considering the nature of the business, that transaction also was brought to a conclusion,

and nothing remained but to inform Henry that he was now engaged to marry Mary de Medicis, daughter to the Grand Duke of Florence. The council knew well enough that Henry would not thank them for such intelligence, and therefore Rosny was deputed to convey it to him. Repairing therefore to his chamber, he found him alone, wrapped in a "brown study," which however seemed not to be an unpleasant one.

"Well, Monsieur de Rosny," said he, "whence come you?"

"We come, sire, from marrying you," said Rosny, bluntly enough.

Henry's countenance fell; he was thunderstruck; such a rapid execution of the permission which had been forced from him was beyond his belief, and he saw himself at once plunged into the situation he most dreaded. He paced his chamber with irregular steps; at one moment proudly and majestically, as the thought flitted across his mind, that he would assert his authority as a king, and insist upon the right, which indeed his meanest subject enjoyed, of being happy with the woman of his choice; then again his step would betray that that transitory feeling had given place, and he yielded to the reflection, that only by submitting to this great sacrifice could he earn a title to that appellation dearer to him even than his own personal happiness, viz. that of the "Father of his people."

"Well," said he at last, rubbing his hands together, "well, *de par dieu*! be it so—there is no remedy; if for the good of my kingdom I must marry, I must. Rosny," said he, turning shortly and quickly round, and looking his minister in the face with a firm but sad expression of countenance, "Rosny, I have met untroubled the assassin's poignard, and mingled without blenching in the hottest fire of battle,—you know I have; yet the thought of renewing in this my second marriage the miseries of my first, completely unmans me: but *n'importe*, it is done—so let it pass. And now, sir," he said in a more lively manner, "I hope the arsenal is in good order: for I fancy it will not be long before his dukeship will arrive, when we shall see a specimen of his newly-invented method of evincing obedience and submission."

"Your majesty may depend on stores," said Rosny; "indeed the affairs of Savoy were a subject upon which I came to consult you."

"Have you got more news?" said Henry.

"Yes, sire," said Rosny, "I have several documents here worthy your attention. First, the letter from Lesdiguières tells us that the Duke, notwithstanding his protestations to your majesty, is fortifying his castles and towns with great care—especially those of Bresse—and furnishing them with ammunition and provisions."

"He's an impudent scoundrel, isn't he?" said Henry.

"It does not become me to say so, sire," said Rosny, smiling drily.

"Well," said Henry, "what next?"

"The Count de Carces, sire, and the Sieur de Passage inform me, that he has been applying to the court of Madrid, and to the Pope, to procure a second reference of the affair; representing to both, how much it is the interest of all Italy not to suffer your majesty to possess anything beyond the Alps."

"Our majesty's most gracious thanks are undoubtedly due to him, and we will not fail to pay our debts," said Henry; "and it may be with interest too. Pray go on, Grand Master, since that is now your title."

"The French residents in Italy send us word, that the duke's object in coming to France is to circumvent your majesty; and, to wind up the whole, my last item is, that his arrival is daily expected."

"Which I take to be the best item in your list, M. de Rosny," said Henry; "and as to circumventing,—hey, Monsieur? it may be that we understand the laws of that game, at least well enough to make it necessary for him to take care how he plays. What a blind buzzard the fellow must be, to suppose that because he shuts his eyes, we can none of us see him."

Does he suppose that the Pope is so badly served, that he has not by this time learned the truth about the former reference? or that Spain has forgotten the insults he has so indecently thrown upon him? or that I have nobody about me but what are in his interests? Bah! he's a fool, Rosny, a complete fool."

"He certainly gives no very convincing proof of his wisdom, sire," said Rosny, "but I suppose you would have us prepare for his reception."

"Reception! ay, by my faith, he shall have a reception grand enough; do you take care of that, Rosny."

"Certainly, sire," said Rosny; and they parted.

A few days afterwards the duke arrived in France, and was received at Lyons, Fontainebleau, and Paris, with great magnificence; however, Henry either could not, or did not choose to play so well at the game of circumvention, as to prevent the Duke from seeing, as he expressed himself, "that having now delivered his message, he might go wherever he would." We like Henry no worse for that ourselves, not much admiring chicanery and deceit even in diplomacy.

During the few days of festivities which, after the Duke's arrival, preceded business, Henry sent word to Rosny one evening, that as his Highness wished to see the Arsenal, they, and the chief lords and ladies of the court, would come and sup with him. Accordingly, preparations were made; but the Duke came so long before the others, that it was not difficult for Rosny to suspect something a little stronger than curiosity in his desire to see the magazines. The magazines, however, were a part of the stores which Rosny had no desire to have inspected at present, for there had not been time as yet to put them in order; he took the Duke, therefore, to the new workhouses instead.

"I hear such great accounts of the improvements you have been making in the Arsenal during the short time it has been under your care, Grand Master," said the Duke, "that I am impatient to see them. The world, I can tell you, thinks his most Christian Majesty greatly fortunate in having so faithful a minister as yourself."

"Report, my lord, has done me no favour," said Rosny, "in inducing you to come and see the Arsenal before I have had time to do more than commence the improvements I project. I must crave therefore that you will make allowances for its imperfections;—we are here, my lord."

"Allowances! M. De Rosny," said the Duke, forgetting, in his amazement at what he saw, to give the Baron what he naturally would otherwise have chosen as the more flattering title: "what do you say? what do I see?—twenty cannons newly cast; two, five, nine, fourteen,—yes, there are twenty more ready for casting; and all these—how many, Monsieur?"

"Forty, my lord."

"Forty, completely mounted; and all these fellows working as though their daily bread depended upon their exertions."

"It does, my lord."

"Ay, ay, I know it does in one sense; but, hark ye, fellow, I say, you did not work after this fashion in old D'Estrees' time, eh?"

"I was not here then, please you, my lord," said the man touching his cap, respectfully.

"Oh," said the Duke, turning again to Rosny, "you didn't find the men who had been accustomed to D'Estrees, exactly such as would carry out your operations."

"No, my lord; one of my first acts was to cashier 500 of them at a stroke—all of them men who were entirely ignorant of the business they were paid to perform."

"But, Grand Master, what are all these great preparations for?" said the Duke; "one would think France was on the eve of a war."

"She is, my lord; these preparations are for the taking of Montmelian," said Rosny, smiling and looking archly at the Duke.

"Oh, indeed!" said the Duke. "Pray, sir, have you ever seen the castle of Montmelian?"

"No, my lord."

"Truly I thought not, or you would not talk so lightly of taking it. Montmelian is impregnable!"

"Ah, my lord," replied the Baron, "I advise you not to oblige his Majesty to make the attempt, or you may depend upon it Montmelian will lose its title."

"I am not insensible, Grand Master," said the Duke, now very seriously, "that I have the misfortune to have as my enemy a man whose——" But the Duke's compliments were cut short by the entrance of his Majesty.

"Come, my lord; come, Grand Master,—this is not a time to talk so gravely; the ladies want you;—let us sup first."

However, as all sides desired to have the business "*en train*" at least, five Commissioners on each side were chosen that night, and the times for meeting agreed on. This was at the latter end of the year 1599, and most of those who were appointed on Henry's side were, even at that time, strongly leaning to Savoy's interests; and the Duke took care that the new year's presents, which it was customary to make, should not be such as to tempt them to cool in his cause. Accordingly they found, on their first meeting afterwards, that there only remained to be conquered the indomitable Rosny. Hitherto, though the others had gradually yielded, first one point and then another, the Baron had held firmly to the point—"either that Saluces should be restored, or that Bresse, and all the borders of the Rhone from Geneva to Lyons, should be given in exchange." Judging of his nature by their own, therefore, they concluded that they had not come up to his price, and resolved to try again. Des Allymes was fixed upon to convey to him the Duke's new-year's gift; the extreme polish and suavity of whose manners, it was thought, would prove a match for the Baron's straightforward roughness. On the 5th of January, then, 1600, Des Allymes waited upon M. De Rosny; and, after the first salutations, which were extremely polite on both sides, had passed, Des Allymes began:—

"It is with extreme pleasure, Grand Master," said he, "that I have received the appointment of his Highness to wait upon you with the compliments of the season; and I should esteem myself exceedingly fortunate, if I could always make such compliments with the perfect sincerity with which I do the present. That, however, is impossible; for how rarely does the world see a Baron de Rosny!"

"You overpower me, M. des Allymes," said Rosny; "do not, I beseech you, let your praises so far outstrip the merit of their object."

"Ah! Grand Master, you ought to do yourself more justice: but let me not forget the commission with which I have been honoured. His Highness, M. De Rosny, has commanded me to beg your acceptance of his picture, as a small testimony of the esteem in which he holds you as the faithful minister of his most Christian Majesty, to whom he is so deeply attached."

So saying, the gentleman presented M. De Rosny with a portrait of the Duke, set in a box enriched with diamonds and brilliants to the value of fifteen or twenty thousand crowns. Rosny received the splendid, but treacherous present, and as his eye dwelt upon it with the natural admiration its magnificence demanded, Des Allymes went on:

"I should think myself extremely happy, M. De Rosny, if I could prevail upon you to give your attention to the reasons his Highness has to urge on the little matter which at present is the object of his visit to France. I cannot but believe that you would find them so good, and so consistent with the interests of France also, as to ensure your acquiescence in them at once."

"His Highness may be assured," said Rosny, keeping his eyes on the

box with a fixedness which convinced Des Allymes that the bait had at last taken, "that the desire which I have to secure his esteem, if at all compatible with the interests of my country, is such as to bind me entirely to him. You are probably the bearer of proposals from his Highness, M. Des Allymes: may I know what they are?" Now, thought Des Allymes, the time is come.

"I am extremely happy, Grand Master," said he, "that at length I have the opportunity of quietly conversing with you on this subject, as I have been convinced from the beginning that it was only necessary to lay before you the very great advantage which would accrue to his most Christian Majesty, from securing in his interest a prince so noble as the Duke of Savoy, to make you a warm and efficient supporter of the cause on which that prince has just now set his heart."

Rosny listened to all this with an air of such apparent interest and willingness to be convinced, that Des Allymes went on with increased hopes of success.

"These advantages, I do not need to insist upon any more, excepting this—that, having now irremediably separated himself from Spain, his assistance would be invaluable to France in conquering Naples, Milan—nay, even the empire itself. And I am sure you must perceive, M. De Rosny, that it would be exceedingly unwise to place against advantages so great, a paltry little marquisate, merely because the Duke happens to wish to retain it." This last *inuen*do was a slip of the diplomatist.

"Hold! M. Des Allymes," replied Rosny, rather nettled; "you must be very well aware that his Majesty has no such motive in demanding Saluces. On the contrary, it is simply and obviously his duty to transmit the country of France to his successor in as perfect a state as possible, and he would be deficient in that duty were he to suffer it to be mutilated. And certainly the time chosen by his Highness for seizing upon it was not one calculated to make us look upon the act with as little displeasure as we might otherwise have done. It was a strange return, you must be conscious, M. Des Allymes, for the very great obligations which Henry III. had but just bestowed upon him."

"But, Grand Master," resumed Des Allymes, not much liking the turn the conversation was taking, "you ought not to overlook the advantages I spoke of; his Majesty's successor would certainly have cause to thank him, that, by resigning so very a trifle to oblige his Highness, he had annexed such large dominions to the crown."

"I am perfectly sensible of what you say," replied Rosny, smiling; "and I am much obliged by the good opinion his Highness expresses for me; and you may assure him, M. Des Allymes, that—*when he has made absolute restitution of Saluces* (raising his eyes from the box, and suffering them to rest quietly and steadily on the countenance of Des Allymes)—I will by no means forget to use what interest I may possess with his Majesty to engage him to assist the Duke in the acquisition of those opulent kingdoms you speak of; and the more so, as they would be so much more convenient to his Highness than they could possibly be to his Majesty. With respect to this very splendid and magnificent present with which the Duke has honoured me, it is only its value which makes me hesitate about accepting it: but if you will allow me to return the box and diamonds, I will retain the picture with great pleasure, in remembrance of so obliging a prince."

While he was saying this, Rosny took the portrait from the box, but Des Allymes, seeing that his hopes had been fallacious, with a stiffness which even his *politesse* did not enable him to conceal, stopped him, saying that it did not belong to him to make any alteration in his master's presents. Upon which the Baron begged him to return the whole, and they parted; and thus ended their last effort to gain the Grand Master.

They next tried to prevail upon Henry to substitute another for Rosny, but this was going rather too far: Henry knew much too well the value of Rosny, as well as the value of the others, to allow him to be removed. One more trick they tried, and in that they succeeded; which was for the Duke to request that the Patriarch of Constantinople might attend their meetings in the name of the Pope. Henry, not seeing their motive, granted their request at once; and now they hoped the point was in a fair way for being gained.

The next meeting was to be held at the Constable's house; for the king, who had not much relish for the detail of this business, and who knew indeed that Rosny was better able to meet their artifices than himself, had appointed it to be held there, in order that, when he should have presided at the opening of it, he might go and amuse himself at tennis in the court of that house. Having, therefore, seen the conference begun, and exhorted them all to have a strict regard to justice, he whispered to Rosny, as he passed, "Take care of every thing, and do not let them impose upon you," and left them. It was upon this position of circumstances that the Commissioners had relied: instead therefore of uniting in a body, and proceeding to the business, they gathered into little groups of twos and threes, and the nuncio passed from one party to another, talking in a low voice to each, but none of them took the least notice of the Grand Master. Rosny however was not a man whom it was easy to divest of his self-possession; he quietly sat still that he might observe their motions, and force them to the first movement. In a while, after a great deal of seeming reluctance and hesitation, one of them came to him, and told him that the good patriarch could not conquer the scruples which he had about conversing with a Huguenot, and entreated him therefore, in the name of the assembly, to oblige them by absenting himself, as nothing could be done while he was present.

"Certainly," said Rosny, not at all disquieted; and bowing profoundly, he withdrew. He was going to seek the king, but met him in the gallery.

"Ha! Grand Master," said Henry, "what, is this affair settled at last, and so speedily?"

"No, Sire," said Rosny, smiling, "but Father Bonaventure's scruples are rather troublesome this morning."

"What do you mean, M. de Rosny?"

"The good Father pays me the compliment to think himself in danger from my presence, Sire, that's all."

"Your merriment is somewhat ill-timed, Grand Master; do you mean to say that they have desired your absence?"

"I do, Sire."

"Ventre St. Gris!" said Henry, stamping with rage on the floor of the gallery; "they will compel me to notice their treason. Return to them, sir, and tell them that if there is any person to whom your presence is displeasing, it is that person's place to withdraw, and not yours; and that it is my will that you remain."

This message somewhat disconcerted the good people; however, seeing they could not help themselves, they were fain to submit. What the nuncio did with his scruples, history doth not say. The Commissioners were now reduced to their last point, time; and this they contested so strongly, that, notwithstanding Rosny as strongly combated it, they gained at last three of the eighteen months for which they at first stipulated. Still the Duke failed not repeatedly to solicit from his majesty an alteration of the decision, till, finding at last that he received no other answer than this, "I am resolved to have my marquisate," he set off for Chamberry, where, till the expiration of the time prescribed, which was in the month

of June, he employed himself in preparations for defending it, instead of giving it up.

Such is a specimen of the way in which they managed such things in France, in those days. We have left ourselves no room for reflections, and therefore our readers must each supply his own, only taking care, for our sakes, that they be no worse than it might be supposed we ourselves should have made, had we had room.

MUTABILITY IN LOVE.

I.

SHAME on the restless heart, that longs to rove,
And feels no joy but in a change of love ;
Blighted those eyes, whose ever-varying glance
But seeks some fairer, fonder countenance ;
Be mute the mouth, whose silver tongue supplies
The changeful coin of well-invented lies ;
For all it sound so sadly sweet, for all
It gloze away in murmurs musical,
Casting the spirit's garb o'er cold dull sense,
And passion's hues o'er mute indifference.
Be poison, like the hot Simoom, the sighs,
That, tainting, as an exhalation rise :
Be gall, ye tears, that so serenely fall
Athwart the cheek, and start to life at call,
Unmoved, unruffled man's more noble part,
Untouched the stagnant current of the heart.

This to the fool whose heart is fixed in vain,
That calculates his conquest by the pain
It gives his friend or victim—such as they
May flutter, like the fly, their lives away.
There is a panoply more strong than steel—
The want of head to learn, or heart to feel.

Not worse, though weaker, is the heart that lies,
Spite of itself, the helpless sacrifice
Of each more auburn tress, each eye more blue,
Each cheek more rivalling the rose-bud's hue,
Caught in the nets of some Neëra's hair,
Whose feigned or venal loves it yearns to share ;
Wrecked on each eddy of each dimpled cheek,
In chains that only some new thrall can break,
By some new Siren-song that points, too late,
Towards some false shore, and leaves it desolate.

Nothing akin to such is true love's tone—
Harsh to the world, it beats for one alone :
Flame to that one—to all the rest as ice,
It asks in wonder, *Does the soul feel twice ?*
Not there the language that the brain reflects,
But half the heart's and half the intellect's ;
Affection second-hand, a bastard love, }
Imaging sorrows that we *think* we prove, }
Born of the brain, as Pallas was to Jove ;
Whose show of fire is as the ice's gleam,
Or, at its warmest, like a sunlit stream ;
That sparkles to the stars,—and when the stars have done,
Changes its hand, and sparkles to the sun.

II.

Go, deem thyself in love, young boy,
Go, deem thyself in love ;
Write sonnets to thy lady's fan,
And ditties to her glove :

And say thy soul is comfortless,
Thy spirit seeks relief ;
Thou scarce canst drink one pint of wine,
Or eat one pound of beef.

I hate the fool that *tries* to feel,
And walks abroad to find
Something to fill the vacant space,
In that cold void, his mind.

And worse than him the youth that doats ;
But worse than aught beside,
The female fop that fans a flame,
To only feed her pride.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

AT THE GREAT CENTRAL MEETING HELD AT CAMBRIDGE FOR
THE ABOLITION OF CHURCH-RATES.

Θήσκει δὲ πίστις, βλαστάνει δ' ἀπιστία.—SOPH.

On the 12th of March last, a large and unusually respectable meeting was held at the sign of the Toad and Clarionet, in this town, for the purpose of drawing up a petition to both Houses of Parliament for the total abolition of Church-rates, and at the same time of entering a collateral protest against tithes, and ecclesiastical extortion in general. The meeting was numerously attended by a somewhat ragged, though very select body of bargees, nightmen, master-sweeps, road-scrapers, and workhouse paupers, with a pretty sprinkling of pig-jobbers and journeymen butchers, relieved by an occasional rat-catcher or so, whose motley habiliments contrasted pleasingly with the cerulean garb of the butchers, and clerical appearance of the chimney-sweeps. An extensive thatched outhouse, belonging to and adjoining the Toad and Clarionet, had been for some days previously in a state of preparation for the reception of the important meeting which it was designed to accommodate. The pigs had notice to quit; the fowls were informed that their lease had expired; and the ducks were unceremoniously ejected from their hitherto undisputed domain,—the Committee having expressed a decided objection to all *quacks*, and particularly to quacks in religious matters. An ass and two calves were also requested to retire; it having been intimated to them that, as a considerable number of their own *genera* were expected to attend the meeting, it was hoped they would politely make room. We regret to state, that the ass did not manifest that sympathy for his brethren which becomes a Christian donkey; and that, on being shewn the door, he peremptorily refused to go through it, which he was ultimately induced to do only by having his tail pulled rather hard in the opposite direction. For the piles of hay and corn which previously occupied the outhouse, benches were now substituted; the corn especially having been carefully removed, as it was understood that most of the company, being opposed to the existing Corn-laws, would manifest a strong antipathy to all British grain, that alone excepted which might be destined for *malt*. Down the centre of the long floor were arranged tables, something in the form of a back-bone, the vertebræ being composed of every possible variety of legged timber, from the consumptive seven-and-sixpenny deal to the burly five-pounder of elm—heights not being considered. On these was placed a refreshing store of ale, pipes, and tobacco, with a dignified jorum at the right-hand, and for the exclusive use, of the chairman. The somewhat monotonous appearance of the floor was felicitously relieved by a regiment of spittoons, which, being drawn up in such a manner as to contrast with alternate rat-holes, had a very pleasing effect indeed. The walls, invested with their ancient tapestry of cobweb,

had a neat, though sombre aspect; and, thanks to the little pot-bellied artisans, gave no cause to regret the otherwise unadorned simplicity of the native brick and mortar. Such were the general features which presented themselves to the view of our reporters, when admitted at half-past one o'clock P.M.

Shortly after the company had arrived, the Rev. Timothy Scruple, select preacher to the new connexion of Anythingarians, was moved into the chair by Bartholomew Ticklewax, Esq.; Mr. David Poke, chimney-sweep, seconded the motion, and politely offered his soot-bag, by way of cushion, for the accommodation of the reverend gentleman, who graciously accepted it, and took his seat accordingly. The rev. gent. then lighted his pipe, and, having just taken a "wet" in the shape of a quart of ale, and smacked his lips an indefinite number of times, rose amid much applause to open the business of the meeting. He began by saying, that never, since he had arrived at years of discretion, (and he had always been considered a precocious boy,)—never, since he had commenced the arduous and responsible duties of a minister at the age of fourteen, had he felt such an extraordinary amalgamation (*cheers*) of diffidence, anxiety, and zeal, as on the present occasion (*immense applause*). Unaccustomed as he was to public speaking (*a voice, "stale."*)—Did the honourable gentleman in the coat with one lappet, who cried "stale," allude to his words, or to the beer? He begged to be allowed to finish his sentence. Unaccustomed as he was to public speaking at such meetings as these, he felt he should be a defaulter in the duty he owed to his cause and the public, were he not to use all the little eloquence with which nature had endowed him (*hems, and coughs*) in exposing the detestable system of ecclesiastical tyranny and extortion which the laws of the land exercised over, and forced upon, the reluctant nation, totally regardless of their conscientious scruples (*deafening applause*). He didn't mean to say a word—O no, not the least—against the Establishment, which he venerated intensely,—he would say, respected; but he must be allowed to enter his individual protest against all measures which didn't agree with tender consciences. *He* had a tender conscience (*coughs*); he believed all his hearers were a little in that way, and would join with him in denouncing Church-rates as unwarrantable, unconstitutional, uncharitable, unscriptural, and un-everything else. (*Hear, hear.*) The principle was wrong (*hear*); the nature of it wasn't right; he would add, the motive was improper (*laughter*). He had watched the operation of the Establishment, and the conduct of her Clergy, and rather believed he knew a thing or two about 'em (*hear, hear*);—and this he would say, that they were both unpleasantly arrogant (he deprecated strong language) and disagreeably intolerant (*cheers*). He felt assured that their absurd claims to purity of doctrine would, if properly examined, be found to end in smoke—he begged pardon—that reminded him—he would take the liberty of rekindling his pipe (*cries of "Hoorah for shag"*). For his own part, he confessed he didn't exactly see why persons of a different persuasion should contribute to maintain one particular form of religion, only because it was established. Established! by whom? he would ask. By the Parliament, to be sure!

(*tremendous applause*). He should like to know who said it wasn't? Who were these boasted Clergy? (*a voice, "Aye, aye, that's the pint"*). Who ordained 'em?—the Parliament Bishops. For his part he despised such mummary—he had done, as he thought all conscientious men that wanted to be parsons would do—he had ordained himself. As for book-learning, that was just nothing at all: the Apostles were ignorant men, and so was he—and he wasn't ashamed to own it neither, not he. He entreated the present company to use all their energies, on all occasions, in getting up parties of their conscientious brethren to oppose Church-rates at all vestry-meetings. It was a blood-stained impost, and they'd go to the wrong place if they paid it.—It had been absurdly urged by the bigotted votaries of the Church system, that, were dissenters exempted from payment of rates, very few would remain Churchmen. Why, that was only an additional reason why all conscientious dissenters should wish them to be abolished. He had no hesitation in saying the Bishops might be blowed. He considered them frequently fat, and generally idle;—and he would just mention one appalling fact—that a certain Bishop had actually and unequivocally expressed his opinion that Welsh-rabbit was nothing at all without Cayenne pepper! (*groans*). Wasn't that something like gluttony? he would ask—wasn't that—(here the rev. chairman was interrupted by the repeated interrogatories of a gentleman in the company, who pertinaciously persisted in asking him how his respectable mother was, and whether she was aware of his temporary absence? Much confusion and uproar ensuing, the rev. gentleman abruptly sat down).

H. WALKER, Esq. next addressed the meeting. He felt diffident in offering any further remarks to the company, after they had heard the incontrovertible (*hear, hear*) arguments just adduced against the payment of Church-rates, by his rev. friend. (*A voice, "You ha'nt got no friends."*) Was he mistaken? or did he hear some gentleman suggest that he had no friends? All the present company were, he trusted, his friends—and his Christian brethren to boot. They had all met together to promote the interests of one righteous cause; they were alike actuated by one holy feeling of zeal for Church reform. (*hear, hear.*) He felt inexpressible delight in addressing the present meeting—in even being admitted to attend the conscientious *swarry* now before him. (*cheers.*) His late lamented friend—the Rev. Mr. Stiggins—whose melancholy death, caused by the brutality of one Weller, a coachman, they had all so deeply deplored—his late lamented friend had always declared, that next to pine-apple rum, (he felt sure that this little foible of departed worth would be appreciated,) there was nothing he detested worse than paying Church-rates. *He* felt the same reluctance. If the young gentleman in black would leave off jumping Jem Crow on the table, he would tell them why. (*confused cries of "hear him," "turn him out," "put your head in your breast-pocket," &c.*) He would just taste the ale till the noise had subsided. He felt reluctance to paying Church-rates because he could'n't do it conscientiously. Every halfpenny he paid he always felt a sort of internal dig—a kind of indescribable mental pricking, which he had no doubt was caused by the stings of his conscience;

and on one occasion, when he paid sevenpence to the collector, he distinctly recollected feeling just as if his liver was being trussed with a skewer! (*cries of "that's a good 'un."*) He didn't wish them to believe it unless they liked, but he had had an intimate friend, who always had felt an amiable aversion to the payment of Church-rates, and whose inside, upon a post-mortem examination (for he had died suddenly at the unexpected appearance of a churchwarden), was found to be as full of holes as a pincushion! The jury had decided that he (his late friend) had died of drinking; but for his part he thought it pretty evident that he had died for conscience sake. (*immense applause.*) With this awful example of ecclesiastical victimisation (*cheers*) he would conclude (*great cheers*), not wishing to trespass longer upon their time, and begged to drink all their good healths. (*tremendous applause.*)

MR. HIBBERTY HUGGINS would be blown if——

The CHAIRMAN protested against the use of such inelegant language before the present enlightened and intelligent company.

MR. HUGGINS begged to remind the Chairman that he had himself blown the Bishops not five minutes ago. He must persist in saying he would be blown if he didn't incur in all the observations as had just fallen from the potatoe-trap of the honourable gent. which spoke last. He had hoped that—he saw that the present company—he thought—he begged pardon, he meant he didn't think—Church-rates were—he believed he had nothing more which he particularly wished to say. (*hisses.*)

MR. POKE said the honourable gentleman was incoherent.

MR. HUGGINS angrily demanded an explanation.

MR. POKE merely meant to suggest that he (Mr. Huggins) wasn't troubled with fluency.

MR. HUGGINS. "Troubled with fluid! who says I'm drunk?" He should like to see the man as dared tell him so. (*order, order.*) He believed they were all drunk. (*turn him out!*) They might take the contents of that pot of heavy among 'em. (Here the scene became tremendous—pipes, tobacco-boxes, and pewter pots being converted into offensive weapons in a manner which had rather a *striking* effect. The shouts were terrific, and much increased by the refractory donkey putting his head through the window, and remonstrating in a harsh grating tone at the shameful abuse of his hereditary domicile. Our Reporters found it necessary to fly for their lives.)

Q. E. D.

SCHILLER'S "THEILUNG DER ERDE."

IN THE METRE OF THE ORIGINAL.

I.

"Hence take the world!" cried Jupiter from his heav'n,
"Hence take the world, man's portion shall it be—
"For an everlasting fief to you 'tis giv'n,
"But share it 'mongst you brotherly."

II.

Quick hastens for his share, whate'er has hands,
Busily, gladly moved both young and old;
The farmer seizes on the fruitful corn-lands,
The sportsman scours the wood and wold.

III.

The merchant chooses all his stores display,
The abbot takes the noble, olden wine;
The king blocks up the bridge, the road, the pathway,
And cries: "the toll, the toll is mine."

IV.

Long afterwards, when each enjoy'd his share,
The Poet comes—he'd journey'd many a day;—
Ah! naught was to be seen now anywhere,
For the whole world was giv'n away.

V.

"Ah, woe is me! alone of all am I
"To be forgotten—I, thy truest son!"
Thus loud and bitter wail'd he forth his cry,
And cast him down before Jove's throne.

VI.

"If in the land of dreams thou would'st abide,"
Answer'd the God, "be not enraged with me:
"Where wast thou when I bade them earth divide?"
"I was," the Poet said, "by Thee.

VII.

"Mine eye hung on thy visage with delight,
"Mine ear drank in thy heaven's harmonious peal;
"Oh! pardon one, who, dazzled with thy sight,
"Heeded not earth, nor earthly weal."

VIII.

"What's to be done?" cried Jove, "the world is giv'n,
"The harvest, market, chace, are mine no more—
"If thou wilt live with me in mine own heav'n,
"For ever open is the door."

Σ.

The author has followed the metre of the original, and endeavoured, so far as was possible, to keep the very words of the German. This must be his apology for the quaintness of the English version, in which he has kept in view the hints upon translation thrown out by one, who has more than once "guessed at truth."

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT AND THE DISSENTERS.

Ἐνὶ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ καὶ γυναικὶ μορσίμη
 ὈΠΚΟΥ ΤΙ ΜΕΙΖΟΝ.—ÆSCHYLUS.

"A marriage between man and woman is *something greater than a mere oath.*"

POLITICAL measures, of slight importance in themselves, frequently assume importance from the fact that they afford us an insight into the views and spirit of the party from which they originate. Thus, with respect to many of the changes, both in Church and State, that are so eagerly advocated by the one side, and so strenuously opposed by the other, at the present day,—they may not, when considered as final measures, appear so fraught with danger to our religion and our constitution as one might suppose from the outcry raised against them; but when we consider them as the index of the views and feelings of their proposers and advocates; when we look upon each particular measure, not as a thing distinct and solitary, but as merely one exemplification of a system universal in its application, in which one step naturally leads to another; then are we fully justified in raising this outcry, if upon rigorous examination we find the spirit of these measures to be hostile to the best institutions and dearest interests of the State. Slight and unimportant measures are often sent up like straws to find which way the wind lies, and how far their authors may venture in reliance upon the temper of the people. Thus they gradually and securely feel their way, till at last they assume courage to bring forward the grand object for which they have been secretly but surely labouring; and the people having been accustomed by this time to admit the same principle in more disguised and modified forms, instead of receiving it with the indignation they would have done had it been presented for their acceptance directly and at first, are almost necessitated by their previous concession to put the coping stone to their work by admitting this natural consequence from them.

We cannot help regarding the New Marriage Act, as a measure of the sort we have spoken of above. It may seem at first a question of very slight importance, and one which might safely be left to the feelings of the parties concerned, whether or not the marriage ceremony should be accompanied by a religious service. But when we consider that the question is not, whether any new observance should be imposed, but whether one, which is venerable from its antiquity, cherished from its accordance with the best feelings and finest emotions of the human heart, and which has from time immemorial been affixed to the most interesting act of life, should be rudely torn thence by the same busy, meddling spirit which is defiling with its unhallowed touch so much that is beautiful and holy in our land; we are abundantly justified in regarding it with the most jealous suspicions, and throwing off all false and affected delicacy in scrutinizing the motives of its advocates. What we complain of in this new Act is, not that it deprives the National Church of a privilege which did,

and which ought still to belong to it exclusively—though even this we are far from justifying; but we complain that a union, which before could not become legally binding without the solemnization of an act of religious worship, is now reduced to a mere civil compact; and the people of England thereby proclaimed to the world, and recorded in their own statute-book, a less religious people than they were before: not indeed less religious individually, but nationally, as offering one act less of national religious homage, and stripping one scene more, and that a scene of stirring interest, of the religious sanction and the religious sentiment it was before invested with. And herein it is that the great mischief of the measure lies, as acknowledging to a certain degree the very foundation principle of dissent, on which sectarians ground their objections to an Established Church, and which in our opinion constitutes the worst feature in a thoroughly bad system. The dissenter maintains that a man's religion is a thing between himself and his God; that every act of religious worship, unless it spring from individual religious feeling, can only be a mockery to the Omniscient Being at whose shrine it is offered; and that consequently a National Church is a monstrous engine of hypocrisy, and national piety an absurd misnomer, except it mean the piety of particular individuals composing that nation. The members of the Church of England, argue on the contrary, that though individual piety is necessary to individual salvation—to say nothing of the important and indisputable fact, that private religious feeling is best kept alive by public and national acts of homage, and by continual recognition of the spiritual amid the worldly concerns of life, so softening and hallowing them that they become ministers and instruments of good instead of evil to the soul; they, we repeat, maintain that, leaving out all these considerations, there can be no act of homage more profoundly reverential, or more sublimely grand, than when a nation, under a deep conviction of the essential value of religion, embodies its sublimest truths in liturgies and ordinances, and connects almost every act of civil life with the sanction of religious worship. We are not now going to decide which of these two arguments bears with it the most weight, which carries the most spontaneous conviction to the unwarped feelings of nature; though we may remark, in passing, that the system of Dissent is thoroughly and avowedly Utilitarian; that its spirit is the same when it attacks our Cathedral services, because but few of the laity attend them, or when it cavils at the rites attached to marriage, because few receive benefit from them, as though forsooth religious ceremonies were made for man rather than God, as though his glory were not advanced as much when the Cathedral pours her rich offering of music and of prayer through long and unoccupied aisles, as when the hum of devotion rings with painful loudness through some crowded conventicle. But, as we said, we are not going to decide whether the principles, of Church or Dissent are to be preferred. The former are the principles of the Constitution—they are the principles of the nation, they are the principles of the Universities; and our object is to shew that the tendency of the New Marriage Act is to give up these principles, and admit those of the latter. For what can we call it but giving them up, when a

nation, having from its earliest existence, through century after century, attached a religious ordinance to a civil act, so closely, that the act could not be binding without the ordinance, suddenly—not from a relapse into barbarism or infidelity, but in the height of its civilization, and the very millennium according to common boast of religious feeling—strips off from that act all the sanction and all the solemnity that sacred rites had power to throw around it? It is then nothing more nor less than the admission of the principles of Anti-national religion into our laws and constitution,—a clear advantage gained by the dissenting party. Now when we conjoin with this the well-known fact, that this party, though so clamorous for the passing of the measure, have not availed themselves of its more tolerable provisions in one case out of fifty, and not of its more heinous clause in one out of five hundred; we can have no hesitation in at once deciding and declaring, that the measure was sought simply as a preliminary step towards their great object, the overthrow and dismemberment of the National Church.

If we were asked our opinion of the measure itself, apart from the spirit and intention of its authors, we should point with indignation to the fact, that the heathen world, in its most sceptical and irreligious period, never went so far as to strip the marriage ceremony of the sacred rites with which the wisdom and piety of their ancestors had invested it, and which even natural feeling would suggest as its fit accompaniments. It was left for an age which surpasses all others in flaming professions of religion, to do this, as if for the very purpose of proving how widely different are zeal and piety, or, to use a common expression, that empty vessels make the most noise. Public opinion is like a pendulum, ever oscillating between two extremes, while truth lies in the middle; and the extreme it now favours in matters of religion is an excess of spirituality, an unwise aversion to aid the weakness of human nature by types and symbols, to temper the coldness of abstract doctrine, by blending it with all the most interesting circumstances and feelings of purely human life, and thus enforcing it by the strength of our natural sympathies. Proceeding upon an entirely wrong principle, it would attempt the moral renovation of the world, without appealing to that part of our nature which has the most powerful influence upon our moral conduct—the imagination and the affections. Popery went to the opposite extreme of raising the symbol above the truth symbolized, and of exalting the religious rites affixed by human wisdom to certain events of life, into absolute divine ordinances, endowed from heaven with some mysterious efficacy in securing salvation. This is an error not less pernicious than the Protestantism run mad of the present day. We wish not to be misunderstood. We belong not to those who, with a bigotry worthy of a worse cause, are so fond of libellously ranking infidelity and dissent as synonymous. The party which can boast among its champions the learned Howe, the devotional Baxter, the meek and pious Watts, and the eloquent Hall, is not one to be assailed by vulgar calumny and scurrilous abuse, however much its present representatives may have degenerated from their religious ancestors. But we must say this, that a system which appeals so little to the imagination and human

affections of its votaries, can never have so deep or beneficial an influence upon them as one which entwines itself with a thousand household memories and heart-associations. And this is especially true with respect to those whose uneducated minds are incapable of philosophic abstractions. And what a lamentable thing it is, that any one link that united them more intimately to the Church of their land, should be thus legally snapped asunder! Though incapable, as we just said, of comprehending philosophic abstractions, there are no people more alive to those delicate associations, which, springing from the warmth of the affections, constitute true refinement of heart,—a thing vastly different from courtly etiquette, or fashionable politeness. And keenly sensitive as we believe them to be to these fine sympathies, how much real moral good do they lose, when an opportunity of connecting them with religion is given away, or unimproved. We might speak of the deteriorating effect this measure will have upon the feelings of the peasant, with respect to the marriage vow, but we would rather confine ourselves to remark the different light in which he will look upon his village church, when it is no longer the place where he has been, or will be, united to her whom he loves best upon earth; or upon the minister, when he has ceased to be the person in whose sole hands is lodged the power of performing the act which gives happiness to his whole life.

But it will perhaps be said, that the measure was a necessary concession to stop the clamorous railing of dissenters against the Church. If this is to be a motive, we had better give up the National Establishment altogether and at once, for they will never be satisfied till this is effected; and we shall thus save the trouble of framing several measures to do piecemeal what might have been completed by one. It is not this part, or that part, of the Church that creates their opposition,—it is the principle on which the whole rests with which they quarrel, and against which, under whatever ostensible object they may mask their design, they are directing all their attacks. And it does seem absurd, when we know that this is the aim and end of all their political desires, to think for one moment of concession. *Principiis obsta* is a maxim as applicable in political as in physical disorder, and it seems to us as wise to attempt the cure of the one as of the other, by yielding to it:

“Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis.”

There it is: the *causa morbi* must be eradicated. If the Church is the *morbis*, then away with it; but while the laws recognize it as the contrary, let us not be so absurd as to suppose that we can lessen opposition, when at least, as in the present case, that opposition goes so far as to affect foundation principles, by administering the very aliment most calculated to nourish and strengthen it. The attack is only just commencing: and if those who ought to be the firmest and bravest supporters of the Church, with a weakness nothing can excuse, retire from her outer defences one by one, what have we not to fear when the grand onset is made upon the *sanctum sanctorum*, when the hearts of her friends have been sickened, and her enemies have

been encouraged by a series of previous successes owing to the treachery of her spiritless and improvident defenders? We can only compare their conduct, and the reasons they assign for it, to that of a man who gives the highwayman his purse, to prevent its being taken from him. Should the blood-cemented fabric of the Church be destined, as a punishment for our sins, to fall beneath the violence of enemies, or the still more fatal cowardice of friends; when the guardian spirits of our land

“Spring on the viewless winds to Heaven again,”

and as they spread their wings to quit a crumbling temple, more glorious than that where dwelt the visible presence, sigh forth the portentous sounds, μεταβαίνωμεθα ἐντευθεν; who will be to blame but those who yielded to the first symptoms of hostility, and gave the out-works into the hands of the enemy, whence they might aim their shots against the defenceless building with more fatal certainty, and more deadly effect? Have we not a glaring instance of the result of concession, where principle is concerned, in the Catholic Emancipation Bill? That bill the Irish Catholics pledged themselves, in the warmth of their new gratitude, to receive as payment in full for all their much-talked of grievances. Well, it was passed, in the vain expectation that it would prove the panacea for the ills of that unhappy country, and would bind the shamrock and the rose in close and brotherly union. We all know how miserably these hopes have been disappointed; that instead of healing, the measure has a thousand times aggravated the wounds of Ireland, and that, in the hands of seditious priests and selfish demagogues, it has become the most powerful instrument of attack against the party from which it emanated. The very men who were loudest in their protestations of gratitude for this boon, were the first to turn round, and, with unblushing effrontery, assert that it was never thought of as a final measure, but only a means to an end, reproaching with inconsistency those who granted them the original bill, and refused them what they state to be, and what in fact really are, further concessions necessarily involved in it. And this will be the case with the dissenters. When they have succeeded in obtaining a recognition of their principles, in apparently less important instances, they will attack the Church openly, and say, as they will have every right to say—You have already granted the main part of our wishes; all we ask is, that you be consistent with yourselves, and complete the work you have begun.

THE ADONIAZUSÆ.

THE FIFTEENTH IDYL OF THEOCRITUS.*

ARGUMENT.

GORGO and PRAXINOA, two Syracusan dames, formerly cronies, having come to live at Alexandria with their husbands, meet after a long separation, and resolve to go and see the feast of Adonis, celebrated at the expense of Arsinoë, Queen of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

Enter GORGO.

GORGO. Pray, is Praxinoa in ?

PRAXINOA. What, Gorgo, dear !
Is that yourself ? you're quite a stranger here !
And even now to see you makes one stare—
Quick ! get the lady, Eunoa, a chair !
And lay the cushion nice and smooth upon it—

GORGO. Nay, Ma'am, I beg—

PRAXINOA. Sit down—take off your bonnet.

GORGO (*wiping her face*). My heart alive ! a precious tug I've had,
And scarce got safe at last—my wind's so bad !
Oh, such a crowd, Praxinoa, was there,
Coaches, great coats, and jack-boots, many a pair !
Besides, the way's so wearisome,—your door,
I'm sartain sure, is two miles off, and more.

PRAXINOA. Aye, 'tis all spite—my husband's sich an ass,
He's ta'en a den a houseless wolf would pass,
In World's-end-street—that I might live alone,
And see no company,—except his own !
And all because he envied you and me
An hour's gossip, snug and neighbourly !

GORGO. Mind, honey, mind what names your spouse you call ;
There's little Johnny understands it all—
See how he looks !

PRAXINOA. Ne'er mind, my hearty boy !
I don't mean father—no, I don't, my joy !

GORGO (*aside*). The monkey ! who'd have thought it ?—Nice Papa !
I always thought him clever—like his Ma !

PRAXINOA. That " nice Papa " however, t'other day,
(Thus we call all things that have passed away,)
Went for some paint and nitre—'twas my fault—
And brought instead, two-pennyworth of salt.
A hulking blackguard—always in the wrong—
A grown-up baby—six feet seven long !

* It is unnecessary to apprise the classical reader, that the translator has endeavoured to give the *spirit* rather than the *letter* of the original.

- GORGO. I'm sure *my* husband, Diocles there,
He'd waste a mint o' money in a year.
It was but yesterday, a stupid fool,
I gave him silver to procure some wool :—
He brought some filthy scrapings of a sack,
Pluck'd from no sheep—unless a sheep-dog's back!
But get your hat—your cloak around you throw,
We'll to king Ptolemy, to see the show ;
They say the queen to day is dressed so fine !
- PRAXINOA. Aye, them 'ere rich folk can afford to shine—
But we shall see :—lawks ! how our friends will stare,
When we return and tell the wonders there !
- GORGO. But come—it's time to go—for me and you
It's always holiday—who've nought to do !
- PRAXINOA. The towel, wench ! how long you are a-bringing—
(to Eunoa) Those nasty cats—they've dirtied my best linen !
Here—bring it here—quick ! move your stumps, you slut,
Some water in the wash-hand basin put ;
We wash before we wipe—just see the wench !
But give it here—don't pour so much ! you'll drench
The house : there now—you've wetted all my gown !
(In a fury.) I've more than half a mind to knock you down !
Well, come, I'm washed at last. Gorgo, ar'nt you ?
I'm not *too* clean, God knows—but I shall do !
Bring me the key to open my big chest—
On days like these, I always wears my best.
- GORGO. Good lawks ! Praxinoa ;—turn round a little—
That gown suits your complexion to a tittle.
I hates to flatter—but I'm sure—yet say,
(Excuse my rudeness) what you had to PAY ?
- PRAXINOA. Heigh ho ! dear Gorgo, there it is ! I gave
More than two minæ—and I'm sure, no slave
Could have worked harder at it—lack-a-daisy !
I spun and spun till I was near spun crazy !
- GORGO. But now you like it ?
- PRAXINOA. Why, 'tis pretty well—
It *does* become me much, the truth to tell.
Here, Eunoa ! my parasol and shawl—
Put it on neatly—what makes Johnny bawl ?
I see, he wants to go—No, stay, my pup,
The horses bite, my dear—they'll eat you up !
Aye, cry your eyes out ! you'll not move your mother—
If you get lamed, there'll be a precious bother !
Here, nurse ! take Johnny—set him on the floor—
Call in the bitch, and fasten the front door.
(In the crowd.) My eyes ! there *is* a bustle ! when and how
We are to pass these ants, I hardly know.
(Soliloquises.) Ah, well a day ! I'm sure our noble king,
He's done a deal of good : but now, poor thing !
He's lost his father : ever since, I knows,
Them thieves has always minded where they goes !
Folks *now* may walk in peace—no robber dares
To kill the unprotected unawares.
The nasty sneaking dogs, with mischief rife,
Who first would take your money, then your life !

- Look, Gorgo, look! what will become of me?
 See the war-horses of king Ptolemy!
 (To a Man.) I'll trouble you to mind, Sir, where you put
 Your feet—you trampled on me with your boot!
 (To Eunoe.) See, see! he's rearing—what an awful beast!
 That great fierce chesnut will not keep at rest.
 My gracious! Eunoe, mind what you do—
 I'm sure he'll kill his leader, and you too!
 I knows I'm glad our Johnny is'n't here.
- GORG. Come on, Praxinoa; we're safe—don't fear.
- PRAXINOA. Now I'm collected: but I always take
 A dread at horses, and a long cold snake.
 But come—make haste—make haste—don't stop to dream,
 The crowd behind pours on us like a stream.
- GORG. (to an old woman). Pray, mistress, in the court-yard have
- WOMAN. I have. [you been?
- GORG. And is it easy to get in?
- WOMAN. Why try: by trying, all things may be done—
 By trying only, Ilion was won.
- GORG. More learned that than Oracles, by far.
- PRAXINOA. Gorgo, how very clever women are!
- GORG. Very—but see around the gate how thick—
- PRAXINOA. Gorgo, your hand. More closely, Eunoe, stick!
 I'm sure you'll lose us else! lay hold—that's clever!
 Now don't let go—we'll enter all together.
 O dear, O dear! my bran new gown is rent
 From top to bottom, and my bonnet bent!
- (To a Man.) Good Sir! sweet Sir! may all good luck attend ye—
 For heaven's sake from rustic shoes defend me!
- MAN. I'll do my best, ma'am.
- PRAXINOA. Thank you. Dash my wigs!
 These vulgar folk, they pushes just like pigs!
 A strongish crowd, Sir, ain't it?
- MAN. 'Tis, indeed.
 But now take courage—you're from danger freed.
- PRAXINOA. May you, kind Sir, have all the luck you can
 For ever. Gorgo, what a charming man!
 Here's Eunoe is squeezed and crushed to jelly—
 Tip 'em your elbows, girl, and don't be silly!
 That's well! "We're all in safe," the bridegroom said,
 As, with locked door, he climb'd the bridal bed.
- GORG. Look there, Praxinoa! a tasty thing
 That dress—I'm sure it need'nt shame the king;
 How soft and delicate! my eyes! 'tis odd
 Who could have spun it—sure it was a god!
 I always thought at spinning I was clever—
 But yet I could not equal that—no, never.
- PRAXINOA. Them pictured beasts a cunning artist proves—
 How true they stands! how natural they moves!
 Why, bless my stars, they're certainly alive—
 Ah! Gorgo, men are devils to contrive!

But look ye, where the young Adonis lies—
Sure, he's the fairest youth beneath the skies !
How calm he sleeps upon his silver bed,
Mourned by the living—loved among the dead !

A STRANGER. I wish, ye noisy hags, ye'd stop your clatter !
Like turtle doves incessantly ye chatter,
That country slang to few will good afford—
Ye Doric folk speak every thing *so* broad !

Gorgo. What ! hoity toity ! Doric folk, indeed !
Pray, who are you ?—and pray what is *your* breed ?
Not over high, I guess ! no, sir—'twon't do,
If we *are* chatters—what's that to you ?
Are *you* of Syracusan's lord and master ?
No !—when you are, *then* talk a little faster.
But know *we* come from the Corinthian coast,
Bellerophon our countryman we boast :
From Pelops Isle *our* dialect is sprung—
Sure, Doric folk may speak the Doric tongue !

PRAXINOA. None but the king shall e'er *my* master be—
And so—long life to good king Ptolemy !

Gorgo. Hush, hush ! don't prate so much about the king,
The Argive's daughter is about to sing
Th' Adonis—she who bore the prize away,
And sang so charmingly the other day.
I know she meditates some learned song—
She hems, and hahs, and tunes her voice so long.

(*Here follows a song on Venus and Adonis.*)

Well done, Miss nightingale ! 'twas sweetly sung ;
How learn'd and musical—and yet how young !
What talent too she shows !—thrice happy she,
Who joins such talent with such minstrelsy !
But I must hasten home—as I'm a sinner,
I quite forgot my Diocliides' dinner !
The sourest vinegar than him is sweeter—
A hungry husband is an awful cretur !
Don't you come near him, don't, Praxinoa dear ;
Good by—and thou, Adonis—till next year !

F. P.

ROSALIE GLENALVON.

A LEGEND OF OLD TIMES.

" *He sue for mercy—he dismayed
By wild words of a timid maid;
He wrong'd by Venice, vow to save
Her sons devoted to the grave?
No! though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush him, let it burst.*"

BYRON'S Siege of Corinth.

THE quarrels and broils which took place between the rival Castles of Glenalvon and C—— during the incessant feuds of the middle ages, have often been made the subject of historical anecdote. The custom of the times, which permitted a baron to arm every serf and dependant upon his estate, to summon them from their respective occupations, either to defend his person within the walls of his own fortress, or to lead them forth into the field of battle, was the constant source of the fiercest and most sanguinary bloodshed. Nor was the hostility thus engendered between the followers of different nobles, suffered to die with the feud which had awakened it. Years after would fathers deter their children from associating with the offspring of their former opponents, and even these would form themselves into clans, and wave the banner and brandish the sword. Marriages were prevented—young men were separated from their mistresses, only from the unlucky remembrance that their respective fathers had once followed the fortunes of different lords, and had fought under different ensigns.

The Lord of Glenalvon was descended from one of those nobles who had accompanied the Conqueror to England, and traced his lineage from among the most honourable families in Normandy. He was proud and haughty in his demeanour; resolute and inflexible in the performance of those actions which he considered his duty, but beyond the boundary of which, no soul, with the exception of his sovereign, could move him. His domestics and retainers feared while they respected him. His wife and children even, though they loved him, trembled in his presence. "Insult Glenalvon, and set the devil loose," was a proverb. "I will not only set him loose, but I will run him down afterwards," was the vaunt of the neighbouring Baron of C——. The Lord of Glenalvon smiled when he was told of it, but it was the last smile that ever played upon his lips. Three days only had elapsed ere the walls of C—— were surrounded by a large number of Glenalvon's followers, headed by their lord himself, and an assault made upon the fortress. It was however unsuccessful—but Glenalvon vowed vengeance at a future time.

The Lord of C—— was not the man to suffer such an attack to be made with impunity. Fiery and impetuous in his nature, he could little brook the indignity which, forgetting that he was the original aggressor, he conceived himself to have suffered. He commenced

reprisals by destroying the cattle which had been found straying within his grounds, and which were the property of his sometime rival, and now undoubted foe: then summoning his dependants together, he set out to repay the attack made upon his own castle, by a more resolute assault upon that of Glenalvon.

The aged warder was pacing backwards and forwards upon the battlements, when the enemy appeared in sight. They advanced with a slow but determined march. A large banner, on which were inscribed the arms of their chieftain, floated in the breeze. "*To do or die!*" was their watch-word.

The old lord was sitting very comfortably in the baronial hall—a huge flagon of ale foamed upon the table before him, from which he ever and anon took a hearty draught, and smacked his lips ere he replaced it. The warder suddenly broke in upon his enjoyment.

"They are come, my lord."

"Who are come?"

"The vassals of yon upstart Baron."

"Who sent them hither? By my father's God, but they shall rue this, if sword and courage are to be found in Glenalvon! Who leads them?"

"My eyes are dim, and I may not well discern their leader—but their numbers are many, and their armour glitters in the sunshine," answered the warder.

"Ah! say you so? Assemble the men—have up the drawbridge. Maiden," he continued, addressing an attendant, "where are my sons?"

"In the court, drawing the long-bow with their sister," was the respectful reply.

"Send them to me immediately," ordered the Baron.

It is unnecessary to detail the particulars of the siege. The castle of Glenalvon,—that fortress which was ever deemed impregnable, which had defended itself against so many fierce assaults,—became a prey to the invaders. The castle of Glenalvon was taken, and its lord perished in the fight.

Once in possession of the enemy's walls, the Lord of C—— set no bounds to his cruelty. The death of the Baron, which took place in the onset of the attack, disappointed the revenge which he would have otherwise wreaked upon a captured foe. But he turned his anger to another quarter. The lady of Glenalvon was inhumanly put to death, while the bloodhounds who murdered her gloated in her tortures: the three noble sons of the Baron were imprisoned in one of their own dungeons, only to survive till a better opportunity arrived for their execution; while Rosalie, their sister Rosalie, the fairest flower amongst God's fair creation, was reserved for a still worse and more detestable design. Of such kind were the events and proceedings which distinguished the feudal ages in England.

Poor Rosalie! the loveliest maiden within a circle of threescore miles of her father's castle—who had been sheltered in his bosom and soothed by his caresses; to whom the smile of her mother was of more value than the sparkling jewels which adorned her beautiful and swan-like neck;—poor Rosalie, who mingled in the sports and pastimes

of her brothers with all the delight and eagerness of youth, without parting in the least degree with that robe of feminine modesty which is the distinguishing ornament of woman—was now to be torn for ever from their embraces, to fall into the hands of a brutal and inhuman monster.

The Lord of C—— did not come alone to the attack—he was accompanied by a younger brother, whose breast, though cruel by nature, and rendered still more hardened by the sanguinary occupations in which he had been brought up, was still open to the voice of humanity; and the entreaties for mercy which the gentle Rosalie had uttered, had served not a little to soften and mitigate his ferocity.

The brothers were seated, on the night after the taking of the castle, by the side of a blazing fire in the hall before mentioned.

“Cannot we bestow some pity upon this poor girl, and spare the lives of her brothers?” said the younger.

“And can the drivelling of a girl overcome your bravery, Edgar? By my soul, I thought you had more courage.”

“But her tears, and her prayers—they are so tender! I am not the man who would quail and tremble at the approach of danger—I have already proved that; but, somehow or other, I am strangely moved in her behalf.”

“Fool! she shall not die. Did I not tell thee that her flesh was too fair for the crows of the air to feed upon? And what other destiny can she desire, more than to be mistress in C—— castle?”

“But her brothers—shall we take their lives? We have made her already an orphan, and ——”

“And what? Preserve them!—the offspring of our greatest enemy—the cubs of the tiger we have destroyed! Think ye, they would thank us for our humanity? How many days ere we should have again to draw the sword against them?”

“But, could we not shew some mercy?”

“Mercy! Oh, yes: such mercy as they would have shewn us, had we fallen into their hands. Would they not have glutted their vengeance with the sight of our death-throes? Would they not have desolated the hearth of our ancestors, and have heaped dishonour upon our father’s name? And shall we be less forward to avenge our cause than they? No, Edgar! ere to-morrow’s sun be risen a spear’s length in the heavens, they shall be hanging from the highest tree within the castle.”

“Then may their blood be upon your head! *Ave Maria, miserere mei!*” ejaculated Edgar.

There was a long silence in the hall. It was at length broken by the elder brother. “Whom did the maiden mean, when she spoke of Arcourt D’Aveny?”

“I know not,” returned the other, “unless it be her lover, who is gone to the Holy War.”

“Ha! ha! and has the girl a lover? By my soul, she will never pair with him then;” and thus he chuckled in his merriment.

We will leave these wretches to their repast and conversation, while we visit the three prisoners in their dungeon.

In a dark and gloomy cell, where sunbeam never entered, and which

no light, save the few faint beams which were shed from a flickering lamp, ever illuminated, the noble sons of the unfortunate Lord of Glenalvon were immured. There was a fourth person in the dungeon, who had been spared amidst the general slaughter which had taken place, and who had now come to perform the duties of his high and holy office. It was the aged priest.

"Let us not murmur, my friends and children," said the good old man, while the tears all the while were chasing each other down his cheeks; "we are called to endure tribulation in this life, even as our blessed Master endured it before us," and he crossed himself.

"I care not for myself," replied the eldest of the brothers with a sullen air; "but for my sister, if one hair of her head be harmed —" He stopped suddenly, as if the bare thought overpowered him.

"If Rosalie be harmed," cried the youngest—"if Rosalie be harmed, may the Eternal curse wither the soul of him who harms her! God! that I might break my fetters, and bathe my sword in his best heart's blood!—the fiend."

"Peace, my son," said the priest, "they dare not hurt thy sister! What, tear my Rosalie from my bosom, poor affectionate thing!" and his tears broke out afresh. "Evil has come upon the house of Glenalvon," he continued, "even in these last days, when my sun is well nigh set. Oh! that I have lived to see this day!"

"My dear father," exclaimed a soft and musical voice, "do you too give way to sorrow?" and the speaker clasped the neck of the aged priest.

It was Rosalie. The old man looked up. In his eyes never had she looked so beautiful as at that moment. He clasped her to his bosom, and would have blessed her aloud, but the violence of his grief prevented him.

"Let me go, my father," said the gentle girl, "let me go, that I may see my brothers;" and she threw herself into the midst of their embraces.

"Thank heaven, Rosalie at least is uninjured!" exclaimed the eldest.

"And heaven will be kind to us all," replied his sister. "I have knelt before our persecutors, and entreated your lives, and they told me that your bones should whiten in the cold night air, and that the crows and the ravens should feed upon your young flesh: but strong as they are, there is an arm that is stronger than they."

"And that arm will protect us," said the priest. "But, Rosalie, my pretty one, have they not injured thee?"

"They have slain my father and my mother," answered Rosalie, "and my brothers they will put to death. Can they harm me more?" And yet," she continued after a pause—"and yet are their hearts so hard? Can no voice of pity move them? Go to them, my father—go; they will not despise thy age."

"And would their hearts, which thy tears, maiden, could not soften, yield to the entreaties of a poor decrepid priest?"

"Then will I go myself again;" and as she spoke, she rose from her

hard cold seat; "then will I go. No! they never can refuse me. I will throw myself at their feet—I will overcome them by my tears. Yes, my brothers, you *shall* be free."

"Rosalie, Rosalie, you shall not go. Go not near them! The tiger of the desert hath more pity than they," exclaimed the brothers. But she had already disappeared, and her footsteps now echoed along the passage.

The murderers were still seated by the fire, when Rosalie entered.

"Ah! ah!" shouted the elder; "the maiden of Glenalvon is welcome. Pri'thee, be seated by my side, fair one. Why, how now! What is this?" he continued, as Rosalie threw herself at his feet.

"For my brothers' lives,—if there is a God in heaven whose vengeance you dread—spare them!" There was a solemnity in her tone, which for a moment silenced the man whom she addressed.

"Could we not bestow some mercy?" interposed the other, taking advantage of the silence.

"Mercy, thou drivelling fool! Get thee gone for a white-livered coward as thou art. Girl—thy brothers shall die. I have said it—they shall die: on the tallest tree within thy father's castle their bones shall bleach to all eternity—at least, till a stronger arm than mine shall take them down."

"Have you no sons," she continued—"no sons whose death you would deplore—no heart which would break with sorrow for their loss?"

"Maiden! I have *no* sons;" and the wretch shuddered as he spoke. "Once ——"

"Have you no sister, who would feel for you, as I shall feel for my brothers?"

"I have no sister."

"And you will not spare their lives?"

"Maiden, I will not. Hark ye! thy father would have taken my life—would have glutted his revenge with the last drop of my blood, had I fallen beneath his grasp. I had sworn to extirpate his race, for I had owed him vengeance for an ancient feud; and now—now that the time is arrived when I can reap my fill of satisfaction, shall I, like yon fool, become a drivelling craven, because a silly girl whines at my feet? The sons shall track the path of their father's blood as they did that of the blood of others; and thou, pretty one," he continued, softening his voice, "shalt ——"

"Shalt what?" shrieked Rosalie, starting to her feet, as a sudden thought for the first time flashed across her mind. "Oh, my God! can this wretch live?"

"Shall become the mistress of C —— castle, my dearest and ——"

"God forbid!" shouted Rosalie. "O thou monster, wouldst thou add insult to injury? Wouldst thou harm a poor unprotected girl? Harken!" she continued, and there was a dignity in her manner as she addressed him, with her snow-white arm lifted on high, and her dark raven tresses falling upon her shoulders; "hearken, I conjure you! You have told me that to-morrow's sun should look upon my brothers' dying moments. See that it look not upon your graves!"

You have made me fatherless—he fell by your hand in battle. You have made me motherless—she perished, the victim of your remorseless cruelty. See that ye make me not brotherless also—that ye send me not into the world friendless, houseless, unprotected! They told me that the tiger of the desert had more pity than ye have; and they told me truly. O thou God! who art in heaven, and who hearest prayer, and thou Blessed Mary, ever a virgin, who intercedest in our behalf, may these wretches fall by the end which they would doom to others; and yet, do thou, O Father, have mercy on their soul.”

“Thou art eloquent to-night, my maiden,” said the elder, with an affected laugh, which did not however conceal the uneasiness which he felt. But Rosalie had left the room.

“I told you so,” began the other. “May the blood which is shed be upon your head alone! *Sancta Maria, miserere—miserere mei*,”—and he crossed himself.

* * * * *

Two hours had scarcely elapsed since Rosalie had disappeared, when the sound of festivity was to be heard within the walls of Glenalvon castle. The long table in the hall was set out with viands of different kinds, while flagons of ale and wine, the never-failing sources of mirth and merriment, foamed and sparkled upon the board.

“Give us music—give us music,” shouted the elder of the brothers.

“There is a harper in the court below, young Waltheof, the son of the Saxon Yffa,” answered one of the attendants.

“Eh! how came he there?—but mind not—send him up: and where is the fair daughter of Glenalvon, that I may dance with her, and court her love?”

“She passed the gate but now, in the direction of the Saxon woman’s cottage: old Yffa nursed her, they say, when a child, and the poor thing would needs go now to rest a bit there.”

“Bring up the minstrel,” continued the lord, “and fill your flagons. Edgar, will ye never cease to mope for that foolish girl?—fill your flagon—Glenalvon has a good cellar—choice wines; drink, drink. Eh! sir harper—be seated by the board. How thy face is muffled up, man!”

“I fear the cold night-air,” replied the minstrel. “I heard that ye feasted here to-night, and I would needs play for your entertainment.”

“Eh! on my soul, a good fellow. What is thy country, minstrel? and thy name?”

“I am a Saxon by birth,” returned the youth, “and my name is Waltheof.”

“A right merry fellow!—give him wine, give him wine.”

An attendant filled a flagon, and presented it to the minstrel: he lifted it to his lips, but there were those who noticed that he did not drink.

“And now for a song!” shouted the Lord of C——, upon whom the wine began fast to operate. “A song—in pure English tongue: no Latin—we have enough of that in *Aves* and *Patens*.”

The minstrel passed his fingers over the strings as a kind of prelude, and then began the following:

"Here's a toast to the lips that first whisper'd of Love,
 And a health to the bard who first waken'd its strain:
 Like the glancing of stars from the bright skies above,
 Are the orbs that have bound my young heart in its chain.
 For the dear eyes of Beauty,
 'Midst tremblings and kisses,
 Are stars to the soul
 In a world such as this is."

"By my troth, a good song—a right merry song—a very good song," interrupted the Baron: "give him wine—more wine: old Glenalvon was pretty choice of his wines, it seems."

The minstrel frowned: "And you seem to be making pretty free with them too," was his remark.

"Right, right. Ha, ha!—but, warder, are the gates fast closed? or while we are listening here to the sound of music, the foe may come in, and, like the Danes, we may be entrapped to our cost."

"The Danes are not the last who may be entrapped to their cost by the sound of harp and the voice of music," observed the minstrel drily.

"Right again. By my soul, but you are a shrewd lad. Come, Edgar, drink! drink while you may. What did she say? that to-morrow's sun shall shine upon our graves. Ha, ha! Drink then while we may, for to-morrow we shall drink no more—

'Edamus et bibamus, cras enim moriemur,'

as the Priest says, when he reads from that book called the — what is it called?—but, never mind: what else does it say?"

"Woe to them that drink wine and strong drink," answered the minstrel.

"Ha! is it so? Then is there woe in my cup, and in old Glenalvon's too, if one may guess from his wine store. Ha, ha!

The minstrel's eyes flashed fire. "You seem to make very free with the name of old Glenalvon, as you call him—may be, if he were here, he would not thank you for your civility."

"Ah! what? my pretty youth—thou hast a good spirit, truly; but what is this Glenalvon to thee? Didst thou play to him when his daughter sat upon his knee, and fondled him with her childish caresses?—was she not a beautiful girl, think ye?"

The minstrel's brow was again clouded. "I have seen the Lord of Glenalvon," he replied, "when his daughter sat upon his knee—and have heard him bless her, and pray that her innocence may be always her protection from the wiles of villainy."

The Baron answered not; and again the wine, and again the song went round. Ere another hour had elapsed, they were lying fast asleep upon the floor. The minstrel left the room.

The three sons of the Lord of Glenalvon were alone in their cheerless dungeon, while the above scene was being transacted in the hall of their father's castle.

"Our sister Rosalie!" said the youngest: "Poor girl! if she were but safe from the power of those ruthless tyrants! Would that Arcourt D'Aveny were here: his arm is brave, and his sword is strong."

"And for the love of Rosalie, he would wield it in our defence."

"Fierce and inhuman monsters!" exclaimed the eldest, who partook of the fiery nature of his father. "My brain burns with fury at the thought — but no! they dare not harm her—she is too innocent—wretches as they are, they dare not."

"Eh! dare they not?" returned the other. "Saw you how they exulted over the corpse of our mother, when she lay bloody and headless upon the turf? Oh, my God! that I could break from this prison. How came Rosalie here but now?"

"The keeper admitted her to follow Father Gregory—but the door is fast now; I heard the bolt turn when he went out — Hark! it is opened again," continued the speaker, as a harsh grating sound echoed upon their ears.

And it was indeed opened, and the noise of footsteps was heard advancing along the passage that led to their dungeon. The being stood at the threshold.

"To life or death?" said the elder brother. "To life and freedom!" answered the stranger. "Do ye know me?"

"The figure is that of Waltheof, the minstrel, but the voice is not his—it should be that of Rosalie—"

"Bravo! bravo! And have I so disguised myself, that even my own brothers do not know me?"

"What! Is it Rosalie? Why, how is this?"

"Ask no questions, but follow me quickly: you are free!"

They waited not for a second invitation: in a few minutes they had reached the court-yard. "For heaven's sake, who has done this?" was their simultaneous exclamation, as they looked towards the mass of building which formed the interior of the castle. The whole was wrapped in volumes of smoke—flames were bursting forth from every window.

"For heaven's sake, who has done this, Rosalie? and who has blackened thy face, and disguised thee in the habit of the Saxon Waltheof?"

"Yffa, the Saxon woman, blackened my face," replied Rosalie; "and she clothed me in her son's garments, and she gave me his harp, and she bade me go forth and give them music and melody. I did so, my brothers, and they knew me not,—knew not the poor girl, who but a while ago knelt at their feet till she was spurned from them—knew me not in the Saxon boy's disguise. I saw the fumes of the wine—our father's wine—render them senseless. Oh, my brothers, we are free now!"

"But who kindled yon flames? who fired that building?"

"I kindled those flames—I fired that building—I piled up faggots from the court-yard, and without trembling applied the torch. I saw the flames rise higher and higher, till they kindled the beautiful roof and the carved wood-work, upon which our father so prided himself. I saw our enemies fall, even as those scorched and blackened walls shall fall. What of it? said I not, that to-morrow's sun should shine upon their graves? The castle of Glenalvon perishes with fire; the flames which destroy the glory of our ancestors have destroyed our foes! My brethren!—WE ARE FREE!"

One year had scarcely elapsed since the destruction of Glenalvon castle, ere a new and splendid building had arisen upon its site. Tower after tower, battlement after battlement, shot up one after another. It seemed almost the work of magic. Nor was this all. On a fine summer morning a bridal procession might have been seen to emerge from the walls of the castle, and pursue its progress till it arrived at the chapel belonging to the fortress and village of Glenalvon. There were youths and maidens with white banners and garlands of flowers, and there was the sound of music, and the melody of the harp. The bridegroom wore a large red cross upon his shoulder, a token that he had fought in the Holy Wars in Palestine. Three brothers followed in the procession: they were the three sons of the Lord of Glenalvon, and, reader—the bride was their sister, Rosalie.

W.

TO LALAGE.

"Meam canto Lalagem."—HOR.

My Lalage, my Lalage!
Aye, there is one that smiles to thee;
But oh, the blissful thought is vain—
Thou dost not smile it back again.

I see thee weep, I hear thee sigh—
Alas! I dare not ask thee—Why?
No! those are tears that tell to me
Thou art no more my Lalage.

On many a night my soul was drear,
Thy ever-watchful eye was near;
But now—oh, let them vanish!—now
My dreams are—Heavens! what art thou?

Yet more than e'er those lips avow,
The smile that lightens o'er thy brow;
Oh! how my wild forebodings flee,
Unconscious, as I gaze on thee.

My Lalage, my Lalage!
Aye, there is one that smiles to thee;
But oh, the blissful thought is vain—
Thou dost not smile it back again.

HORATIUS RESTITUTUS.

LUCIAN.

It is not, we believe, generally known, that both the idea of, and many droll incidents related in, the famous history of Baron Munchausen, are directly borrowed from Lucian's "True History." The latter tale—a philosopher's recreation, as it professes to be—is one of the most exquisite morsels for a classic tooth to discuss that can be found in the whole range of Greek literature. Though it might appear an anomaly to read Jack the Giant-killer's exploits described in the elaborate style of Gibbon, or the life of Goody-Two-shoes clothed in the most poetic dress with which Mrs. Barbauld or Mrs. Hannah More could invest it; and though it may seem to us ludicrous to apostrophize smoke-jacks and Jack Horners with all the majesty of epic poetry;* still the reader somehow does *not* feel any anomaly in perusing the account of the battle between the Sunites and the Moonites, of the gourd-pirates, of the inhabited whale, of the cheese-island, the ocean-forest, the bridge of water, &c. &c.; couched in the most really poetical, ornamental, and flowery style of the most honied writer of antiquity. We cannot help suggesting—would that our suggestion might be in a single instance acted upon!—that a good deal of birch, and no little trouble, would be saved, were the entertaining, easy, and perfectly classic Greek in which the "True History" is written, substituted in schools for the dry, unconnected, and garbled extracts from the various Greek Historians usually put into the hands of beginners in Greek. We should say, that no better subject than the former could possibly be selected for that purpose. Had Æschylus written "the Babes in the Wood" in Greek Iambics, he would have been more respected by little incipient Hermanns as the author of *that* than as the author of the Prometheus. Unquestionably he would. More youngsters would have voluntarily plied their Lexicons for an explanation of those long Greek words signifying "*blackberry*," and "*Robin-red-breast*," than now ply them by compulsion to fathom the meaning of *ὑψηλόκρημος* and *κελαινόβρωτος*. But we actually have a Baron Munchausen written in Greek! Aye, and that too in the purest, and (what is most important of all,) *the very easiest*, Greek. Why not then kill two birds with one stone? why not inspire a love for, at the same time that you teach the dry technicalities of, the Greek language? Reader, pardon us if we subjoin one or two short extracts from that most amusing of fictions, the "True History."

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

"About noon, when we had lost sight of the Island, a sudden whirlwind came on, which caught up the ship, and hurled it with great velocity for about three thousand stadia; not however letting it down into the sea again, but keeping it suspended in the air; where

* See Anti-jacobin.

the wind, falling on the sails, swelled them, and propelled the ship at a marvellous rate. Having traversed the air for seven days and seven nights, we perceived on the eighth a vast land, which bore the appearance of a round and very bright island, illuminated by some strong light; we approached it, and putting to our ship, landed; when we found, upon examining the country, that it was all cultivated and inhabited. In the day-time, we could descry nothing therefrom; but when night came on, we perceived numerous other islands close at hand, some larger, some less, all of them resembling fire in colour. Below us there appeared another earth, with cities and rivers in it, and seas, mountains, and woods. This we conjectured to be our own inhabited world. We now resolved to proceed further; but were met and taken by what are called there the Horse-vultures. These animals are men riding on prodigious vultures, which they use as horses. The vultures there are of an enormous size, and for the most part have three heads. Of their size a person may form some idea, when he is informed, that each of their wings is considerably longer and thicker than the main-sail of the largest ships! The business of these Horse-vultures is to fly round the land, and bring to the king any stranger who may be found. They accordingly arrested and brought us before the king. When his majesty had seen us, forming his conjecture from our dress, he said, 'You are Greeks, my friends?' When we assented; 'How then,' said he, 'have you contrived to come hither, having traversed so much air?' We informed him of the matter. His majesty then told us the whole of his own story; how that he was himself a man once, Endymion by name; and that sleeping by chance on our earth, he was carried up to the moon, and on his arrival became king of the country; for he informed us that this territory of his was the moon that shone to us below! He bade us take courage, and fear no danger; for that he would furnish us with everything we wanted. 'And if,' said he, 'I succeed in the war which I am now carrying on against the inhabitants of the sun, you shall live with me in the greatest prosperity.' We asked him who his enemies might be, and the origin of the dispute. 'Phaëthon,' replied he, 'the king of the inhabitants of the sun, (for the sun is inhabited as well as the moon,) has been making war with us this long time. It commenced from the following cause. I had collected the poorest men in my dominions, and wished them to emigrate in a colony to the Morning Star, which was desert and uninhabited. Phaëthon, it seems, was envious, and opposed the colonization, meeting us midway with his Horse-ants. We were then not a match for him; and being defeated, were compelled to retreat. It is now my wish to carry on the war to a termination, and to proclaim the colony a second time. If you are willing, be partners with me in this expedition, and I will furnish you with Vultures from the royal store, one apiece, together with all necessary arms and accoutrements. We shall make our attack to morrow.' 'So be it,' said I, 'since your majesty thinks fit.'

"We stayed with him for that day as guests, and in the morning prepared for battle, for we had received information from the scouts of the enemies' approach. Our army consisted of a hundred thousand,

not counting the baggage-carriers and engineers, nor the infantry and the foreign allies. Of this number, eighty thousand were Horse-vultures, and twenty thousand mounted on Herb-wings, which are monstrous birds, all shaggy with pot-herbs, which they use for wings; the pinions bear a strong resemblance to lettuce-leaves. On these birds were mounted, and drawn up in array, the Millet-throwers and Onion-fighters, who were strengthened by an allied force from the Great Bear—thirty thousand Flea-archers, and fifty thousand Wind-coursers. The Flea-archers are mounted on prodigious fleas, from which they derive their appellation. Each flea is about as big as twelve elephants. The Wind-coursers are not mounted, but they are borne through the air, without wings, in the following manner:—they gird on them long garments, which reach to the feet, and expanding the folds so as to be filled by the wind, they scud along as if with sails, in the manner of ships. These are mostly targeteers in the battles which take place.

“It was said, too, that the Acorn-sparrows would be there, from the stars above Cappadocia, in number seventy thousand: and the Horse-cranes, five thousand. These, however, I did not see; for they did not arrive: wherefore I have not presumed to attempt a description of them, for indeed some rather extraordinary and incredible accounts were given of them! This was the force of King Endymion. Their armour was the same with all: they had helmets made of beans, which grow very large and strong in that country. Their breastplates were made of lupines, the husks of which they stitched together. The pod of the lupine grows there extremely hard, like horn. Their shields and swords were similar to those of the Greeks. At the proper time they drew up in the following order:—the Horse-vultures occupied the right wing, in which was the king, with the bravest about his person, and in which we, too, were placed. In the left wing were ranged the Herb-wings; in the middle the allies,—each according to their own nation. The infantry amounted to about ten millions, and were thus drawn up. They have in that wonderful nation a great quantity of spiders, of a vast size, each of them very much bigger than the Cyclades islands; these were ordered to weave a web the whole way between the Moon and the Morning Star. As soon as ever they had finished it, the king drew up his foot-soldiers upon it;—the leaders of these were Nyctophorion, the son of Eudianax, and two others. The left wing of the enemy was composed of the Horse-ants, and amongst them was Phaëthon, the king. These Horse-ants are creatures of a prodigious size, very much resembling the ants with us, excepting in their proportions, for the biggest of them might be about two acres in size. Not only their riders, but the creatures themselves fought, and that most ferociously, with their horns. Their number was stated to be about fifty thousand. On the right of these were drawn up the Air-gnats, about equal to the last in number, all of them archers, riding on immense gnats. Next to these were the Air-dancers, light armed, and on foot, but still valiant warriors. They darted from a distance immense radishes; and whoever was hit, could not hold out long, but very soon died, his wounds putrefying.”

DESCRIPTION OF THE MOONITES.

“Above their posteriors a monstrous large cabbage grows, which serves for a tail; it is always in fine flourishing condition, and when they lie on their backs, does not get ruffled nor broken, but remains perfectly uninjured. From their noses issues a sort of very pungent honey; and when they undergo any violent labour or exercise, they anoint their whole bodies with milk, so that, by intermixing a little of this sour honey, cheeses are very commonly produced from their persons! They procure oil from onions; it is exceedingly fine and sweet-scented, and bears a great resemblance to ointment. They have an abundance of grape-vines in the Moon, which produce water: for the stones of the grapes are hail. It immediately occurred to me that the cause of the hail with us was the violent shaking of the trees by the wind (which in those high regions is very boisterous), and the bursting of the grapes—from which the stones then fell in a hail-shower. They make use of their bellies as sacks, for they can open them and put in whatever they please, and then shut them fast. When they are opened, if you look in, you can see neither liver nor entrails,—or at all events nothing more than the liver; for their inside is all hairy and shaggy, so that if the young Moonites are cold, they jump in there to keep themselves warm. The rich have fine soft crystal dresses; the poorer sort have them woven of copper, which is found there in great abundance. When they want to work the copper, they soften it by sprinkling water on it, just like wool. As regards the eyes which they have, I am quite afraid to describe them, lest any one should think I am only inventing a false story:—but, however, I will venture to do so. They are of such a nature, that they may be taken out; and whoever wishes, pulls them out, and keeps them safe till he wants to see, when he pops them in again. There are a great number to be met with who have lost their own eyes, and are compelled to borrow their neighbour's when they want to see. There are, too, some of the richer who keep a store of eyes. For ears, they have the leaves of the plane tree; all except the Tree-ites, whose ears are invariably of wood. I saw a very great curiosity in the palace. A large looking-glass was placed over a well of no very great depth, by descending into which a person may hear all that is said in the world below. If he looks into the glass, he may discern all the cities and nations there, just as if taking a bird's-eye view of them. I myself saw my own countrymen very distinctly; and indeed had a fine view of all the territory: though whether they saw me, I really cannot take upon myself to say. To any person, if there be one so incredulous, who inclines to doubt the truth of these statements, I can only say, that if he ever happen to go to the Moon, he may see for himself whether they be true or not.”

A CHAPTER ON GHOSTS.

READER, do not start with surprise, nor smile with contempt, at meeting with one who, in these "enlightened" days—that is, in these days of universal incredulity and scepticism—professes his belief in APPARITIONS. Nor imagine, we entreat, most courteous reader, that this now unpopular admission must needs be made by some weak-minded octogenarian of the woman-kind, who, having imbibed the vulgar absurdity in the preceding century, from once hearing an odd noise in the closet, or seeing something white in the garden, just after the clock struck midnight, has refused, with bigoted pertinacity, to yield to the philosophy of the times, and thus unwittingly obtained the unenviable appellation of The Last of the Ghost-believers. Not so, reader. You see before you the opinions of one who "could a tale unfold," which may not be unfolded—who has taken much pains to investigate the subject of Apparitions, and whose fortune it has been to converse with several parties of the highest respectability and intelligence, whose most solemn assurances he cannot and will not distrust.

It is a common remark, that no subject is more engrossing to the generality of mankind, none more capable of instantly arresting the attention of the most sceptical, than that of the unknown, mysterious, invisible, immaterial world. In fact, the intensity of interest with which all may be observed to listen to a tale of an apparition, sufficiently belies the professed incredulity of the hearers. Of the world beyond, we know NOTHING. No one, therefore, in stating his conviction of the absurdity and fallacy of believing in supernatural appearances, can (as the Bible does not decide) adduce more than probabilities or analogies in support of that conviction; and an argument founded solely on probabilities, however strong, and even satisfactory, these may appear to him who maintains it, must necessarily fail of producing, even in his own mind, *absolute* conviction, in the same degree as mere probabilities most fall short of absolute proof. Hence, whenever sufficient evidence is adduced to diminish or weaken these probabilities, the conviction arising from them is just in the same proportion diminished or weakened. But a conviction founded on *proof* is of course incapable of any such diminution, because no evidence can, properly speaking, invalidate a *proof*; for if it could, it would not be a proof, but immediately become, at most, a mere probability. And this is the reason why a "good ghost story" will generally stagger (or at least *interest*, which is much the same) the most incredulous, even though he be unwilling to admit that it does so. He finds that, after all, his mind is *not* settled upon the question, and that he had only endeavoured to satisfy himself that it was so. He cannot bring reason of sufficient weight to counteract evidence. In fact, he now begins to discover that he has but *persuaded himself*—not *been persuaded*—to treat all tales of apparitions with contempt, as idle and imaginary.

In considering any subject connected with the invisible world, we
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naturally have recourse to the Scriptures: but here we find that all-sufficient guide fail us—that we are entering upon mysteries too great for our understanding, and exceeding the bounds of Revelation. The veil of profoundest night is drawn over all inquiries into futurity. Yet even amid this thick darkness occasional glimpses appear, which, we trust, it is not too presumptuous to use as partial lights towards the investigation of the question before us. In proportion as strong, though still uncertain grounds exist for believing in a connexion between the visible and invisible worlds, so presumptive, though not positive evidence seems to us deducible from Scripture towards the confirmation of such a belief. There are several passages in the Bible, which have generally been alleged by those who maintain the reality of apparitions as furnishing strong evidence in favour of a belief in them. The unexpected apparition of Samuel to Saul and the witch of Endor is the most signal example of a disembodied soul being permitted to resume its mortal form, and revisit the earth. Again, in the account of the Crucifixion, as related by St. Matthew, we are told that “*the graves were opened, and many hodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and APPEARED UNTO MANY.*” And our Saviour reappeared in his human form to several after his resurrection. Now we are aware that we shall be allowed to lay but little stress upon these instances, if we use them as arguments to prove the possibility or probability of the departed reappearing now. They undoubtedly may have been absolute miracles—that is, the only instances in which the course of nature was so interrupted. But unquestionably, to say the very least, they are on *our* side, and make, if not against, not *for* those who disbelieve in apparitions. We candidly state, however, that we do not insist upon them, and have alleged them chiefly because they are usually alleged by such as maintain the appearance of spirits to be real, and not in all cases imaginary. We propose to examine the matter for ourselves on perfectly independent grounds, and to shew, as far as lies in our power, that a *hasty* incredulity is at least more rash than a deliberate opinion. Now we shall endeavour, in discussing this subject, to establish the two following propositions:

1. That there is no positive evidence or proof whatever, nor even any very strong probability, against the reality of supernatural appearances.

2. That there is the strongest proof, amounting to moral certainty at least, *i. e.* incontrovertible human testimony, in favour of the reality of such appearances.

These we shall try to prove by considering the arguments on both sides of the question. And first. Those who argue against the reality of apparitions, generally adduce the three following reasons for entertaining such a disbelief:—

- 1st. That it is contrary to the usual laws of nature that such apparitions should be permitted to visit the living.

- 2ndly. That there is no conceivable reason why they should be permitted; the mere object of frightening a person being obviously too trivial a cause for the Almighty to set aside his laws.

- 3rdly. That most ghost-stories have been easily resolved into cases

of delusion of the imagination, and that consequently it is fair to suppose that all might be so.

Now to these we answer:

That the first argument is hollow, because it presupposes the question. If spirits *do* appear, however rarely, (although in fact there is scarcely a family who cannot relate some instance,) their appearance is *not* absolutely *contrary to nature*.

That we cannot presume to say that the reason of their appearance is too trivial, because we cannot possibly tell what that reason is.

This point it is very important to consider well. The dispensations of Providence are professedly mysterious. If a man falls from a cart or a scaffold, and breaks his leg, no one is so absurd as to attempt to say *why* the event happened, though he doubts not for a moment that there was some reason, and good reason for it. Thus the second argument of sceptics evidently rests on an unfair presumption: they do that, in supporting their cause, which they would not venture to do in ordinary cases. But, it is said, it is much easier to *imagine* a cause for an accident than for a supernatural appearance; besides that the former is an ordinary, the latter an extraordinary, occurrence. Not to confound two distinct arguments, which this objection does, we answer, that *imagining* causes has very little to do with the business, and can have no weight; and that, in fact, so far from this being true, there are cases of apparitions, (whether true or false of course we do not yet assert,) in which the cause is quite as evident as it is in the most signal interventions of Providence. When Bernard Gilpin broke his leg, the cause, at first mysterious, was ultimately revealed. This is always considered a remarkable instance of a common occurrence eventually obtaining an uncommon revelation of the motive. But we could adduce an instance of an apparition (which we regret we are not at liberty to publish, because we feel confident that it would do more towards conviction than all our poor arguments,) attested by Bishop Porteus, and seen by us stated in his own handwriting, which had the signal effect of converting an atheist (we believe in his 90th year) to sincere belief. We can give *case for case*, which at least equipoises the balance. Besides, it may at any time be asked, Is so convincing a proof of the existence of another world to be accounted nothing? The benefit may be intended for *others*.

To the third argument of sceptics we answer—that, in our humble opinion, none but such frivolous stories as those to which the intelligent would attach no credit whatever, have been satisfactorily *explained away*. The readers of “Demonology and Witchcraft,” must surely have been much disappointed if they expected to find therein any satisfactory reasons for rejecting a previous belief in apparitions. There is not a single story there disproved which ever required disproof—they are all evidently *mere* stories. But whoever attempted any explanation or refutation of Lord Lyttelton’s, Sir George Villiers’, or Major Blomberg’s apparition? or of the supernatural noises in Mr. Wesley’s house, of which there is fully as indisputable evidence as of any event which ever happened? A similar disturbance, equally inexplicable, occurred some twenty or thirty years ago in Cambridge, in Llandaff House, situated nearly opposite the Uni-

versity Arms Hotel. The circumstance has frequently been related to us by an *inmate of the house at the time*. The Cambridge philosophers, and, what is far more strange, several London officers, who were sent for, and who took every means for the detection of any mischievous tricks, were equally baffled; nor has the affair ever been, nor will it ever be, explained. We have no doubt that the circumstance we allude to, which is too long for publication here, is remembered by many now resident in Cambridge. These cases we admit were *noises*, not *appearances*. This however is immaterial. But our object is not to adduce examples of *really authentic* ghost stories. They are numerous, and have been frequently published, nor are we aware that any solution of them has ever been offered, or any attempt ever made to explain them away. The reader is referred, among other collections, to one published by Mr. Jarvis, 1823, whose preface is well worth perusing. We would add, however, that we are ourselves in possession of more than one, which we think surpass all that we have seen published in strength of authentic testimony, circumstantial evidence, and collateral confirmation. These, however, we do not consider ourselves at liberty to publish, and consequently do not, of course, expect the reader to place any reliance in them.

Again. There are two points in connexion with this subject which yet remain to be noticed. First, that though ninety-nine stories may be resolved into cases of false perception, mere imagination, or imposture—and we have no doubt that the great majority of them may—still, if the hundredth should be absolutely incapable of any such solution, it is sufficient to prove the existence of apparitions; and, consequently, that the attempt to explain away *some* stories only, without disproving *all*, must ever be unsatisfactory. Secondly, that we willingly give up all accounts, however well attested, in which no *coincidence* followed the appearance; because these *might* have been mere imagination, which subsequent coincidence will hardly ever allow us to admit possible.

To revert to our second proposition. Those who maintain the occasional appearance of supernatural objects (whether spirits, forms, or resemblances of the departed—whether real or unreal, it matters not,) argue that, if anything can be proved by mere human testimony, (a proof, by the way, always admitted as sufficient in other matters,) the reality of apparitions can. That a sceptic has no *right* to disbelieve a story, unless he can either prove it impossible, refute the evidence, or explain it away. That, in the words of Dr. Johnson, “there is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. That this opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth. That those who have never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible.” That, if there be a spiritual world, as no one can presume to say what becomes of the disembodied soul, so no one can safely assert that it may not occasionally be seen by the living, for wise purposes unknown, perhaps, to us. In a word, that those who deny the existence of apparitions, necessarily deny it on grounds about which they are totally ignorant.

We would add a few words on the strong *internal* evidence which exists of the truth of such relations in general. Almost, if not quite, all authentic accounts agree in representing the form of some person to have appeared to another at the moment of the death of the former, which death has not been known to, or even in the least suspected by, the latter, till the news has afterwards arrived from some distant place where it happened. This is what we meant by *coincidence*. Again, in all the numerous and well accredited ghost-stories we ever read or heard, no instance has been mentioned in which the apparition has done any *harm* to the person to whom it appeared: yet nothing surely could have been a more tempting embellishment to a mere conceit. All too, we believe, agree in stating that no fear was felt till after the departure of the apparition—a strange and seemingly improbable statement. Now had these accounts been nothing but inventions, the authors of them would certainly have varied the tales. Close resemblance, or imitation, in fictions designed to impose, is almost always avoided.

The ancient philosophers—no mean authority, though heathens, in matters of mere human perception—offer explanations of such supernatural appearances without seeming to doubt, or to even have heard any doubt ever expressed, about the reality or truth of them. They speak of them as facts established and admitted by all. And would Æschylus have ventured to introduce, in two of his extant plays, the representations of ghosts on the stage, if the idea had been new or universally discredited? In modern times, the most powerful and contemplative minds have believed in them. Johnson, Addison, Reginald Heber, with several others, have not hesitated to express their credulity on the subject. And why should they? The air is probably peopled with immaterial hosts, who watch, and for aught we know direct, all our actions. The *knowledge* of their existence would have the most beneficial influence over our conduct. As it is, this knowledge is denied us; but is not the occasional appearance (admitting it to be true) of what is called a supernatural object, a strong *confirmation* of the fact that spirits visit, if not inhabit, our world? Those who are in the habit of attending death-beds, are of opinion that airy forms frequently become manifest to the dying eye. This may be fancy; but for our part we do not think so. We believe them to be really there. Deride not, reader.

Should these few observations arrest the attention of any one, so far as to induce him to consider the subject—for it is those only who never *have* considered it who indulge in a foolish and thoughtless laugh when it is mentioned—we shall not be inclined to blame ourselves, as others will blame us, for having directed his thoughts to a mere silly and imaginary chimera.

¶YXH.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

ARRIAN, in his curious and interesting Treatise on Hunting, gives the following pleasing description of his favourite dog, in language which we almost regret to spoil by translating:

"I myself once trained a bitch, of a dark tan colour, and of remarkable strength and swiftness; so much so, that I have known her, when young, catch four hares immediately in succession. She is exceedingly gentle (for I have her yet, while I write this) and fond of man's company: never indeed was any dog so devotedly attached to me or to my friend and companion, Megillus. She is now too old for the chase, but she never leaves either the one or the other of us: if I stay at home, she stays with me; if I go out, she attends me; if I repair to the gymnasium, she follows me thither, sits by me as I exercise myself, and, on my return, bounds before me, frequently running back to satisfy herself that I have not turned out of the usual road; and finding she has not lost me, she looks up good-naturedly in my face, and is off again. While I am engaged in my state duties, she accompanies my friend, and acts just in a similar manner with him. If either of us be ill, nothing will induce her to leave the bed-side for a moment; and if ever so short a time should have elapsed since she has seen us, she gently rears her fore legs against us, as if asking a kiss, and shews her affection by a low whine. When she sits by me at meals, she jogs me first with one paw and then with the other, to remind me that I must give her too some food. I never recollect any dog so clever at *asking* for a thing: she has a particular sound to express all her wants. Having been once beaten for a certain offence, even yet, if any one but mention the whip, she will run to him, and crouch down in supplication; then insinuatingly apply her nose to his mouth, just as if kissing him, and leaping up, hang from his neck piteously, and not let go till he ceases threatening her. Methinks I shall be pardoned for wishing to bequeath my favourite's name to posterity. Be it known that *Arrian had a dog called Hormè—the swiftest, the most sagacious, and the most divine of its kind.*"

PARODY ON MOORE.

Those chapel bells! those chapel bells!
How many a tale the clapper tells
Of Freshman's hopes, and that sweet time,
When first I heard their tinkling chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away!
And many a friend, that then was gay,
In some far curacy now dwells,
And hears no more those chapel bells!

And so 't will be, when I am gone,
Their tuneful peal will still ring on;
Another race tread Granta's dells,
And sing your praise, sweet chapel bells!

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

It is our painful duty to announce the decease of the Very Rev. Dr. Wood, Master of St. John's College, Dean of Ely, and Rector of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, which took place April 23, in his 80th year. He was elected to the Mastership of St. John's in 1815.

A. Mills, Esq., late of St. John's, was, March 14, elected a foundation Fellow of Queens'.

Davies' Scholarship.—E. Balston, Scholar of King's College, has been elected to an University Scholarship on Dr. Davies' foundation.

MARCH 15.—At a Congregation the following degrees were conferred:—*Honorary Masters of Arts.*—Lord J. J. R. Manners, Trinity, second son of the Duke of Rutland; Sir H. Dryden, Bart., Trinity Coll.—*Bachelors of Divinity.*—Rev. J. G. Johnston, Christ's Coll., and Head Master of Barnstaple Grammar School; Rev. G. Ingram, Queens'.—*Masters of Arts.*—R. Wilson, Trinity; E. Shortland, Pembroke; C. Spencer, Christ's.—*Bachelor in Physic.*—T. Barton, Queens'.—*Bachelors of Arts.*—T. Thring, Trin.; T. Ridley, Catharine Hall; A. Kemp, Caius; E. Ridgeway, Jesus; E. C. Sharpe, J. Bennett, Christ's.

A grace passed the Senate, "to petition both Houses of Parliament against certain clauses in a Bill now under the consideration of the House of Commons, upon the subject of Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues." The petition was carried in the Black Hood House by 35 to 7, and in the White Hood House by 33 to 3.

The Chancellor's Medallists.—The Chancellor's two gold medals for the best classical scholars among the commencing Bachelors of Arts of the present year have been adjudged to A. S. Eddis and J. G. Maitland, both of Trinity Coll.

Bell's Scholars.—The following gentlemen have been elected University Scholars on the Rev. Dr. Bell's foundation:—G. H. Ainger, W. Wilson, both of St. John's Coll.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS, 1839.—*Examiners.*—Richd. Shillette, M.A., Trinity Coll.; James Hildyard, M.A., Christ's Coll.; George John Kennedy, M.A., St. John's Coll.; Benjamin W. Beatson, M.A., Pembroke Coll.—*First Class.*—Ds. Freeman, Trin.; Penrose, Trin.; Maitland, Trin.; Eddis, Trin.; Woodham, Jesus; Hopper, Trin.; Bolton, John's; Mills, Queens'; Merry, Jesus; Simpkinson, Trin.—*Second Class.*—Ds. Yeoman, Trin.; Leeman, John's; Christian, Pemb.; Joy, Trin.; Brodrick, Trin.; Gell, Trin.; Relton, Pemb.; Sismey, Trin.; Mathison, Trin.; Martyn, John's; Bailey, John's; Laurence, Trin.; Gteen, Jesus.—*Third Class.*—Ds. Humphreys, John's; Tucker, Emman.; Stewart, Trin.; Watson, Emman.; Maunder, Queens'; Gordon, Trin.

MARCH 22.—There will be Congregations on the following days of the ensuing Easter Term:—Thursday, May 2, and Wednesday, May 15, at 11; Tuesday, June 11 (Stat. B. D. Comm.), at 10; Saturday, June 29, and Monday, July 1, at 11; and Friday, July (end of Term), at 10.

The following gentlemen of St. John's College have been elected Fellows upon the foundation:—Benjamin Morgan Cowie, Percival Frost, William Bishop, Samuel Blackall, and George Currey.

The following gentlemen have been elected scholars of Queens' College, in this University:—Reynolds, Bickersteth, Eller, Marie, Raw, Crabbe.

Caius College, APRIL 5.—Isaac Preston Cory was elected a Senior Fellow of this College. The Rev. Robert Murphy was elected Stokys Fellow. W. F. H. Jerrard was elected a Frankland Fellow; the Rev. M. Gibbs, Frankland Fellow; and John Tozer, a Fellow on the Wortley Foundation.

On Wednesday, April 10, the following gentlemen of Trinity College, were elected scholars of that Society:—

Law,	Wickes,	Neale,
Allen,	Watt,	H. C. Jones,
Gooden,	Blenkiron,	Preston,
Mate,	King,	Cope.

J. Allen was likewise elected a Westminster scholar of that Society.

The Subjects for the Previous Examination in 1840, are—

- The Gospel of St. Luke.
- Paley's Evidences.
- The 1st and 2nd Books of Xenophon's Anabasis.
- The 3rd Satire of the 2nd Book of Horace.

The Examination Subjects for B.A. Degree, 1841, are—

- Homer's Iliad, Book 7—10.
- Sallust, Catiline Conspiracy.
- Paley's Moral Philosophy.
- Acts of the Apostles.
- Euclid, Arithmetic and Algebra, Mechanics, and Hydrostatics.

New Works Published in Cambridge.

The New Cratylus, or Contributions towards a more Accurate Knowledge of the Greek Language, by J. W. Donaldson, M.A., Fellow of Trin. Coll.

The Life of Aristotle, including a Discussion of some Questions of Literary History relating to his Works. By the Rev. J. W. Blakesley, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College.

The Aulularia of Plautus, by the Rev. J. Hildyard, M.A., Fellow of Christ College.

Dynamics, or a Treatise on Motion, by Samuel Earnshaw, M. A., of St. John's College. Second Edition, enlarged.

A Treatise on Crystallography, by W. H. Miller, M.A. F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College.

Sancti Patris Nostri Joannis Chrysostomi Archiepiscopi Constantinopolitani Homiliæ in Matthæum. By B. Frederic Field, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College. 3 vols. 8vo.

Schömann de Com. Atheniensium, translated. With an improved Index.

The Third Satire of the Second Book of Horace, with English Notes, and a New and Literal Translation.

Beatson's Exercises for Greek Iambic Verse, 2nd Edit. with additions.

A Treatise on the Differential Calculus, designed for the use of Students in the University, by J. Baily, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, and T. Lund, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College.

Cambridge Course of Elementary Natural Philosophy, being the Demonstrations of the Propositions in Mechanics and Hydrostatics, for the use of those who are not Candidates for Honours.

Juelli Apologia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ; accedit Epistola ad D. Scipionem de Concilio Tridentino conscripta.

In the Press.

A Translation of Jewel's Apology of the Church of England, and of his Epistle to Dom. Scipio on the Council of Trent, with illustrative Notes.

Homer—Books VII.—X. with English Notes.

Sallust—a New and Literal Translation.

A New Literal Translation of Books VII.—X. of Homer, with Illustrative Notes.

An Enquiry into the present state of Trinity College, by a Member of the Society.

Exercises for Latin Prose Composition, by the Rev. B. Beatson, M. A., of Pembroke College.

CHURCH AND STATE.

"Profectò virtus atque sapientia major in illis fuit, qui tantum imperium fecere, quàm in nobis, qui ea benè parta vix retinemus."—SALLUST.

"You cannot make men religious by Act of Parliament," says one dissenter.

"It is unjust to give the preference to any one 'sect' over another," says a second.

"It is hard that the nation should have to pay for their religion against their will, especially when they happen 'conscientiously' to dissent from the particular form established," says a third.

"Religion is a matter between each individual and his Maker, and not a State business," says a fourth.

Such are the sapient, and of course unanswerable, objections made by the sectarians of the present day against the connexion of Church with State—that hallowed union, to which, if these thankless malcontents did but know, or rather, perhaps, would acknowledge it, they must mainly attribute all their national, and consequently individual, prosperity, and which has unquestionably been the sole means of preserving unimpaired by caprice or superstition anything like an uniform, consistent, and decorous form and system of public worship.

But within the last few years a lamentable change has come over the spirit of the people, engendered, perhaps, by the long period of uninterrupted peace which the nation has now enjoyed. The mob, though utterly incompetent, are getting into a way of what is called "thinking for themselves," instead of letting their betters think for them: and popular rationalism is fast supplanting expediency. The very pot-houses and dram-shops have become hot-beds of disputatious politicians. Every man who can read a newspaper, thinks himself qualified to be a legislator, and imbibes from the seditious (and, alas! all but untaxed) trash which daily issues from the "liberal" press, false views and opinions, as delusive to himself as destructive to the commonwealth at large. Vague theories, if not altogether false, at least altogether unconstitutional, about *equal rights* and *liberty of the people*, eagerly propagated by factious and interested demagogues, and subversive of all control and subordination, are daily filling with discontent, sedition, and disaffection the minds of our once happy working classes. The governed must now be governors. Reform,

"horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans,"

has reared its accursed head in the land, and already done half its odious revolutionary work. REFORM! is emblazoned on every flag, pasted on every wall, blurted forth at every public meeting, professed at every election, toasted in every drinking-cup, from the crystal goblet of champagne to the smutty beer-horn of the radical operative—nay, bellowed into the very carriages of royalty and nobility! Yes, *change* is indeed the order of the day; not the unheeded cry of a few

individuals, but the general popular feeling—the national malady. The idol of liberalism—that fond delusion—is set up in every town and village in the land, and its worship has absolutely infatuated the once contented and matter-of-fact inhabitants of our isle: and the rage for novelty, necessarily resulting from these altered principles, has spread, like a contagion, with such resistless sway, that it has dared to attack not only secular, but even spiritual things. Thus, not satisfied with mere political scheming, we are now, without any apparent compunction, playing tricks with religion, and desirous of ruthlessly severing, with hands profane, from the bosom of its fostering mother, that which ought not only to be hallowed to every truly good and thankful heart, but endeared to every sincere patriot—the National Church.

The objections now so frequently raised against the Church, as established in England, are chiefly based on the grounds of its relation with the State: and hence the Heads and Representatives of the Church, the Bishops, are made the chief point of sectarian attack in their capacity of legislators, or State-counsellors. We hear on all sides of us a clamorous and incessant demand, that the State be forthwith deprived of the benefits naturally, if not necessarily, accruing from the great learning, piety, wisdom, and experience of our sage and temperate Prelates,—who, surely, without insisting on any ultra high-church doctrines, may be supposed to be under the more immediate guidance of Heaven—because, forsooth, “it is inconsistent with their sacred office to preach on Sundays, and deliver a speech in the House of Lords next day upon a beer bill!” Such, perhaps, might have been the sentiments of an hypocritical Puritan of bye-gone days; but a modern dissenter should consider, and no doubt would do so were he not biassed by party feelings, that to share in promoting the welfare of a nation cannot be “inconsistent” with any religious office, however high or important: that the Bishops sit strictly as *representatives of their Church* (which cannot, as all other classes and denominations of the community, not excepting the dissenters themselves, can, send representatives of its own body to the lower House),* and take, in reality, a very small and reluctant part in secular affairs:† that, whether “consistent” or otherwise, the State has, during the period the Bishops have participated in the legislation, risen to be the greatest and most glorious in the world: and that we should be very jealous of dis severing from the legislative body any members of it who may, under Heaven, have been even a partial cause of that preeminence;—in short, no dissenter should insist upon this as a point of objection to our Established Church, without taking an impartial retrospective view of what *has been* the result of such a combination of secular with spiritual power, before he cherishes any vague theoretical opinions of what *might be* the advantages of its discontinuance.

* This was the case before the Reformation.

† Since writing the above, we find in the Parliamentary report of June 17, the following piece of vulgarity uttered by Lord Brougham in the upper House:—“They found, when the measure for the alteration of the beer bill was about to be brought to a close, only two out of the twenty-six Bishops to sacrifice their dinners”—their regard for their belly, which was their god! (order.)” *Order*, indeed! Was there no Peer to exclaim, “Turn him out”?

We must, however, confess that in our opinion the above-mentioned objection to "the lordly pastors smelling of imperial parliament," as the pious dissenters scoffingly call the Successors of the Apostles, is but a false and frivolous pretext to disguise the virulence of sectarian hatred. As long as their Lordships present an obstacle to the enactment of such precious specimens of dissenting liberalism as the minions of the dissenters in the lower House are constantly endeavouring to foist upon the loyal part of the community; as long as they boldly intercept the deadly weapons levelled against the Church; so long will the cry be, "Down with the parliament Bishops!"

When such sentiments of hostility to an established Church are not only extensively prevalent, but even openly favoured by government, we cannot be surprised that every possible means are resorted to by the malcontents and their ministerial allies, to annoy the Clergy and weaken the Church. It would be vain to expect that a party, who are themselves destitute of fixed annual revenues appropriated to religious uses, should view without envy and jealousy the property of the Church, and especially the "enormous" incomes of the Bishops. But how comes it, we should like to ask, that they make no objection whatever to *individual* noblemen possessing estates equal in value to the whole amount of property * divided among *all* the Bishops, while they so vehemently protest against any one of the latter holding his pittance of two, three, four, or five thousand a-year?—sums far less than the annual incomes enjoyed by thousands of private gentlemen in the land! Compare, too, the nature and uses of the revenues respectively held by a Bishop and a lay nobleman. The former devotes almost the whole of his to the building and endowment of Churches, the enlargement of small livings, and similar pious purposes; while the latter is considered a prodigy of liberality, if he now and then apply a few hundred pounds to the same uses. Now let us briefly examine the *nature* of the property of each, and we shall immediately perceive how utterly, how wilfully false is the stale objection, "that the property of the nobleman is *private*, that of the Bishop *public* property."

Generally speaking, the lands belonging to the Church have been in its possession for a far greater length of time than the estates now held by any of the aristocracy have been claimed by their ancestors. Moreover, the Church lands were originally appropriated to sacred purposes exclusively; freely given and bequeathed by their owners for religious uses: whereas the estates of the nobles were, for the most part, either grants made in far later times by partial sovereigns or unjust usurpers, whose only law was *cedat fortiori*, or even *derived from the spoliation of true and legitimate Church property*.† Thus Church property is not only more *sacred* than any other kind, but held by a more *ancient*, as well as a more *just* title. But is it not enough to say, that it is secured by a religious sanctity, of which all other

* £160,000 per annum.

† In 1540, Henry VIII. squandered almost all the immense revenues derived from the suppression of religious houses, in creating and supporting Earls, Barons, and Knights. Though several of the English Bishoprics were erected as late as this time, they were still endowed with what had previously been church property.

property is destitute? To plunder a Lord is robbery: to plunder a Bishop is sacrilege;—and indeed the spoliation of Church property has in some instances been attended with such signal vengeance from heaven, even to the third and fourth generation of the spoilers,* that it is wonderful how an impious nation could ever dare to lay finger upon it again! Yet would the State think for a moment of depriving any one Lord or gentleman of his property, however lately or even unfairly (so long as legally) acquired? No. *The State has a just horror of robbery, but none whatever of sacrilege.* But let us further observe, that while the State, were it to confiscate and apply to any other purposes the estates of a Lord, would be robbing an *individual*, the same State, in alienating and applying to any other uses (as education) Church property, is, eventually, *robbing the people!* The Church is the people's heritage. They pay nothing for it in reality—not one farthing; while your sham dissenting "clergy," who take care to line their pockets pretty comfortably with the "voluntary" imposition, cost them a great deal. It is the existence of distinct Church property (whether landed, or held, like tithes, on an equally just, though less visible, tenure,†) which saves the people that money which they have to pay to their dissenting teachers. But if this property be taken away from the Church, *their* property is taken away from *them*: they must pay the Clergy themselves, or have no Church. And if lands belonging to one see are unjustly appropriated to augment the revenues of another see, it is much the same—part of the people are robbed to enrich another part. And it is indeed strange to find, as we do in these days of reform, so many *see*-gulls innocently petitioning Parliament that it will be pleased to rob them of their superfluous Church possessions! This is truly *liberalism!* Now we would appeal to any candid person, if this is not a true view of the case. When the revenues of a see are reduced to half their former rightful amount, who, we would ask, is the sufferer? Not, we confidently assert, primarily the Bishop: *he* has only the less money to spend in doing good in his diocese. It must necessarily be those who cannot now be benefited by his liberality, that *really* suffer.

Alas that the times in which we now live should be characterised by such a restless and extravagant thirst for change; that is to say, by a dissatisfaction with everything *established!* Not content with a constitution, which, having been gradually reared on the sure basis of experience, has at length exalted the English nation to that proud eminence from whence it can look down upon every other people in the world, our would-be-reformers, mistaking novelty for improvement, and acknowledging no resting point in excellence, would fain have their country *better than best*: they would build the superstructure higher than it will bear, forgetting that it may eventually overbalance itself and fall upon their own heads. It is allowed

* See *Church Magazine*, Nos. II. & V.

† Tithes have been regularly paid to the Church since the eighth century, according to Hallam. The *legislative enactment* of tithes is commonly ascribed to Ethelwolf, early in the ninth century; though there is reason to believe that tithes were paid in Britain as early as 429.

by the most calm and cool political philosophers, both of the past and present time, that, by the lapse of ages, and the cautious and gradual adaptation of measures to necessities, the English constitution has attained a point about as near to perfection as it is possible to arrive—blemished, indeed, as every merely human constitution must always be, with numerous and perhaps great defects, yet, upon the whole, and in all main points, unexceptionable. Now if practice, example, and precedent are exhausted; if the constitution has advanced to its limit of excellence—and a limit there must be somewhere, as the history of nations fearfully proves—to what can the votaries of still further improvement (as they call it) have recourse? To speculation and theory.* They are compelled to leave the guidance of *experience*, and plunge into the unknown regions of *experiment*. To this party are opposed those somewhat more cool-headed and calculating “bigots,” who, without absurdly imagining (as they are ignorantly accused of doing) the English constitution to have attained perfection, still consider the approximation to it sufficiently close to warrant a determined resistance to all such bold and sweeping measures, as, under the specious guise of improvement, threaten to become (considering them not merely in themselves, but in their effects and tendencies) causes of real, serious, and perhaps irreparable deterioration; who, in short, would rather tolerate imperfection in the working, than endanger the whole system. They feel, indeed, that moderate alteration in some minor points would not only be unobjectionable, but highly desirable. But the conduct of the modern destructives has compelled them to oppose even this *on principle*. Were there no ultra-Radicals, there would be no ultra-Tories. The latter entertain the opinion, which events more and more confirm, that it is impossible to check the progress of innovation. Once open the flood-gates of reform, and revolution will rush in before they can be reclosed. The question lies between theoretical aggrandisement and practical imperfection. The latter we have, feel, and lament. Is it better to tolerate it, or to throw a die which may cast up ruin or improvement, as it happens?

In consequence of the above principles having of late years become as it were incorporated with the national character, a vast wave of popular feeling has been, for some time past, rolling slowly, and hitherto irresistibly, against the walls of our Reformed Catholic

* What can we call such measures as the Ballot, Universal Suffrage, Repeal of the Corn Laws, (and the Reform Bill?) but *theories*—and those of the very wildest and most uncertain description? Respecting that democratic abomination, the Ballot, who is it that so loudly demands it, but the rabble crew, who (thanks to the Reform Bill) are alone bribed at elections? And why do *they* want the Ballot? Because if a fellow has always professed himself of one party, and goes and votes for the opposite, his shame is now readily detected. Is this fear of exposure, or the Ballot, the best “protection?” We may add, that the dissenter’s favourite “voluntary principle” would be a mere theory if there were no Established Church; a spirit of rivalry to which alone actuates them. Indeed, the utter incompetency of the system, even at present, is lamentably apparent. It is well known that hardly a conventicle in the kingdom is paid for; and it is said that Government actually grants £15,000 per annum, for the maintenance of the old cast-off dissenting teachers!

Church, threatening to overwhelm it in utter ruin. A body (if we may so designate a dissentient mass of parties of various persuasions) of *politico-religionists*, too self-sufficient to submit to the Church's authority, too covetous to view without envy her revenues, and either too ignorant to see, or too obstinate to feel, the wickedness of their unhallowed designs, have joined themselves in array to effect her total destruction. And hence it is that one of the commonest outcries of the radical malcontents and sectarians of the present day—if a sectarian is essentially anything but a radical malcontent—is that raised against the existing connexion between Church and State. They would have these two incongruities (they tell us) dis severed from each other. Now we will answer for it, that if you ask a hundred of these worthies, separately, the simple question WHY? hardly one of them will be enabled to give a satisfactory answer. They never for a moment consider, that, after all, the State does very little for the Church—not a thousandth part of what the Church does for the State. It certainly confers upon it authority to enforce the due observance of its own rites and ceremonies. It unquestionably secures to it—or rather, perhaps, in these days of sacrilege, *professes* to secure, its own revenues; in which respect it does no more, indeed rather less, than afford the protection which it refuses not to extend to the meanest of the people. It undoubtedly gives its representatives a seat in the upper House of legislature. But is the right of representation an exclusive privilege of the Church? The fact is, none of these points are, or can be, *really* objected to: they are only made the grounds of false and malignant cavil. Delighted with the prospect of a new religion, and actuated for the most part by that virulent spirit of spurious liberalism, which is now, unhappily for the nation, so widely prevalent, vast bodies of these misguided people have entered the lists of blind and unmeaning opposition to the Church, from which they have *voluntarily excommunicated themselves*, and deserted to the apostate ranks of the enemy: and having now obtained, by the short-sighted policy of the legislature, an equal right to participate in all the offices of the crown, and thereby gradually gained sufficient influence to ensure, in many places, the return of their own creatures to Parliament, they have eventually secured a powerful party in the Commons, who, knowing well to whom they are indebted for their places, are incessantly engaged in forwarding the interests of the dissenters, and have already succeeded in removing much of what that ever discontented and factious body call, with true sectarian cant, "*their grievances*." Despicable as are the paltry sects individually, in comparison with the great body of Churchmen, yet, leagued with the dissenting papists and with each other, though differing among themselves frequently in more serious points than they respectively differ from the Church, they form a strong offensive phalanx, which nothing but the firmness, unanimity, and activity of Churchmen can hope to resist. Now that the Reform bill has wrested the representation of the country from the respectable and intelligent, and conferred it upon the rabble multitude, who neither know what they want nor understand what is their interest, the position of Churchmen has become

peculiarly difficult. *Nine-tenths of the dissenters are reformers* ;* deny it who can. Of course, the Church is to be the first subject to try "reform" experiments upon. It is positively preposterous that such men should have a voice in any matter relative to Church affairs. *Of course* they would have it down altogether. It has been truly remarked, that "the question now is, not whether the Established Church will tolerate dissenters, but whether dissenters will tolerate an Established Church."

To let sectarians say whether the Church shall stand or not on her present footing, is to allow schoolboys to decide whether their master shall flog them or not. The State, fully believing the Church, and the Church alone, to be the one true form of religion, and not yet daring to pronounce schism no crime, when the Bible distinctly asserted it to be such, continued, at the Reformation, to extend to her, in her purer constitution, its peculiar protection, and required that every man, instead of building a religion for himself, should acquiesce in her authority. *It is the disavowal of the Church's authority which has caused all the mischief.* The papist's doctrine of infallibility has so scared Protestants, that they begin now-a-days to think their own Church has no authority at all ; thus running into a false and most pernicious extreme, which the Reformers, and even the founders of some dissenting sects, never dreamt of. Now, however, it would almost seem that the State, or rather the ministry who misconduct it, repents, without yet daring to avow it, of the patronage which was extended exclusively to the Church. They are now acting a part characterised by the grossest inconsistency. They support, and yet discourage—assist, and yet depress—exalt, and yet degrade, the National Church. What strange conduct is this ! If the State professes to support one particular form of religion, because it considers it the best (to take the very lowest grounds), why patronize and encourage other, and those rival, if not opposing, forms, which it must, if consistent, necessarily deem worse ? If it no longer consider it best, why support it still ? If it deem it only *as good*, why give it the preference ? The last is probably the real feeling of the present ministry : but take the case as you will, their conduct displays manifest inconsistency. Unquestionably, the majority of the sects now existing have arisen since the Church, in its present form, was taken under the then fostering wing of State protection. That any one of these sects, distinctively, is the only true religion, none but the members of it would be insane enough to aver. The State certainly is not desirous to elevate any *one* of them above the rest ;—indeed it is this very principle of exclusiveness which offends the present votaries of what is called religious equality. Have we then to fear that the State protection (such as it is) will soon be withdrawn from the National Church ?—that in fact it will no longer be a *National Church* ? We say, *to fear*, because, though in many respects such a withdrawal would be

* This singular fact, we suppose, is but "a coincidence." Their motives are purely "conscientious," and quite independent of political opinions. For our own part, we wait till this "coincidence" is explained, before we believe in the "consciences" of the pious dissenters.

absolutely advantageous to us, yet it would probably involve the alienation of its revenues, to preserve and enforce the payment of which to its rightful possessors seems the chief object of State protection. Late events have fully shewn in what light the Government chooses now to view ecclesiastical property. It has either decided from the grossest ignorance, or pretended, with the most wilful audacity, that the State which secures, must therefore be the owner of, property : that if it protects, it must likewise interfere ; that the power which never gave, is authorised to take away. Were her own legitimate property permanently secured to the Church, as their estates are to the aristocracy, and indeed private possessions to every individual ; were her own Parliament, the Convocation, restored, and certain vexatious laws repealed, which were enacted for the sole purpose of hampering her independence, and restricting her privileges ; the Church would gladly throw off the State yoke ;—of this dissenters may be assured. And what would be the consequence ? Why, she would then become, as of old, superior to the State. *The Church was originally subjected to the State, that the State might not be subjected to the Church.* And the ire of dissenters would be ten times increased at her supremacy and their own insignificance. Thus if the chief ground of complaint against the Church, namely, its connexion with the State, were removed, so far from satisfying dissenters, it would excite their bile to a ten-fold degree.

The present ministry, however, instead of being inclined to exalt, are using the most insidious means to degrade and undermine the influence of the Church. Their hidden treachery is more to be dreaded by far than the open warfare of the Radicals, because they play upon the credulity of the people, and “conceal their poison in a honied cake.” They feel that the nation is not yet prepared to yield without a struggle the source of all its prosperity, and the main-spring of the very constitution ; and, knowing that it is at present vain to attempt her overthrow, they are bringing the most insidious machinations to bear against her. Their object seems evidently to be to bring about such times, and pave the way for such a state of popular feeling, as may render her destruction, or at least degradation, a comparatively safe and easy undertaking : to take her out-works by storm, and then attack the unprotected fabric itself. This object has, in great measure, already been effected, by acts, tending to exalt and foster, as the rivals of the Church, the papists* and dissenters ; by those useless and execrable measures, the New Marriage and the

* Can Englishmen still sit in sottish indifference, year after year, under such a ministry as the present, when they know, as they surely must, that in the Canadas and others of our colonies, the Government grants more by three or four times to the Popish bishops and priests than to the Protestant Bishops and Clergy ? That most of the offices of trust and importance in Ireland are filled, by command of O'Connell, with perjured papists ? That many of the nobles in daily attendance on the Queen are papists ? That our Bishops are all but excluded from the presence of royalty ? That Government has withdrawn from our Church abroad the annual grant which it continues to the Popish sink of iniquity at Maynooth ? Yes ; Englishmen know all this—yet, “somehow,” the ministry are still in office ! But every dog has his day.

Registration Acts;* by the total suppression, or rather confiscation, of some Bishoprics; the spoliation of others; the *attempted* appointment (in most instances signally frustrated by Heaven) of "liberal" Bishops, and other Dignitaries—which is, in fact, putting rotten pillars to support the fabric; by endeavouring to foist on the nation the anti-church Education scheme, and Church Discipline Bill; by the Ecclesiastical Commission, and its nefarious results; as well as by proposing to plunder and alienate cathedral property. What! can people really think, as they say, that the Whigs are the true friends of the Church? Why, every reflecting person must see, that all these measures tend more or less directly to diminish the influence of the clergy, to shake the belief of the people in their divine authority, and to raise up the unauthorised pretenders of various sects to a level with them. And what must be the evident result of such a state of things? People will soon find it an actual advantage to be dissenters; they will have no Church-rates,† or no tithes to pay, or some such "grievances" removed; every one of "no particular religion" will join the cheapest party, as a matter of course; dissenters will out-number Churchmen; and we shall have our churches desecrated (according to Lord Fitzwilliam's wish) by sectarian preachers mounting our pulpits, and gainsaying every word of what the Clergy have said an hour before: in short, England will become *altera Hibernia*, from the "liberal," but most abominable Whig policy of encouraging religious differences.

We may here remark the very common confusion, or rather mistake, made between *toleration* and *patronage*. Although we may tolerate, it is yet our duty to oppose dissent, if we consider it altogether sinful and unjustifiable. But does it necessarily follow, that *because* we tolerate, we should also run into the opposite extreme of *patronising* it? Our Whig-radical ministry, who would do nothing against the Church by halves, if they could help it, have evidently fallen into this dangerous fallacy. They unquestionably do openly and avowedly patronise and encourage dissent. Let them, however, bear in mind this incontrovertible fact—that a Government, in encouraging dissent, is in effect encouraging every kind of enmity, hatred, and discord in the nation: that it is perhaps even sowing the seeds of bloodshed and revolution, caused by the total want of that harmony between man and man, which would exist under the bonds of one catholic Church. Surely no one can be blind to the fact, that the sects are far more intolerant towards each other than the Church is towards them; and

* It has lately turned out, that only about *one-half* as many births have been registered in the Metropolis, by this facetious Act, as deaths; whereas every one knows the population is rapidly increasing! But, like all these new-fangled absurdities, we are told "the Act has not had time to work yet!"

† We cannot help remarking, that the extraordinary ignorance prevailing on this subject must surely be wilfully encouraged by dissenting teachers. As if a *territorial tax* could possibly have any imaginable connexion with religious opinions! As well might a person object to paying taxes because he couldn't "conscientiously" help to maintain an army, on the grounds that bloodshed was wrong! These hypocrites can set the law of the land at open defiance, without hurting their tender "consciences." It is deeply grievous to see some of the noblest Churches in the land (instance those of Hull, Boston, Selby, and Darlington) falling to ruin because a crew of dissenting rebels choose to talk lies about their consciences!

every one must be aware, that nothing is productive of more deadly feuds than difference on religious subjects. Controversy often engenders hatred: and accordingly we find, by actual experience, that by encouraging Popery in Ireland, we are bringing fire and sword over the land. That most intolerant of the sects, the Papists, persecutes the unhappy Church with the most unrelenting hatred; and no one can be ignorant of the atrocious doings of the canting and hypocritical Puritans in times past.

The absolute *necessity* for an authorised (*i. e.* established) Church, is forcibly shewn by a fact, the weight of which dissenters must be dull indeed not to see and feel,—viz. that even *with* an established Church the comparatively limited number of apostates therefrom (including the almost countless host of Brownists, Higginites, Bugginites, and Co.) already compose little short of fifty different and differing sub-sects;* although these same dissenters are the very people who, with inimitable consistency, are always talking about the virtue of that christian unity which they themselves violate by their unjustifiable secession! Now a statement of this fact alone would be a sufficient answer to the cavils made by dissenters against the union of Church and State, because it is a fact that speaks for itself: it shews incontrovertibly what would be the case if every man were free to set up a religion for himself, according to his own whim and caprice—the mistaken principle which the votaries of what is called “religious liberty” maintain. It is very evident that Heaven never could have intended such an absurd anarchy in religion to exist; and surely it was to prevent this that it has preserved to us, through all ages, one true Church, in whose authority all should contentedly and thankfully acquiesce. To obey those who can and will teach aright, is a salutary thralldom, if such it is to be deemed. Is it not absolutely against common sense to presume, as dissenters now do, to set up the private judgment of an individual, and that one generally illiterate and uninformed, against the combined learning, piety, and wisdom of the Bishops and Divines of the catholic Church in all ages? Now that this mania for “religious liberty,” which it is impossible to justify from Scripture, has possessed the nation, we find sect after sect joyfully springing into ephemeral existence, wherever a Brown or a Stubbs chooses blasphemously to declare himself “enlightened,” and authorised by Heaven to preach! Then, commencing before his rabble hearers (what do *they* know about the divine right of Bishops or Church government?) a solemn rhodomontade against tithes and episcopacy, he soon works them into a spirit of religious rebellion, and persuades them that they have hitherto been taken in by the “pretensions of the old Hag,” and now at length picked up a true prophet in the streets, in the shape of his unworthy self, the said Brown or Stubbs! Thus, it seems, they are contented to have it said, “Christ and his Apostles founded your Church, but *STUBBS* founded ours!”

* Dissenters *say*, that there would be less division in Christendom were there no Established Church. This is not only false, but absurd. It is curious to observe how rapidly various sects sprung up as soon as England was emancipated from the ancient authority of Rome. As early as 1540 there were Anabaptists, Antinomians, Davidians, Predestinarians, Arians, Unitarians, with other more ancient sects.

In course of time, these new sects become augmented by proselytes, consisting of such as dearly love a touch of the sublime, the sonorous, and the "impressive" in oratory—such as think the Church services (whose principle it is "to do all things decently and in order") *cold*, and require the aid of their eyes as well as their ears to convey impressions into their minds; in a word, such as make their religion to consist in that spurious excitement, which is more properly an address to the passions than an appeal to reason.

We are sure we are getting verbose, and afraid we are growing tedious. But where can a few words on such a subject be more in place than in a University Magazine? The Universities are strictly the nurseries of the Church. Many are the undergraduates now within their walls, who are destined to fill the high and sacred offices of Bishops and other Dignitaries. Many, too, there are, who deem it wrong or illiberal to oppose dissent, solely from their ignorance of its true nature. And, surely, to this cause alone we must attribute the advocacy which some members of our University have given to the admission of dissenters within her walls—a fatal proposition indeed, both to the Church, the Universities themselves, and all sound religious education; as well as shamefully treacherous to the intentions of our pious founders. If a pure stream can flow from a muddy source, then, and not till then, can a body of orthodox Clergy be derived from the mongrel mass of infidels and anythingarians, who will corrupt our discipline while they prey upon our revenues. Let us repel with indignation the impudent claims of these grievance-mongers. Let us imitate the glorious example of Oxford, in *unanimously* thrusting out the encroachments of dissent from the very vitals of the Church. *Keep out apostacy and heresy from the Universities, and the Church can never want a succession of learned and orthodox Ministers.*

PETER PROLIX.

SONNET FOR THE SYMPOSIUM.

Ἐρᾶς ἱρᾶς, δύστηνε.

" LADYE, thou lovest: well I know
The language of that glancing eye ;
That changing cheek's unwonted glow,
That soft, involuntary sigh.

" I mark thy efforts to conceal
The heaving of that troubled breast,
That throbs as though 'twould fain reveal
The thoughts that may not be at rest.

" Ladye, thou lovest : yet, I trow,
It is not thus that others love :
That quivering lip and pallid brow
No light and transient passion prove.

" Ladye, those haggard looks bespeak
Despair and agonising fears ;
That sparkling witness on thy cheek—
The silent eloquence of tears.

" Ah, Ladye, Ladye, list to me,
For I can read to thee thy doom :
A hopeless love is bearing thee,
Poor victim, to an early tomb!

" And wilt thou yet, unhappy one,
That honied cup of poison sip ?
Before its deadly work be done,
Ah, dash it from thine eager lip !

" Ere yet another sun hath sped
Through summer skies his destined race,
The turf shall be thy bridal bed,
The cold damp grave thy dwelling place."

" Jest hold yer bother, will yer now ?
Don't talk sich sentimental stuff :
Yer absence does yer mother know ?
To find yer there'll be plague enough.

" I was a cryin' cos that wench,
Moll Snags, has been a 'pitching in' ;
If you'll step in and take a drench
With me, I'll stand a drop o' gin !"

A TALE.

It was Margaret's birth-day,—and I need only add, that, as the song goes, “’twas in the merry month of May,” to tell you that it was the most delightful day I have ever experienced. I will describe Margaret, and, partial as I am, I am sure that my partiality will not, cannot succeed in doing her justice. Her beauty was that rare combination of Saxon and Norman loveliness so often talked about, so seldom seen; her hair hung down in glossy ringlets of the lightest brown, or rather of that sunny flaxen so peculiar to the tresses of our fair countrywomen. With such fair locks, with such a dazzling complexion, you naturally looked for eyes of the lightest blue, and you were taken by surprise, by a glance shot from orbs of the deepest hazel. As to the rest of her features, they were of the purest Grecian mould, regular almost to a fault; her hand, her foot, and ankle, was each a little treasure which a statuary might have worshipped. And this bright creature, whose very presence seemed like sunshine to gladden and inspire, was mine. We had been married a month—and if ever happiness was enjoyed by mortal, I was the man. I had been since my marriage in an ecstasy, a delirium of joy; but I was not perfectly happy. The treasure entrusted to my keeping seemed to me to be too great; I was like the miser, miserable in the consciousness of the value of his charge. The very fascination that spread itself around her, constituted at once my chief felicity, and the only drop of bitter in my cup of sweets. I fancied every body looked upon her with the same eyes as I; and as I felt that to me her presence seemed to be the spring of existence, that without her the world possessed nothing worth living for. I considered all the rest of mankind must be actuated by the same feeling, that they must all be struggling to wrest from me the prize of which I was the envied possessor. In a word, I was intolerably jealous. If any one of my male friends engrossed her attention, if she smiled upon him, or seemed to enjoy his society, I sat apart in gloomy and sullen abstraction. Every word, look, or action was viewed by me through the distorted medium of my morbid imagination. When I think of the angelic sweetness with which my wife bore with my wayward humours, with what coldness she would receive her nearest and dearest friends, rather than awake the slumbering demon that tenanted my bosom, I bitterly curse the madness which blinded me to such perfection. Why could not I trust her, whose every action was a model of virtue and discretion, and who only swerved from the prudence and discrimination which were her chief characteristics, in bestowing her hand and affections on a self-tormenting wretch, who was every way unworthy of her? But why pursue these agonizing reflections farther? I have told enough to elucidate the following story. I have before said, it was Margaret's birthday. A party of friends had collected together to celebrate the day, and to congratulate my wife and myself on her having arrived at the age of twenty-one years. We were very merry,—the song, the joke, the tale, circulated among us. Margaret contributed in no small degree to our amusement, by assuming an air of bustling importance at having attained her majority; and in truth not without some reason, as on that day she shook off the trammels of an obstinate old guardian, who had by no means conceived a predilection for your humble servant (nor indeed can I wonder at it), and was herself absolute and undisputed mistress of twenty thousand pounds. Was not this enough to turn the head of any girl? She was of course the heroine of the day. All paid to her the homage due to her youth, beauty, and station.

By-and-bye, when we of the sterner sex were left to ourselves, the bottle went freely round. We pledged one another in bumpers: each member of our company proposed toasts to which we all did brimming justice. At last the wine began to have a visible influence over the spirits of our party. Those who were at first merry soon became boisterous in their mirth: the old adage "*in vino veritas*" was strikingly illustrated in most of us, but in none more strongly than myself. Every one I believe, more or less, in society plays the hypocrite, and keeps himself on the alert to gloss over the more objectionable points of his character, and to make those stand forward in the strongest relief, which he thinks most calculated to ensure his favourable reception in the circle in which he moves. But when the wine is in, the wit is out; this perpetual vigilance is lost sight of, and the true man displays himself. Thus it was with me: my brain became heated, reason tottered on her throne, and for a time all was lost in the giddy maze of drunken insensibility. Would to God I had continued thus! When I came to myself, all my friends had gone: I found myself lying on a sofa surrounded by the remains of the evening's debauch. Glasses, some broken, others turned upside down; large puddles of claret and champagne flooded the table, mixing in friendly communion with the more plebeian but not less genial streams of port and sherry. Empty bottles, half-filled decanters, corkscrews, remnants of pines, melting ices, &c. were among the disgusting reminiscences of our previous carousal. I roused myself, and found that nearly every symptom of intoxication had disappeared. True, my head spun round and round like a humming-top; but a glass of claret, of which luckily some was still left, soon set that to rights, and I sallied forth making for my wife's dressing-room. This apartment joined our bed-chamber, through which I had to pass before I arrived at it. On entering, I was apprised by the sound of voices that Margaret was not alone. This was indeed a strange circumstance. Whom had she admitted at that late hour to an interview, which could not have been granted without dishonour to her husband? The deep tones of the stranger left me not the slightest doubt that her companion was a man: all my jealousy took possession of me with redoubled violence. The previous excess in wine of which I had been guilty, made my blood boil, and lashed me into the wildest fury. My whole body shook convulsed with passion; my lips quivered with an involuntary motion, my nostrils dilated—I was as a madman. But yet, notwithstanding this insane rage, I had the precaution to steal silently to the half-opened door of my wife's room. Here I saw a handsome man, slightly but strongly built, in a naval uniform, seated by her side: he retained possession of her hand, clasped it with a gentle and endearing pressure between his own, and was gazing with the most provoking assurance on her lovely features.

"Time," said he, "my love, has dealt kindly with you: the four years since we last met, have made an alteration; but it is the gradual change of the bud to the blossom, the expansion of the maiden's youthful charms to the mature perfection of womanly beauty."

"And you too," said Margaret, smiling, though her lustrous eyes were swimming in tears, "are again restored to me; again I strain you in my arms, snatched as it were from the rapacious maw of the angry deep. Again I look upon that manly brow stamped with the impress of every honourable feeling: and oh, unlooked for happiness! again do our lips meet and seal the sacred kiss of pure affection."

Audacious harlot! As she said this, she threw her arms around his neck, and pressing her lips to his, their mouths were glued together in a close and adulterous embrace.

I could bear no more. Too much engaged in their guilty dalliance to heed the noise I made, I seized a brace of pistols, which were always lying loaded

in the bed-room; and levelling one with a deliberate aim at the head of my wife's seducer, I fired. The shot was fatal, the ball struck deep into the middle of his forehead: with a convulsive movement he staggered a few paces forward, a slight shudder passed over his countenance, and he sunk down a lifeless corpse at the feet of Margaret. And she, the perfidious associate of his crimes, sat motionless, her unwinking eyes fixed calmly on the ruin she had created. Not more insensate was Pompey's statue when Cæsar bowed before it.

"Adulteress!" shouted I, "prepare to join your paramour!"

The spell was broken. Turning her eyes upon me, with a glance compared to which, that of the fabled basilisk would have been powerless, she shrieked in a voice which curdled the very marrow in my bones, "Monster! you have murdered my brother!"

My wife's only brother had been brought up a sailor. Inured from early life to the hardships of the sea, he seemed to consider it his home, and flew to it after a sojourn upon *terra firma*, for any length of time, with an eagerness which to a landsman would be incomprehensible: he could never understand what sea-sickness was, but no effort on his part could conquer his constitutional predisposition to be land-sick. One would have thought that a sort of warning presentiment of what his fate would be, (that, after braving the dangers of the ocean for so many years, with but an inch of plank between himself and eternity, he should meet his death upon that land which he so much detested, by the hand of his sister's husband,) had been implanted in his soul. Much as I had heard Margaret speak of her brother, I had never seen him: had it been otherwise, the dreadful catastrophe above recorded would have been prevented. A coroner's inquest was summoned, and my wife's deposition was read. Her's was an unhappy lot. Her brother's blood was crying for justice, but that justice could only be obtained by the sacrifice of her husband. The agitating conflict had weakened her too much to allow her to give her testimony otherwise than in writing. Every part of the horrible transaction was recapitulated with the utmost minuteness. It was indeed deeply and indelibly impressed upon her memory. But, on the other hand, no circumstance that could palliate so atrocious an action was omitted. My previous debauch, my ignorance of her brother's person, the jealousy natural at finding a stranger in such a situation, the rage, nay, absolute frenzy with which I seemed to be possessed, were all duly commented upon. A woman will pardon much, when convinced that it arises from love for herself: and Margaret was woman enough to feel, that without love there could be no jealousy. For myself, I was too much overwhelmed with remorse to fear for the consequences of my rashness, and I was perhaps the most unconcerned of all present, when the verdict of the jury was announced to be "wilful murder" against myself. The celerity with which the coroner's warrant for my apprehension was issued and put in force, gave me no time to escape; neither had opportunity been afforded me, should I have availed myself of it. I might fly from justice,—but how could I free myself from the ceaseless gnawing of a guilty conscience? My fleet-footed steed might bear me from the deadly penalty annexed to my offence,—but could it waft me from myself? Let me hurry to the extremity of the world, still, in the words of Horace, black care is clinging to my saddle. I was carried to prison. A dungeon is an excellent assistant to the memory. No external objects, which can for a moment divert the mind from the subjects on which it is reflecting, are permitted to intrude. All around is a sombre mass of vaulted masonry; four kindly walls of stone offer their protecting influence to screen you from the follies of the world, and a full and varied scope is given to the powers of the imagination. As the poor famished prisoner, to whom all means of sustenance are denied, will, in the extremity of his hunger, rend his flesh with his teeth, and from his own veins

drain the very life-blood, to prolong his miserable existence; so did my mind, denied all other resources, recoil upon itself. Then did I bitterly and fruitlessly regret the jealousy which had been the bane of my happiness. Then did I forcibly contrast the bliss of former days, with my present despair. My committal having taken place in May, of course I had not long to wait for the ensuing assizes. July was fast drawing to a close, when the merry ringing of the bells penetrated even the gloomy recesses of the county gaol; and the shrill voices of the martial trumpets broke on my ear with all the imposing splendour of judicial pomp.

After having opened the commission, the judges retired, to do ample justice to the delicacies of a well-stored table; and while the unhappy culprits for trial were almost dying from excess of anxiety, these dread awarders of human destiny threw off with the ermine the gravity of the judge, and appeared in the more amiable characters of two good-humoured *bon vivants*. Neither of them at all merited the appellation of a bottle-stopper: in their society the wine always circulated merrily. This versatility of character was more especially remarkable in the senior judge of the circuit; and the ease with which he exchanged the solemn and awe-inspiring tone of addressing some unlucky convict, for the light and *piquant* vivacity of social life, was the theme of constant admiration among the barristers of the court.

My case had made a great noise in the world; and as it luckily happened after the prorogation of Parliament, the papers had ample space for the details of my story. Every day some new statement concerning me made its appearance, and advertisements were issued to the effect, that on the following Sunday, the readers of the *Weekly Dispatch* would be presented, *gratis*, with a full-length portrait of myself, *capitally executed*. Everything seemed to inspire me with the conviction that the result of my trial was destined to be fatal to me. I believe such a circumstance as my acquittal had never for a moment entered into the minds of the public. I was certainly booked for hanging. What materially served to strengthen this comfortable impression, was the day of my trial being fixed for Friday, so that I might have the intervening Sunday to prepare myself for my public exit.

The important day at length arrived. The court, as may well be imagined, was crowded to excess. The whole was a scene of confusion, I verily believe, unequalled since the building of the tower of Babel. Such crushing, squeezing, and screaming; such diabolical imprecations emanating from choleric gentlemen whose corns had been rudely treated; such a triumph of the strong, such hopeless efforts from the weak, it had never before been my lot to witness; while ever and anon some brazen-throated javelin-man would thunder forth, amidst the din, stentorian shouts for silence, which increased the clamour in a ten-fold degree. The uproar was rather abruptly terminated by the committal of an unfortunate fellow for contempt of court, who had the bad luck to catch the eye of the angry judge, and who, perhaps, had been the quietest person in the assembly. Order having been restored, the trial commenced.

After a violent phillipic from the crown counsel, in which of course my guilt was assumed, and I was painted as a villain of the blackest die, the witnesses for the prosecution were called. The first on the list was a confidential servant of my own, who deposed to having heard the report of a pistol, and that, on rushing into the dressing-room, he found the corpse of my unhappy brother-in-law stretched along the floor, and heard the words of my wife denouncing me as the murderer. This man underwent a sharp cross-examination from the barrister retained for my defence, but without causing the slightest variation in his evidence. The only fact elicited in my favour was the manifest mental aberration under which I laboured. (So

then, thought I, I must live as a madman with the possession of all my faculties, or die the death of a murderer.) Next came the surgeon who had examined the body. He stated, the deceased had evidently died from a pistol-shot, and that from the nature of the wound death must have ensued instantly. After his dismissal from the witness-box, some little altercation occurred between the counsel for the prosecution and his learned brother who had undertaken to defend me, owing to the latter objecting to receive Margaret's deposition as evidence, she being yet by far too ill to give her testimony in *propria persona*.

After about five minutes' wrangling, the objection was overruled by the judge, who in a sententious manner decided in favour of the crown counsel, and the deposition was read accordingly.

This closed the case for the prosecution, and the judge having wiped his spectacles, raised his eyes with the most becoming gravity, and addressed me:—"Prisoner, if you have anything to say in your defence, now is your time."

A most intense silence reigned throughout the hall. The *Times* reporter nibbled his pen afresh, and the artist engaged by the proprietors of the *Weekly Dispatch*, seized the favourable moment for commencing my profile.

I whispered to my counsel, and shall never forget the disappointment visible in the faces of all present when he said, "My lord, the prisoner declines making any defence."

The reporter threw down his pen with an angry gesture, but consoled himself with the prospect of my execution taking up a column at least. But who shall describe the dismay of the artist? he had already stretched forth my right arm in an indignantly Demosthenic attitude, to which my common-place position little corresponded: he had depicted my eye glancing defiance on judge and jury,—and now to make no defence at all, it was too provoking. The deep voice of the judge again sounded through the court. "Prisoner, have you any witnesses to call?"

I replied, "I have none, my lord."

At this moment an unexpected cause of interest presented itself, which created a far greater sensation among the spectators than any defence I could have made, however eloquent it might have been. His lordship was proceeding to sum up the evidence, when an unaccountable degree of bustle was perceptible among the people who thronged around the witness-box. The constables appeared confused: it seemed as if some person was pressing forward, and that the officers were divided in opinion about the propriety of admitting or repulsing him. The mystery was soon explained by a female mounting the witness-box; and judge my astonishment when, on turning round to see who it was, the brilliant eyes of my unhappy wife, rendered still more lustrous by the fire of delirium, glared wildly upon me. Without waiting to have the oath administered, she uttered, or rather shrieked, with the utmost rapidity, the following incoherent sentences. "Will ye take the life of my husband, bloodthirsty as ye are, without hearing one word in his defence? Who shall dare to call him a deliberate murderer? Where is there any proof of that wilful and malicious premeditation, which constitutes murder in the eye of the law? When, flushed with wine, he staggered to my apartment—did he wait, did he reflect an instant, did he prepare the instrument of death? No, there is nothing in the evidence this day brought before you, that can afford the slightest grounds for such a conclusion. The pistol was present, ready loaded to his hand; his finger touched the trigger, might it not be accidentally in the agitation of the moment? Oh, my lord! gentlemen of the jury, I appeal to you—ye are men. Pause, ere by your verdict you consign two fellow-creatures to an early tomb. We are both young, in the prime of life, and it is a hard thing to be cut off in the very flower of existence. Think not, if my husband dies, that I shall long survive

him. What should I do alive, alone, deprived of my natural protector, the only friend who cares for me? As well might ye tear the sturdy oak from the gentle and confiding embrace of the loving ivy, and bid the widowed ivy flourish. Together we have lived—together, if God so wills it, we will die.”

In the first burst of this pathetic address, judge, jury, and spectators had been so completely taken by surprise, that the natural order of the court was suspended, and not a sound was heard save the wild and impassioned eloquence of poor Margaret; and as she proceeded, the very earnestness and feeling with which she spoke, seemed to charm her hearers, and awe them into silence. When she had finished, she stood exhausted with the almost supernatural effort she had made. The fever which had for awhile buoyed up her decaying strength and glowed in her boiling veins, now gave way to an utter exhaustion of her bodily powers; she burst into an hysterical and convulsive flood of tears, and had not the clerk of the court caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. In this condition she was borne away; but though her body was powerless, her soul was still animated with an undying affection for me, which no circumstances could subdue, no power destroy. As she was carried past me, owing to the pressure of the crowd, her supporters were obliged to stop; and never shall I forget the touching and expressive glance of her eyes as they met mine, which were fast filling with tears for her unhappy condition; and she murmured, in almost inaudible accents, “Weep not, dearest, we shall meet again, at least in heaven.” And thus we parted. The judge was so much affected, that he resumed with difficulty his summing up and address to the jury, which had been so singularly interrupted.

At the close of his observations, the jury retired to consider their verdict. In this momentous interval, when a man is balancing between life and death, his cheek may well blanch—his nerves quail. In ordinary cases the anxiety is great; but no man who has not felt it, can imagine the soul-harrowing nature of that suspense which occurs during the consideration of the verdict in a capital charge. Then, indeed, do jurymen become important personages; on their fiat, life or death is depending; their lightest word consigns the accused to an ignominious death, or to the invaluable blessings of glorious liberty. The jury returned: all was hushed; the solemn stillness of expectation reigned throughout the court. I scrutinized the faces of the arbiters of my fate with an eager and bloodshot eye. One glance was sufficient. I saw in the steady, sorrowful, but determined looks of my countrymen, that they were convinced of my guilt, and that, cost what it might, they were resolved to do their duty. The shrill business-like voice of the crier of the court now rang upon our ears, “Gentlemen of the jury, how find you the prisoner, guilty or not guilty?” The foreman arose, and answered in a low, but impressive tone, “Guilty.” The silence having been broken, was succeeded by the hum of many voices, until the clerk of the court addressed me in the following words:—“Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?”

I made no reply.

After a brief pause, he proceeded: “Let there be silence in the court while sentence of death is pronouncing, under pain of imprisonment.” Nothing was audible save the heavy breathing of the multitude. Every eye was turned upon me with an intense and overpowering gaze, and thus I stood waiting for condemnation. At length the judge slowly placed upon his head the fatal black cap, that symbol of death; and after an effort to suppress his emotion, he spoke,—“Prisoner at the bar, during the long course of my painful experience as a judge, never have I felt so much difficulty in the performance of what must at all times be the most harassing part of my duty. It is dreadful to look upon a man like you, in the very pride and vigour of manhood, and to utter the stern yet irrevocable decree

of death: to think, that in all probability, while I am pronouncing your doom, I am sealing the fate of a young, beautiful, and interesting woman. Of how many blessings has your fatal jealousy deprived you! but for that, you would have now been free, honoured, respected, and beloved: an object of the tenderest affection to your angelic wife, of pride and admiration to your surrounding friends. Into what a boundless vortex of guilt and misery has it plunged you! You have murdered a man who never injured you; you have broken a faithful heart which beat but for you alone. I wish not to add to your present remorse,—I see your sorrow, your repentance; may it be accepted at that tribunal to which alone you must now look for pardon. But I would have those who listen to me, mark well the moral of your story; let them, from your example, learn to keep their passions under restraint, lest like you they be hurried away by their restless fury, and become a byword of reproach, a mark for the finger of scorn to point at. I entreat you, be unceasing in your prayers for mercy to that God who never turns a deaf ear to the true penitent. Oh, let the short time which remains between yourself and eternity be well employed. And though in this world all hope is denied you, yet, God be praised, relying on the atonement of our blessed Redeemer, the most heinous offender need not despair. It only now remains for me to pass upon you the awful sentence of the law, which is, that you be taken to the place whence you came, and thence on Monday next to the place of execution, and that you there be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

What occurred afterwards I know not, nor have I any recollection of events, till I found myself sitting on an iron bedstead in the condemned cell. Then a terrible consciousness of my situation rushed upon me, and the last words of the judge sounded unceasingly in my ears. The exhortation I had scarcely heard, the fearfulness of my doom wholly engrossed my imagination. All this fair structure of body, all this curious combination of muscles, bones, and arteries, which work so beautifully together, and form the complicated mechanism of the human frame, was to be violently and suddenly stopped. I surveyed my hands, my feet, all my members. Alas! these were mine no longer; soon, soon, would they be dissolving into the loathsome decomposition of corruption. These muscles in which I had formerly taken so much pride would be all unstrung. These limbs in which I had boasted my strength would be powerless, and myself thrust violently from this living world, as a wretch whose very existence was a blot upon the face of nature. In vain I reflected that every man must die sooner or later: this may be all very fine for the drawing-room philosopher, but it is a miserable consolation for the convict in a dreary dungeon, who stands face to face with the grim tyrant, and shivering on the brink of eternity. I sat thus dwelling upon my horrible condition, revolving it over and over in my mind, unmanning myself by my very attempts at fortitude, when I heard a key applied to the door of my cell, and the turnkey appeared ushering in a gentleman whose mild and benevolent countenance prepossessed me in his favour. This was the chaplain of the gaol; his very appearance seemed to restore me to myself, and dispel those dreary phantasms which had been floating o'er my brain: he drew near me, and dismissing the jailor, seated himself by my side.

"I see," he said, "you are at present overwhelmed at the near approach of death, but you must not let these gloomy fancies get the better of you. The bodily pangs which you may suffer are not worth thinking about; they at the most will soon be over: it is the welfare of your immortal soul which must absorb all your attention,—your time is fleeting fast."

"True," said I, interrupting him with a bitter laugh, which at such a moment sounded fearfully; "and this is the justice of our legislators: they would not start a horse at Newmarket without months of training, but

they launch forth the soul into eternity with a preparation of a day and a half; truly they have a just conception of the importance of its immortal welfare."

"You may be right," replied he, "but, for the love of heaven, dismiss this unchristian spirit: I would infuse into your heart a feeling of charity for all mankind. Do not, I implore you, harbour resentment against any one. Think of how much importance the forgiveness of God is to you, and learn to forgive your fellow-mortals."

"But how shall a tardy repentance, such as mine *must* be, avail me anything?"

"God is gracious, his mercy is infinite; he hath said no one shall seek his pardon in vain, no one shall knock, to whom the door of mercy shall not be opened. Those who came at the eleventh hour, received as much as those who had borne the burthen and heat of the day. The expiring thief upon the cross called not in vain upon his dying Saviour."

By such discourses, this excellent man soothed my disturbed spirit, and effectually prevented the recurrence of those frightful images which had before possessed me. Dissolution now lost all its terrors for me, for would not this perishable body be again raised like a phoenix from its ashes? would not it shuffle off its corruptible nature, and put on immortality? Gradually too my heart became filled with that kindly disposition towards my fellow-creatures, that earnest desire for their happiness, that universal charity for the failings of others, which so eminently characterize the *true* Christian. I no longer cherished enmity against any one: I held forth the hand of reconciliation and good will to all mankind.

Saturday had passed away tranquilly—I might almost say happily, and my last day dawned upon me. I had thought to have done with the cares and follies of the world, I had fancied myself removed beyond the pale of human happiness, or human misery; and that no earthly news could now affect me. It seems I had over-rated my powers of endurance. A messenger arrived at the prison early on Sunday morning, with the mournful intelligence that my wife had ceased to exist; and in spite of my boasted apathy, when the death of my poor Margaret was told me, I buried my face in my hands and wept bitterly. The last ties that bound me to existence were snapped asunder, and nothing was left for me but to die. When I had recovered sufficiently to bear the recital, a more particular account was given me of Margaret's last moments; and though the tears still trickled down my cheeks at the recollection of the sufferings I had caused her, yet the agony of soul that accompanied my first burst of sorrow was gone; and I rejoiced in the blissful hope of soon rejoining her blessed spirit in those heavenly regions, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Through the carelessness of her nurse, my wife had risen and dressed herself, during a fit of delirium, and slipped out of the house unperceived. I who had been the cause of her temporary alienation of mind, was now the chief object of it, and she accordingly directed her steps to the court-house, where the assizes were held; and having gained admittance, the scene took place which I have endeavoured to describe in the preceding pages. The excitement she there experienced, aggravated her fever to an alarming extent: she was carried home in a state of complete exhaustion, which was succeeded by that comatose lethargy, so invariably the forerunner of death. Her vital powers grew feebler and feebler, and at length fetching a deep-drawn sigh, like the disturbed murmur of a slumbering infant, she placidly breathed her last.

After hearing the condemned sermon, which was most impressively delivered, I received the sacrament. At all times when I have participated in the Communion of the Lord's Supper, I have done so with a feeling of peculiar reverence and thankfulness; reverence at the awful condemnation

with which he is denounced who unworthily receives it; thankfulness when I consider the gracious condescension of God, who invites all men to a free participation in the blessings it affords. But never did I so fully appreciate the glorious assurances of mercy and forgiveness contained in this most beautiful ceremony of our Church ritual, as at that moment, when they were so eminently needful to me. What a consolation was it, when, on pressing the Consecrated Bread with my teeth, I reflected that for me did the body of my Saviour undergo the ignominious agonies of the cross; when, on drinking the Holy Wine, I felt a joyous conviction that his Blood was not poured forth in vain.

And now the last scene of all, which should close my sad eventful history, was to be enacted. The beams of the morning sun shone brightly through the grated window of my cell, and I knew that my execution was at hand. My good friend the clergyman had been with me the whole night, and had only left me in the hope of my snatching a few hours of disturbed sleep. 'Twas in vain—I could not close my eyes; or what need had I of refreshing slumbers, who would so soon be hushed in the deep repose of the silent tomb? He had but just returned, and we were praying together, when the door was opened, and the under-sheriffs, with their white wands of office, came to demand the body of their victim. I followed them into the press-room, where my arms and wrists were pinioned by the executioner. I will not, for I cannot, express the loathing sensation that seized me at the touch of this accursed functionary of the law. These preliminaries having been completed, we moved forward across the court, which was bounded by a high wall surrounding the prison. In front of the gaol was the principal entrance or gateway, being a small turreted building, on the front of which the scaffold was erected. As we proceeded, the black, ominous-looking framework of the gallows caught my view, standing out in bold relief against the bright summer sky. For a moment this gloomy apparition overpowered me, and I thought I should have fainted, but with a strong effort I mastered my emotion, and having reached the gateway, I mounted the stone stairs which led to the scaffold with a firm step. On emerging into the open air, we ascended a small platform, raised about three feet from the roof of the gateway, and almost involuntarily I knelt down and joined my reverend companion in my last prayer for forgiveness to the God whom I had offended. And now I stood upright upon the treacherous drop. I looked around me—not one pitying glance met my own. The thoughtless beholders had gathered together to enjoy the spectacle, and peals of heartless laughter grated on mine ear. The women, who formed a large majority in the crowd, seemed to have lost all womanly feeling. That shrinking from a sight of woe, that compassionate sympathy for the sufferings of the distressed; the soft and tearful eye that speaks of pity and soothes the miserable, though it cannot alleviate his anguish, were nowhere visible. Mercy, the chief beauty of the female character, dwelt not with such companions. Among the hardened profligate viragoes, who thronged close to the very foot of the gallows, were some mothers; these lifted up their children in their arms high above the heads of the people, lest any part of the scene of death which was enacting should escape them. When we had risen from prayer, the chaplain grasped my hand, and whispering a parting benediction and exhortation to comfort, he commended my soul to God, and bade me farewell. My last earthly friend having left me, the “*toilette du condamné*,” the terrible preparations for execution, commenced. My neckcloth was taken off, and my throat bared. A white cap was placed upon my head, and the rope adjusted round my neck. When I felt the rough noose graze upon my skin, I trembled, and prayed inwardly for support in this appalling moment. And now one last lingering look at the glorious sun riding high in the south-

eastern horizon ; one farewell survey of the beauteous meadows glowing with brightness and summer verdure ; one pitying glance at the thoughtless crowd beneath,—and the world is shut out for ever ; the cap is drawn over my face, and the last desperate plunge is at hand. Down fell the drop with a terrific crash. My first sensation was that of a tremendous intolerable weight pressing upon my head. I strove to lift up my arms and free myself, but they were pinioned. I tried to shriek for help, but my swollen and bloated tongue refused to do its office. I seemed to be floating in an atmosphere of blood. Still, still, the weight increased,—my bursting head could no longer support it, and yet I lived. Heavier and heavier hung the insupportable mass upon my brain. The crimson sea of blood grew deeper and deeper in its dye, and roared within my ears like the din of mighty waters. My eyeballs burnt within their sockets, like globes of living fire. They too kept gradually enlarging, till their cracking fibres could no longer retain them. A flame of blazing light flashed vividly around me, and I became insensible. The low silvery tones of a well-known voice breathed thrillingly in my ear, and recalled me to existence. And though I felt myself in some degree still a prisoner, yet my new condition was a great improvement upon the old one. 'Tis true, I found my neck still encircled ; but instead of the cutting rope, my necklace was the soft plump white arm of my charming Margaret. Pushing my nightcap off my forehead, which had slipped down rather inconveniently, I fixed my eyes wildly on the beautiful face before me, and exclaimed, "My God ! where am I?"

"Be calm, I entreat you, my dear Charles." As she said this, she placed her cool moist palm upon my throbbing temples. "You have been dreadfully agitated in your sleep,—some frightful dream has disturbed you. At one time your struggles were so convulsively violent, and your breathing short and oppressed, that I became quite alarmed."

"But how came I in bed?" replied I, perfectly bewildered.

"The wine you drank last night overpowered you suddenly ; and as you fell asleep before our friends left, they carried you quietly to bed, without awaking you."

"Thank God !" ejaculated I fervently, "it was but a dream." How little, dearest Margaret, added I, kissing her with transport, "do we know how to appreciate the blessings God has bestowed on us, till we find ourselves deprived of them."

"It must have been something very horrible to affect you in this manner," whispered my wife inquisitively. "Do tell me all about it."

"To-morrow morning, my love, you shall hear it."

On the morrow I performed my promise ; and if my dream was trifling in other respects, it had at least this good and important effect—I learnt to place a proper confidence in my wife, and was never afterwards troubled with my old enemy and tormentor—*Jealousy*.

SONG.

AND hast thou not forgotten me?
 For all that I have shewn
 Of slight and cold neglect to thee,
 Oh! may I yet atone?
 And shall the pledge so lightly given
 Be binding still and true?
 The ties by time and absence riven,
 Shall one short hour renew?

 Oh! thou wouldst do me cruel wrong
 To think me false or cold,
 For floods of passion deep and strong
 Have o'er my spirit rolled:
 And still, where'er with joyless feet
 I've wandered wearily,
 My fetter'd heart would fondly beat
 For thee—for only thee!

 I bless thee for thy faithful love,
 That could not know decay;
 And thou'lt forgive me that I strove
 To tear myself away:
 I dared not hope that thou wouldst keep,
 Sweet Lady! such a vow;
 And I for very joy could weep
 That I may claim thee now!

Z.

 THE BROKEN HEART.

FROM THE SKETCH BOOK.

SHE sate—in his spell Recollection had bound her:
 She sang—'twas the song of her happier days:
 Abstracted, unconscious of those who were round her,
 She courted no pity, and shrank from no gaze.

 Far away o'er bright scenes that had vanish'd for ever,
 Though wing'd for a moment forgetful of pain,
 Ev'ry look, ev'ry tone, prov'd too plainly—that never
 For her could life brighten to sunshine again!

 Her form but the shadow of beauty departed;
 Her voice but an echo of melody past;
 Her aspect, sad, sad, as of one broken-hearted,
 With sorrow the brow of the brightest o'ercast.

 And many a heart that had bounded in lightness,
 And many an eye that glanced tearless before,
 Was hush'd in its tumult, and dimm'd in its brightness,
 Ere the heart-broken Minstrel's sad ditty was o'er.

J. T.

CHARACTERS OF FRESHMEN.

BY THEOPHRASTUS THINGEMBOB.

No. I.

THE STUDIOUS FRESHMAN.

THE Studios Freshman cometh up red-hot from school, and thinketh much of astonishing the cosines. He considereth himself now decidedly a man; and hath lurking ideas that he is also a great man. He calleth with the governor upon the College Tutor, who inhumanly throweth cold water upon the governor's confident prediction that his son will be senior wrangler. He hieth forth with the College Tutor, and getteth him becappped and begowned. He getteth a very long gown, vainly supposing that it betokeneth a very long head. He putteth on his gown inside out, and his cap back foremost. Nevertheless, he paradeth the streets considerably that day, nothing doubting that all are admiring him, though he wondereth not a little that the people laugh so at him. He goeth to hall, and requesteth his neighbour to carve for him. He purloineth his neighbour's potatoes. He drinketh small-beer, and sizeth not. He repaireth to —'s, and spendeth the five pounds his uncle gave him in books. He buyeth one dozen of Cambridge port, and half-a-dozen of Cambridge sherry, and wondereth he cannot prevail on the wine-merchant to let him pay. He keepeth fourteen chapels a-week. He beginneth to read at seven in the morning, and leaveth off at eleven at night; and findeth that he knoweth not what he hath been reading about. He taketh ferocious constitutional walks. He writeth for all the University and College Prizes, and sitteth for all the University and College Scholarships, but getteth none. He pulverizeth the ass's bridge in lecture, and thinketh himself a genius. He respondeth to and argueth with the lecturer familiarly. He goeth to a small bitch-party, and findeth his new gown taken "by mistake." He calleth it stealing, and is laughed at. He seeth not the lions of Cambridge for the first term. He maketh no acquaintance, readeth atrociously, goeth home ill, and ultimately turneth out a Junior Op.

No. II.

THE FLAT FRESHMAN.

The Flat Freshman asketh the Boots at the Hoop to recommend him a good College to go to.* He appeareth in a white choaker, aspiring shirt collars, penurious breeches, and antediluvian cut-away coat. He goeth to Hall in his surplice. He sitteth in the Fellows seats at Chapel. He putteth his cap on the wrong way. He receiveth a note inviting him to wine with his Tutor, and going, findeth it a

* Fact.

hoax. He sendeth a present of a Yorkshire ham to the Master of his College.* He cappeth every big-wig and Fellow-Commoner whom he chanceth to meet. He speaketh deferentially unto his bed-maker. He taketh his walking-stick out when becapped and begowned. He walketh out ten miles into the country in his academical toggery. He calleth his private tutor "Sir." He goeth out by himself on the fifth of November. He buyeth much wine on the recommendation of a Cambridge wine-merchant, who assureth him he hath very little left of such prime brew. He hangeth out a box of cigars. He biddeth high for books at sales, and findeth he could have got them for half the money at shops. He subscribeth to the "Symposium." He ordereth supper whenever his friends require him, and findeth he hath a nice little bill to pay the college cook. He standeth up during the singing at Saint Mary's, and discovereth not his error till the rest rise, when he sitteth down in confusion. He getteth cheated much, but suspecteth it not. He considereth the whigs very respectable kind of people, and Saint John's a very bigoted college. He goeth to sign a petition for the admission of dissenters, but findeth he hath signed one for their exclusion, by mistake. He playeth at cards, and loseth not a little. He thinketh his own college the best in the University, and himself the sharpest fellow in it. He goeth home in the vacation, and taketh his cap and gown with him in a blue bundle,* to shew mamma how he looketh therein (which is flatter than he suspecteth). He walketh about the town with only his cap on. He buyeth him a dog, of a gentleman in top-boots and game-keeper's garb, who warneth him not to let it be 'ticed away. Nevertheless he loseth it in a day or two, and is not a little astonished at seeing the runaway brought home by his brother from Oxford, whither he supposeth it must have migrated from a desire to see the world. Being accidentally surprised by a row in the street, he getteth knocked down by a snob, and immediately seized upon by the Proctor and rusticated, *sine die*, as a disorderly character. And so the flat Freshman goeth home in disgrace.

NO. III.

THE CONCEITED FRESHMAN.

The Conceited Freshman may be known by his pea-coat, long greasy hair, eye-glass, and ante-meridian cigar, these being the accoutrements wherewith he astonisheth the weak minds of the snobs and snobesses daily on the King's Parade. He nourisheth moustaches, and pretendeth that he really hath not had time to shave that day. He gesticulateth incessantly with an ebony walking stick, having a large silk tassel appended thereunto. He cocketh his hat over his right eyebrow, and twisteth the hair on each side of his face into ropes, wherewith to *draw the belles*. He goeth to King's Chapel during the service, and strutteth up and down the middle of the

* Facts.

ante-chapel, with his gown hanging from his elbows, and fully believing that he is universally admired. In Hall he endeavoureth to attract notice by talking loud, standing up to carve, wearing an obsolete gown, swearing at the waiters, and smashing plates. On Sunday evenings he walketh alone along Trumpington road, facing the crowd, and mistaketh their laugh of contempt for a smile of admiration. He telleth all his friends how he is really very clever, though they may possibly not perceive it; and hinteth that were it not for the mathematics, he should surprise some persons by his place in the Classical Tripos. He hangeth his room with sundry domestic experiments in painting, and throweth out insinuations that the fair artist thereof was hopelessly enamoured of his own sweet self. He thinketh it a capital joke to finish the "tail of his cigar" in the ante-chapel, and then to walk into chapel with his surplice unbuttoned. He hath at all times a great antipathy to the toga, the same being incompatible with the display of his figure and cut-away coat. In Lectures he committeth very atrocious blunders, and desireth to make his friends believe that he did so on purpose. Being too clever to do like the rest at the first College Examination, he getteth posted, and so posteth off home, looking rather smaller than he did when he first came up.

NO. IV.

THE FAST FRESHMAN.

The Fast Freshman buyeth a gig and a boat the first week of his arrival, and calleth them his rattle-traps. He ordereth a cut-away coat on a new principle, which he setteth off with a scarlet choaker (overwhelming his shirt-collars), pea-green Dutch slacks, thin-soled Wellingtons, two gold rings, and a shocking bad cap and gown. He swaggereth past the Master of his College with a cigar in his mouth, and without capping him—and getteth a swingeing imposition for his pains. He rideth to Newmarket, regardless of hall, during race week. He keepeth nine chapels the first week, and only two the next, finding it considered as a slow thing. Being asked his name and college by the Proctor, he answereth, "Snooks of All-Saints." He engageth a private tutor, but only visiteth him twice in the term. He getteth through little reading and much wine. He becometh a member of his College Boat Club, being partial to "a hoar." He fighteth lustily on the fifth of November, though he knoweth not for why, and telleth the Proctor to be d—d. He maketh a point of being "gated" nightly. He rejoiceth in surmounting his brain-pan with a very small piece of cap, the "timber" of which he smasheth and extracteth piece-meal, thinking no doubt that there is enough wood already in the upper works. He keepeth a large dog. He contracteth debts with all the wine-merchants, and none of the book-sellers in the town. He never goeth to church on Sundays. He never dineth in hall. He getteth rebuked for his expenses by the College Tutor, and taken from the University by his father at the end of his first term. He prideth himself in assuring his governor

that he knew half the men in every college, and facetiously narrateth how that he made a false start in reading when he first came up, but will never do so again on any consideration,—to which determination he most meritoriously adhereth.

No. V.

THE POOR FRESHMAN.

The Poor Freshman buyeth a second-hand gown when he arriveth. He taketh the furniture of his apartment at a valuation, and contenteth himself therewith. He sizeth not in hall. He weareth blue worsted stockings, and hob-nailed shoes. He appeareth in a chocolate-coloured coat and drab trousers. He subscribeth to Stevenson's library. He always walketh out in cap and gown, having no hat. He advertiseth for pupils on very moderate terms, but getteth none. He drinketh no wine, and taketh in only one butter per diem. He writeth his mathematics on a slate, to save paper. He hath tea directly after chapel. He recommendeth himself by his diligence to his College Tutor, who procureth him an exhibition. He standeth high in his college examinations, and getteth a scholarship. He is despised and caricatured by the men of his college, and unknown to the rest. He maketh few, but attached and kind friends. He getteth washed, booked, clothed, grubbed, breaded, buttered, beered, and pocket-monied, at the expense of his college, to the great benefit of the governor's purse, and the relief of a poor sister, to whom he manageth to dispatch an odd ten-pound out of his savings every Christmas. He always appeareth healthy, light-hearted, and happy, to the astonishment of the "fast birds." He persevereth in his studies silently unto the end, and turneth out Senior Wrangler—by which both he and his family are rich to the end of their lives.

[*To be continued.*]

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF
THE CAMBRIDGE MEETING FOR THE ABOLITION OF
CHURCH-RATES.

(*Continued from Page 121.*)

IN consequence of earnest and repeated requests made to us by several of our dear dissenting friends, we have, after much trouble, succeeded in obtaining a correct account of the further proceedings at this important meeting, the untoward interruption of which, together with the precipitate flight of our reporters, we described in our last. We feel it, however, a public duty, before we commence the interesting and authentic detail, to protest, in the most indignant terms, against the extraordinary conduct of the Reverend Mr. Frugga, one of the chief speakers at the meeting. Having been apprised (in confidence) that that gentleman had repaired thither with a prelucubrated speech in his breeches-pocket, we called upon him, and engaged him, by the promise of a shilling and a pot of porter, to furnish us with a copy of his own eloquent address; at the same time stipulating that he should draw up, in lieu of our renegade reporters, an accurate account of all the speeches made, resolutions passed, and other interesting events which took place at the meeting. Having been induced to pay the Reverend gentleman in advance, upon his assurance that he had a heavy score to settle at the ale-house, and that his "tick" was out in consequence, we took our leave, in full confidence that we should duly receive the expected document on the appointed day. That day, however, having arrived, and the account not appearing to be forthcoming, we sent the devil to the rev. minister (*our* devil, we mean—the typographical devil); when, after a short conference, in which the respectable namesake of his Satanic majesty was frequently told, with the grossest incivility, to go and be bumfoozled—or something to that effect—it was fully ascertained that the rev. gentleman could neither read nor write, and preached to an overflowing congregation by virtue of "a call!" From the untimely embarrassment into which this unexpected announcement naturally threw us, we were providentially relieved, by the appearance of a highly respectable master-scavenger (characteristically distinguished by his short pipe, and the small portion of a hat which he wore on his head), who brought with him, and politely offered for our acceptance, what he assured us was an accurate report, taken by himself at the time, of the speeches made at the meeting; though we must confess, that, from the apparent dissimilarity of the handwriting, we were, and still are, induced to believe them to be the original draughts composed and written by the learned speakers themselves, and subsequently stolen out of their pockets. This, however, is only a surmise, and of course no business of ours. We shall proceed at once to our detail.

The turmoil having somewhat abated—or rather been concentrated into a point by a pitched battle between two Brownists, called (nick-named, we presume,) Milling Muggins and Crook-nosed Ned; and the two combatants having been eventually separated, by the nose of the latter being unfortunately knocked straight:

Mr. GRUFFLES rose to address the meeting. He felt ashamed of the late disgraceful quarrel. He had little hesitation in calling 'em all pugnacious vessels. They had knocked each other about like the brazen and earthen pots in the fable, and they ought to thank their stars and garters that some of 'em hadn't got cracked,—if indeed they were'nt so before. (Laughter). He begged to see no more such conduct as was only to be expected from meetings of Churchmen and Tories, and not from the intelligent and enlightened snobocracy he had the honour of addressing. The last gent as had speechified—or rather, perhaps, attempted to speechify—was Mr. Huggins. He certainly did not appear to be a Plutarch,—he begged pardon, he believed he meant either a Demosthenes or a Cicero, he was'nt quite sure which—in eloquence, yet he thought they ought to have heard him out. (No! no!) Hadn't they heard how Demosthenes—(he apologised for these classical allusions, but he always thought a spice of Greek in a speech was like brown-sugar in coffee)—how Demosthenes once made a speech at the siege of Troy, when Cornelius Tacitus, Esquire, was in the chair—(he believed he was right in the names—the dates he'd no doubt would take care of themselves)—and how he broke down in drawing a comparison between the Pope and Mahomet; yet the company applauded, and the chairman said it was the neatest speech he'd heard in the house since the time of Alexander the Great? All orators must begin—they'd perhaps hardly believe that he had himself begun once, though he believed he was rather a dab at a speech now. (Coughs and groans). But to get to the *pint* (here several gents took a pull at their mugs); he had once heard a parson of the establishment declare, that as there was a tax on bread, a tax on light, a tax on spirits (here the speaker appeared much affected), he didn't see why there shouldn't also be a tax on dissent. Had the old steeple-ite wished to call the Gospel a contraband article, and profanely mix it with rum? to amalgamate spirituous with spiritual comforts! (Applause.) He expected the old bloke was rather a nice sort of a chap. A tax on dissent! He sincerely wished they might get it, but he rather believed they would'nt. Lord Melbourne had removed many of their grievances, and he'd no doubt that before long a bill would be introduced to Parliament to confer upon the oppressed chosen ones of heaven—the elect brotherhood—the true flock—the unhappy victims of the State-church—that object of all their wishes, *religious equality*! (immense applause). They had only to be firm, and get in Radical members next election—for he must consider the return of the present amiable, liberal, and supernaturally-talented members for Cambridge was mainly owing to the instrumentality and righteous exertions of the dissenters, in opposition to the old Tory big-wigs of the University, and the rich monopolists of the town. (Applause). He was inclined to opine that the relation of an Archbishop was a nice representative of dissenters! He believed, however, that that gent was

booked for a defeat next election.* He would not detain them any longer, as there was a gentleman behind him who had been pinching the calves of his legs for a considerable time, and he now felt fully inclined to make way for him to speak, as he believed his legs had already got the blue-devils. (Immense applause).

The Rev. Z. FRUGGS rose amid great applause. Having the honour to be the minister of Grub-street chapel, of which the respected chairman was a lord-deacon, he considered it his imperative duty to say a very few words to the enlightened brotherhood before him. He took the present favourable opportunity of offering an explanation of his conduct—an explanation, he would say, rendered absolutely necessary by the slanderous back-bitings of a secret enemy, who, he had reason to believe, was the parish clerk. That petty official had propagated a most disgraceful report that he (Fruggs) was a friend to the establishment! (shame.) He repudiated the hateful charge with indignation. He was as staunch a Nonconformist as any gent present. He confessed with shame and contrition that he had been a little in that way once,—but he had had a call. He had received a new light one night as he was digging potatoes. Was quite sure he wasn't drunk at the time, as he'd only had a quart of strong beer, and the best part of a bottle of rum that afternoon. He begged therefore that the company would pay no attention to such reports, injurious as they were to his character, and disgraceful to his reputation as a christian man! (hear, hear.) If he had been a churchman yesterday, he should not have been one to day, after receiving the document which he was about to produce, and for the sake of which he had chiefly intruded himself upon their notice. It was a case of unfeeling tyranny, of unmitigated ferocity, of sanguinary and devilish concupiscence (deafening applause) in a parson of the establishment! (groans and hisses.) He knew it would make the very hearts of the pewter-pots bleed, when he had read it to them, which he would now proceed to do, with the kind permission of the honourable Chairman and indulgent company. (Hear, hear!)

“AWFUL CASE OF ECCLESIASTICAL OPPRESSION.

“A MOST atrocious instance of ecclesiastical tyranny and overbearance has just occurred in the case of the well-known Mr. Morgan Hughes Jones, of Wales. That pious and conscientious gentleman is, as all the world knows, the minister of the Independent church of the village of Llwngrffwyd (pronounced Bopeep). It appears that a few weeks ago that gentleman had, in a nocturnal freak, playfully taken out the panel of a door in the shop of Mr. Scrubbs, silversmith, and removed from thence several watches, and a few dozen silver spoons, which he had, of course merely in joke, secreted in a chimney of his own house. For this trifling piece of injudicious amusement, he had been ruthlessly arrested, and taken before a *Tory* magistrate, who had committed him for TRIAL AT THE NEXT ASSIZES!! And this poor

* This meeting was held March 1839. The dissenters made a slight mistake. last election, “Thanks to our Lady and good *Saint John*.”—*Printer's Devil*.

unoffending man, *because he happened to be a dissenter and radical*, was sent by the Tory aristocrat to be confined in gaol for seven weeks till the next sessions!! We think this is paying for an innocent piece of practical waggy with a vengeance! Little boys, mind your marbles! Little girls, beware of battle-dore and shuttle-cock! Babies, we rather opine you're in the wrong box if you venture to tinkle your infantine rattles in a Tory neighbourhood! But this is not all. The Rector of the parish, a tall, stout, well-fed, worldly man, who keeps a pony-carriage, and revels in little short of £300 a-year, extorted from the hard earnings of his parishioners, was, it appears, *owed (!)* the sum of £13. 6s. 6d. for arrear in tithe, by the reverend minister at the time of his most unjust arrest. In order to make his bed as thorny as possible, and drive this good christian mad with vexation, the *pious (!)* Rector seized this opportunity (with malicious eagerness, we doubt not,) of informing him, that as he saw no chance of obtaining his money, which had been owing for five years, he should *distrain his effects if he were not paid within six weeks!!!* Spirit of English-men, where the deuce are you! Shades of Baines, Grote, Leader, Villiers, appear, dead or alive! Will ye allow such things to go on? will ye tamely submit to be victimised by a parson? Unfurl the glorious flag of REFORM, and annihilate the pest which, for the last thousand years, has been making such havoc of the free British nation! Let your watch-word be, Down with the Parliament Bishops—up with Religious Liberty!—But our pious enthusiasm is, we fear, leading us astray out of the subject. Mr. Morgan Jones was eventually acquitted by an intelligent jury of conscientious dissenters, and the precious Rector had the grace, after some angry remonstrances, to remit payment of what he called his dues for three years longer,—which of course was the least he could do, as he preached so much about forbearance. We are, however, happy to state, that the very next Sabbath the Rev. Mr. Jones was restored to his loving flock; he preached a most spirited and feeling sermon against the entire system of Church Establishment and compulsory laws, and let out rather against coercion on any points that the people didn't like, concluding with some very apposite and touching remarks upon conscience."

Mr. CHEERMAN next presented himself to the meeting. He begged to apologize for hoccypying their time, stranger as he was to the inhabitants of Cambridge; but as he and brother Kidney Smith was Chartist delegates, and patriotically devoted their time (quite gratuitously of course) to travelling about and instructing the people, he had seized this favourable opportunity of hexpounding the principles of the National Convention. If they'd no hobjection, he'd just tip 'em a bit of advice about the Corn Laws (cries of "No, no! question! Church-rates!" &c. and much confusion). Well, then, he'd talk about religion. He thanked heaven he knew a thing or two about that, he did. He could speak equally well on any subject, and wonderfully nearly in the same words too! Religion, then, or Church-rates, which he believed was much the same thing, should be his subject. They'd all heard of Dick Baxter? Well then, Dick Baxter was a religious man—hem—he believed he might go so far as to say a

pious man. Touching the aristocracy (hear, hear!) he thought they'd a deal too much money, and himself a deal too little, and he hoped soon to see the Helicon days in which property would be hequalized, the old popish church thoroughly reformed—nay, overthrown for what he cared—ha! ha! and those old monkeries, the Universities—(here much disturbance was created by the speaker's hat being driven over his eyes and mouth by a gownsman who stood behind, but who was soon mastered, and, after a severe beating, and not without much difficulty, forcibly ejected by about seventy of the company). D—n that brutal bigot! (were the first words which the honourable speaker was enabled to besplutter). But never mind; he'd be calm he would, and content himself with calling the aggressor an unpleasant person. He'd an antipathy to gownsmen, and considered 'em no better than rabid animals. He had frequently been "bonnetted" before, but never felt anything so decidedly in the sledge-hammer line. It had nearly ruffled his temper as well as his hat. He trusted the people wouldn't stand such doings, but pay the gownsmen off next fifth of November. Respecting Church-rates, he didn't think it necessary to say much now, because of course, when the people got their rights, they'd abolish 'em, which would save a great deal of unnecessary trouble. He would now conclude, and he would tell them why. He would conclude because his Rev. friend Dr. Squiggles was present, and wished to address the meeting. (Cheers, and cries of "Red-chops.") He begged them not to trifle with his friend's infirmities. Though he certainly had the slightest possible dab of red in his complexion, he assured them it was not an alcoholic blush, but sheer modesty. He pledged his unimpeachable veracity, it was nothing but modesty. Indeed the Rev. Doctor was an honorary member of the respectable society of Bitch-drinkers, who were bound by a vow to drink two gallons a-piece of mild tea, daily, so that they couldn't hold any spirits if they would. He was also Chairman of the New Tea-and-Toast Total Temperance Association, the members of which drank no spirits whatever, except the least conceivable dash in their tea, just to remove the taste of the tea-pot. In short, they would find Doctor Squiggles a slap-up speaker, an out-and-out reformer, a tip-top gentleman, and altogether a very nice man. (Cheers.)

The Rev. SQUIGGLES (D. D. of Small-street college, Nobodynoswere, Scotland) feared that his honourable friend had laid on "soap" so thick, that he'd clean washed all he had to say out of his memory.

The CHAIRMAN begged to remind the Rev. Doctor, that he had committed a pun. He objected to puns, partly because he couldn't make 'em himself, and partly because he considered 'em unscriptural.

DOCTOR SQUIGGLES was sorry he had offended the Chairman, but excused himself by saying, he was naturally so addicted to puns, that he sometimes made 'em even in his sermons; and that he had turned out two regular slap-up Joe Millers, and three funny fellows, merely by their hearing him preach! Though he wasn't a canon of the establishment, yet he would do his best to be a great gun of the dissenters, (he begged pardon for the involuntary pun,) and ever ready to discharge a volley at the popish State-church. And first of all, he would level his weapon against the unchristian imposition of church-

rate. He requested to be shewn the chapter and verse in the Bible where any mention was made of Church-rates. He would pay nothing that was not enjoined in the Bible. He was aware that tribute was to be paid to Cæsar; but unless they could shew him that the Queen was christened Cæsar Victoria, or Victoria Cæsar, he shouldn't feel bound to pay 'em. Why, he would ask, should protestant dissenters be compelled to support churches which the papists built? He was disposed to think that question was a clencher. The Tory press, the organ of the High-church bigots, was constantly uttering the most atrocious absurdities; as that it ought to be paid because it was the law of the land; that it was a property-tax, and not a voluntary matter, &c. &c. He trusted the days would come when that organ would play a very different tune. The Tory press was a pressing evil (groans), and ought to be suppressed (hisses). He would trouble that d—d young chummy in the tattered breeches to keep his hissing to himself, or he would give him a punch on the head. He would not be put down by any chummy in the kingdom, however black he might be. It was his duty to speak, and speak he would; and as to punning, that was his infirmity, and ought to be borne with. Mr. Binney himself sometimes made puns, though he was compelled to admit they were usually indifferent ones. But to return to the all-engrossing subject of Church-rates. He had drawn up in writing a few remarks he wished to make, but regretted he couldn't read 'em, because his spectacles had got smashed in the late affray. Groans and hisses, during which Dr. Squiggles looked rather small, and ultimately resumed his seat.)

The CHAIRMAN then rose to dissolve the meeting. He believed the present company were unanimous in voting that they should send a petition to Parliament, praying for the abolition of Church-rates; and he knew a chap as could write that would draw it up for 'em, and sign names for it too, at two-pence a hundred; so that for half-a-crown they could get up a good walloping long 'un, as 'ud bother "The House" for a month. He begged, however, to propose as an amendment that they should request Lord Mulberry—what was the chap's name that they called prime minister?—to do away with the Church altogether, which would be far the shortest and agreeablest way. He thought the Church of England had been productive of the greatest harm to the nation. Its ministers didn't preach the gospel, and for his part he'd far too tender a conscience to consent to pay to such a popish sect. He should conclude by calling upon Master Figgins, (whose return from Botany Bay he felt sure the brotherhood would hail with delight,) to engage in prayer.

Master Figgins accordingly having offered a very appropriate extempore prayer, the company after snarling a psalm, adjourned to the neighbouring sign of the Snob and Big-wig, to "have it out" in beer and Bible.

HYMN TO APHRODITE.

FROM HOMER.

I.

SING, Muse, the frolics of the Ocean child,
The golden one of Cyprus, who hath still
With honey-sweet desire the gods beguiled,
And bent the race of mortals to her will,
And winged birds and natives of the wild,
And whatsoever things were form'd to dwell
On the green shore, or haunt the dark-blue sea,
For all have trusted, flower-crown'd Queen, in thee.

II.

The Heavenly Wisdom could she not persuade,
Child of the Ægis-bearer, proud of thought,
Athena the blue-eyed and queenly maid,
Who vow'd gold Aphrodite had not wrought
One deed that pleasure to her mind convey'd,
Ever the battle and the fray she sought,
And from the deeds of Ares drew delight,
And banqueted her soul in crimson fight.

III.

She first taught artists in this world of ours
To fashion wains and chariots gay with brass,
She first taught fairest ladies in their bowers,
A thousand labours of most dainty class ;
Yet never Cypris with her smiles like flowers,
Link'd Artemis in love's embrace, alas !
For still the princess of the golden quiver
Raised her melodious clangor loud as ever.

IV.

For unto her was archery a pleasure,
Loved she the chace upon the lofty hill,
And the gay lute, and the poetic measure,
And dances woven by some moonlit rill,
And merry shouts in greenwood raised at leisure,
And groves as dim as twilight and as still ;
She loved the city too of holy men,
And those who blest her, ever blest again.

V.

Nor pleased the Cyprian Queen one whit the more,
Histie, as pure as the white moon above,
Histie, whom wisest Saturn sired of yore,
And who, by the strange artifice of Jove,
With bloom and beauty gifted as before,
Won bright Apollo's and old Ocean's love,
And gave not hers, but either suit denied,
Uttering a mighty oath, soon ratified.

VI.

Clasping the head of the eternal Lord,
She vowed a maiden life thro' all her days,
And Zeus the eternal sire gave meet reward
For loss of bridal rites and bridal lays ;
That she in every mansion be adored,
And in its centre throned with deathless praise,
While loved and worshipt in each holy shrine
Men bless the chief of all the powers divine.

VII.

Thus Aphrodite never could allure,
Or trifle with these children of the sky ;
Yet none save these were from her might secure,
Of mortals on the earth, or gods on high.
Not Zeus himself before *her* could endure,
Zeus whose delight is thunder booming by ;
For, when she would, the golden Aphrodite
Could sport it with the heart of the most mighty.

VIII.

And thus the god was easily persuaded
To clasp the lovely daughters of the earth,
By Here still unseen and unupbraided,
Here, his sister-bride, heaven's noblest birth,
Whose sire was Saturn, blest with wit unfaded,
While gentle Rhea brought this glory forth,
And Zeus, of deathless wisdom still possest,
Folded this goodly being on his breast.

IX.

But Zeus her own sweet soul with love beguiles,
That she might long for mortal man's embrace :
Thus Aphrodite, with a thousand smiles
Glancing soft light upon her beauteous face,
Most musically laughing at her wiles,
Might tell all heaven with triumphant grace,
That gods had left for woman their bright portals,
And goddesses had given their love to mortals.

X.

So Zeus Anchises pierced with sweet desire,
Who then in many-fountain'd Ida dwelt,
And, bright as one of the immortal choir,
Pastured sleek oxen where the blue hills melt
Into the sky to which they still aspire.
All soft emotions Aphrodite felt,
When she beheld the shepherd watching there,
And Love pass'd thro' her spirit like thin air.

XI.

To Cyprus, lo ! the Queen of smiles hath gone,
And wafted thence hath sought her favourite shrine
In Paphos, where her fragrant altar shone,
And entering in she closed the gates divine :
Then rose the graces, each with loosened zone,
And bathed her form in water soft and fine,
And perfumed her white limbs with oil, which gods,
And only they, use in their blest abodes.

Hymn to Aphrodite.

XII.

Aye, such as even clothes them with new might,
 As springs some meadow with a thousand flowers,
 Is that still offered to this queen of light,
 Ambrosial, delicate, and unlike ours.—
 But see! in garments beautiful and bright,
 Glowing with gold she leaves the Cyprian bowers,
 And lo! above the clouds in her deep joy,
 The child of laughter wings her way to Troy.

XIII.

On many-fountain'd Ida she descended,
 The nurse and mother of the salvage kind,
 And swiftly thro' the mountain pass she wended,
 While white wolves fawning followed her behind,
 And bear and lion on her course attended,
 And the swift pard, insatiate of the hind:
 The Queen, when she beheld them sporting by her,
 Laugh'd, and then slyly pierced them with desire.

XIV.

They under old recesses, still and shady,
 Were gather'd two and two, in calm repose,
 While swiftly pass'd this bright and beauteous lady:
 To where the shepherds' stately tents arose,
 There, among folds lone as some cloud in May-day,
 Found she the young Anchises, fair as those
 Who walk the sapphire palace of the sky,
 And garmented with beauty from on high.

XV.

The shepherds ever with their herds were straying
 Along the pasture meadows soft and green,
 The lone youth ever on his harp went playing,
 Hither and hither in that lonelier scene.
 There stands the Sea-child, in young bloom arraying
 Her form, like some sweet girl in face and mien,
 For she was fearful that her beauty bright
 Might be too radiant for a mortal's sight.

XVI.

Like one entranced, he gazed on the attire
 In which this form of splendour was enfolden;
 Her robe was brighter than the beam of fire,
 On her were armlets and rose-gems beholden;
 Chains wreathed her soft neck, rosy with desire,
 Chains, beautiful, and many-hued, and golden,
 Light from her breasts fell sparkling on the air,
 And like a moonlight form she floated there.

XVII.

Then Love he knew, and thus the Queen address—
 "Welcome, O Princess, to these blissful bowers,
 Or Leto thou, or Artemis the blest,
 Or Pallas the blue-eyed, from heaven's bright towers,
 Or Aphrodite with the golden vest,
 Or Themis, noblest of the ancient powers,
 Or one of the sweet graces, who, death free,
 Companion all the gods in bliss that be.

XVIII.

"Or haply one of those dear nymphs art thou,
Whose frequent feet in loveliest glades are twinkling,
Or one of those who haunt this mountain's brow,
Or play by fountains that are ever sprinkling
Their dew on the glad fields that bask below,
Whose green repose some fragrant wind is wrinkling,
So will I build in yon high place a shrine,
And bring thee gifts of beauty most divine.

XIX.

"Only be thou of kind and gentle spirit,
Make me the bravest of the sons of Troy;
Be mine a blooming offspring, to inherit
His father's soul, and be the people's joy;
Many my days and happy as I merit,
In blessing me may all their voice employ;
Long may I view the golden sun have birth,
Late may I mingle with my mother Earth."

XX.

"Anchises, noblest of the sons of earth,"
Heaven's daughter answered him in accents mild:—
"Didst liken me to goddesses in mirth?
For I am none—I am a mortal child,
It was an earthly mother gave me birth,
An earthly father o'er my cradle smiled;
Otreus—a name perchance to thee well known,
All Phrygia's fairy cities are his own.

XXI.

"I speak thy language as my native tongue,
For in her house a dame of Troy received me,
And delicately nurtured me while young,
When of my own fond mother she bereaved me;
But late, the pleasant shades I daced among,
When by a wondrous chance—at first it grieved me,
The golden-wanded Argiphont flew o'er me,
And from the band of silver Dian bore me.

XXII.

"Bright nymphs and princely girls in those green bowers,
With merry laughter and still merrier play,
Together were we garlanded like flowers,
When the gold Argicide bore me away,
Gliding by cornfields, vineyards, towns, and towers,
And desert tracts where salvage monsters stray;
Away, away—the motion was so fleet,
I shaded not the live earth with my feet.

XXIII.

"Then Hermes told me that I must be thine,
That I thy bride, thy consort soon must be,
And hail thee father of a radiant line,—
So spake the mighty Argiphont to me,
And then departed to the world divine,
While, fate-compell'd, I bent my steps to thee;
But I beseech thee by the God above,
To let me go—nor weary me with love.

Hymn to Aphrodite.

XXIV.

"Yea, by thy parents gentle, good, and fair,
The base-born never could claim such a child,
Oh, search me not the rites that lovers share,
But lead me to thy sire, thy mother mild,
And to thy brothers whom thou holdest dear,
For they shall find me meek, not rude, nor wild;
And now to Phrygia let a courier speed,
To tell my anxious parents of my deed.

XXV.

"Gold and embroider'd vesture will they send,
Ah, lay the royal ransom safely by,
And bid the guests the marriage-feast attend,
Honour'd by men below, and gods on high."
She said—and when her honey'd words had end,
She bade Love swiftly thro' his spirit fly;
Anchises felt the magic of her wiles,
And thus address the lady of sweet smiles.

XXVI.

"But if thou art indeed a mortal child,
And if an earthly mother gave thee birth,
And earthly father o'er thy cradle smiled,
Otreus, a name illustrious on the earth;
If Hermes, as thou say'st with accents mild,
The everlasting angel, led thee forth,
To be my bride—nor man, nor power divine,
Shall tear me hence from those bright charms of thine.

XXVII.

No,—if the Archer, fair Apollo, places
His death-fraught arrows, on his silver bow,
I will not quit thee, sweetest of the graces,
For like no earthly form of love art thou:
But if, imparadised in thine embraces,
One hour of purest happiness I know,
Then gladly will I draw my latest breath,
And journey to the palace of white Death."

XXVIII.

He said, and link'd her hand in his—then glowing,
The Ocean child turn'd and went softly on,
Ever swift glances from her bright eyes throwing
Towards the couch the chief oft lay upon,
Strewn with silk mantelets, long, rich, and flowing,
While o'er it many a valued hide was thrown,
From bear and lion, slain by his own hand
Among the lofty mountains of the land.

XXIX.

Soon as the costly couch they had ascended,
She first withdrew her vesture, pure as light,
Her armlets, rosegems, clasps, and bracelets splendid,
And then unloosed her zone and garments bright.
The young Anchises on the Queen attended,
And placed them on a selle all silver-white;
And then, by Heaven's command and Fate's decree,
A mortal slumber'd with a Deity.

XXX.

But when the shepherds, at the evening hour,
Folded their oxen soft and fleecy sheep,
Driven from green pastures, pranked with many a flower,
She sprinkled him with the sweet dew of sleep,
And then array'd her in her robes once more ;
And thus envestured stood in silence deep,
Beside the couch within the tent that lay,
Divine as Love, and beautiful as Day.

XXXI.

She raised his head, and then from his flush'd cheeks
Ambrosial beauty lighten'd on the air,
Ambrosial beauty such as only decks
Cythera garlanded with flowers most fair.
She wakens him from sleep—she calls—she speaks,
Wake, Dardan, wake—why sleep so soundly there ?
Awake and say, if pictured in me lies,
The form that first appear'd before thine eyes."

XXXII.

Awaking with a start in mute surprise,
He listen'd to the voice that floated round him,
But when he saw her fair face and bright eyes,
He gazed awhile as tho' a spell had bound him :
Then turning from this daughter of the skies,
The young Anchises, soon as he had found him
Within his robe—from her bright eyes a screen,
With suppliant words and few address'd the Queen.

XXXIII.

" I knew that thou wert some divinest being,
Tho' thou deniedst thou wert so to me ;
But by the Ægis-bearer—Zeus the all-seeing,
Let not my days be spent in misery.
But oh ! take pity on me,—still decreeing
That mine fresh flowers of happiness may be ;
For brief and sad his life, whose place of rest
Hath been, O goddess, on a heavenly breast."

XXXIV.

Then Aphrodite spake : that child divine :
" Anchises, noblest of all mortals, cheer thee,
And dread no more that evil shall be thine,
For, trust me, nought disastrous shall come near thee
From me, or any of the heavenly line,
For thou to all the powers must endear thee,
And thine a son shall be, of Troy the king,
And sons from sons, a deathless race, shall spring.

XXXV.

" His name Æneas, for the bitter pain
That for a mortal offspring must be mine—
The immortal gods that in Olympus reign,
Alone are like the children of thy line,
In beauty, form, and feature, and in mien ;
And therefore Zeus, in wisdom most divine,
Took Ganymedes of the golden hair,
With gods to live, because he was so fair.

XXXVI.

And ever in the Thunderer's dædal palace
 He bears the goblet to the gods most high :
 Beloved by men, and far from earthly malice,
 He foameth for the children of the sky
 The rich red nectar from a golden chalice—
 While evermore old Tros is heard to sigh ;
 Unwitting where the storm had left his child,
 He wept his fate with sorrow deep and wild.

XXXVII.

But kindly Zeus in pity gave to him,
 For his dear son, a noble compensation—
 Steeds swift of foot, and beautiful in limb,
 Which bear the immortals in proud exultation,
 And subtle Argiphont—that courier slim,
 Missioned by Zeus from his eternal station,
 Declared that, like some blest immortal grown,
 Grief, age, and death should be to him unknown.

XXXVIII.

And thus he wail'd no more—no more was sad,
 When he had listen'd to the child of May ;
 But borne by coursers with the tempest clad,
 In new delight he lived from day to day.
 Again, when Eos, the beloved, the glad,
 The golden-throned sultana bore away
 The beauteous Tithon, like some forin divine,
 Tithon whose lineage was the same as thine ;

XXXIX.

Then to the cloud-pavilion'd god she went,
 Praying that Tithon might immortal be ;
 The cloud-pavilion'd god gave his consent.—
 Poor simple Eos—well-a-day for thee !
 Thou didst but half perform thy fond intent,
 Forgetting to ask youth's perpetual glee ;
 Yet, while in beauty's bloom the hero grew,
 Dwelt he by earth's green marge, near ocean blue.

XL.

Dwelt he delightedly with this young Queen,
 The gold-enthroned—the child of the sweet morning ;
 But soon as the first silver hairs were seen
 On his fair brow and chin to give sad warning,
 No more she knew the dalliance that had been,
 But still his form in radiant vests adorning,
 She in her palace foster'd him with care,
 On sweet ambrosia, and on cates most rare.

XLI.

But when old age crept on in gloomiest guise,
 And he could move his trembling limbs no more,
 She schemed a plan—a plan exceeding wise,
 For Tithon to the bridal-room she bore,
 And closed the portals radiant as the skies,
 When there his limbs grew weaker than before,
 Unutterably feeble was his tone,
 And there he lay as still as any stone.

XLII.

" I would not, Love, that such a lot were thine,
That such thine immortality should be ;
But couldst thou still preserve that form divine,
And prove a bright and deathless Fere to me,
The shadow of annoyance ne'er were mine ;
But soon, alas ! old age must mantle thee,
Age that hath only among mortals rested,
Deadly and burthensome, and heaven-detested.

XLIII.

" But now among the immortal gods above,
For ever and for ever must I bear
Banter and taunt, because of this my love,—
Among the immortal gods, once wont to fear
My words and wiles—wherewith I oft would move
The sons of heaven to quit their holy sphere,
And with the earth's fair daughters joy their fill,
For all did reverence to my sovran will.

XLIV.

" Alas ! my fame will live no more in heaven,—
Mine is a fault I never may atone,
A senseless error not to be forgiven,
From mortal's love a child will loose my zone.
Soon as thro' air he sees the sun-steeds driven,
The mountain nymphs shall nourish him alone,
Sweet nymphs, this holy hill who wander by,
Unlike the daughters both of earth and sky.

XLV.

" Theirs is long life, and theirs ambrosial fare,
And with the gods they play, the light dance weaving,
The young Sileni chase them, fleet as air—
And the sly Argiphont still, still deceiving,
Within some grotto's shrine, of beauty rare,
Kisses their lips and breasts with warm love heaving—
With them the slim pine and tall oak have birth,
And with them bless the general mother, Earth.

XLVI.

" And in their mantles woven of fresh green,
They grow in beauty on the giant hills,
The fanes of gods men call these lovely treene,
And never woodman's axe their verdure kills,
For there the sun sole traveller hath been :
But when the deathpang thro' their marrow thrills,
When droop the branches, and the leaves grow white,
Their spirit sighs, and sighing quits the light.

XLVII.

" They shall receive and nurse this child for me,
And when the garb of boyhood he assume,
Bright goddesses shall shew him unto thee :
And with him in the fifth year I will come,
For dear the memory of these days will be—
Gladly shalt thou behold this beauty bloom,
For lovely as some god will be the Boy,
And thou shalt lead him straight to windy Troy.

To the Waning Moon.

XLVIII.

" And if a mortal ask thee any day,
 What mother bore the child beneath her zone,
 Be sure thou tell him what I bid thee say :
 And they who haunt this greenwood mountain lone,
 Call him nymph Kalykopsis' son, for aye ;
 But shouldst thou rashly boast that thou hast known
 The love of her who wears the fairest crown,
 Then Zeus on thee will hurl his thunder down.

XLIX.

" All hath been said now : only be thou wise,
 Nor mention aught I have forbidden thee ;
 And oh, beware the vengeance of the skies,
 Nor tempt the anger of the deity."
 So saying, thro' the breezy heaven she flies—
 Blessings, sweet Queen of Cyprus, with thee be,
 And I who praise thee now will bid ere long
 My spirit glide into another song.

W. M. W. C.

TO THE WANING MOON.

BEAUTIFUL Moon ! as yet to mortal eye
 Thy radiant orb in perfect fulness glows,
 Nor in thy circle, since it last arose,
 Can we or change or diminution spy.
 But yet, mild Sovereign of the evening sky !
 We know that thou art waning, night by night
 Shall see thee rising with diminished light,
 Till thou art but a shining thread on high.
 Gradually vanishing, thou dost impart
 A fainter still, and fainter ray,
 And thus too oft within the human heart,
 High thoughts and holy pass unmark'd away :
 Oh ! since like thee our better feelings wane,
 Would that like thee they wan'd, to wax again.

Μουσophilos.

THE LITTLE-GO.

READER, has it ever been your lot to be walking on a dull morning in March by that most classical of modern buildings the Senate-House, at an hour when the spacious area between it and St. Mary's was crowded by a concourse of pale, anxious-looking mortals, encased in pea-coats, Chesterfields, pilots, Taglionys, dreadnoughts, and the infinite variety of other winter habiliments of which our age can boast; each of whom exhibited in his visage the same pleasurable sort of emotions which we may suppose to have been experienced by the late Mr. Greenacre, as he tripped on Monday morning, May 2nd, 1837, from the debtors' door of Newgate into the jurisdiction of the sheriffs of London and Middlesex? If such, gentle reader, has not yet been your lot, we sincerely deplore your inexperience, and consider it highly conducive to your future good that you should forthwith possess some information on the subject. If, on the contrary, you *have* witnessed these phenomena, or participated yourself in the pleasurable excitement they are wont to communicate, why even then we are inclined to believe that a short sketch may not be altogether thrown away upon you,—inasmuch as it is not quite improbable that you are a questionist, and may therefore be on the eve of consummating your University career, by essaying in your own person something not very dissimilar from what we are now about to describe. In fact, to all—to freshmen, junior sophs, senior sophs, questionists, and to gentlemen of every possible standing, we beg to intimate the subject will be interesting, inasmuch as the most phlegmatic cannot treat with utter indifference a matter of so much importance to all of us as the Little-Go examination unquestionably is.

Well, then, before we proceed, it may be just as well to make a philological observation—nothing very elaborate it is true—it is simply this—that “The Little-Go” is not the proper term for the great spring festival to which we refer; neither is “The Smalls” a whit less objectionable: the real orthodox, academical phrase, and that which is alone current among the “constituted authorities,” being “The Previous Examination.” It will be remarked, that we ourselves have chosen in our title to employ that one of the synonymes which we are now so urgent in deprecating. We have in this instance made a reluctant concession to a depraved method of speaking, simply with the view of augmenting our usefulness, by writing in a dialect which is more generally understood, and not from any tendency to approve of the practice, however Horace may have endeavoured to palliate such innovations.

We have resolved, in order to enlist our readers' sympathies more effectually in the Little-Go candidate's behalf, to introduce him just at the close of his Little-Go training, precisely at that important period of his existence when the infirmities of human nature beset him with their greatest vigour—when he experiences that most unenviable sensation, a sinking of the heart within him.

* * * * *

Ten minutes to twelve by St. Mary's clock, the pea-clad corps are now beginning to arrive. Just observe that remarkable-looking genius with an octagonal-shaped cap, and the remainder of his academicals of the same eccentric appearance,—the representative of a class whom University honours are totally impotent to allure,

“cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmæ;”

and whom University terrors are scarcely able to restrain. He is endeavouring to exhibit in his deportment an easy *nonchalance* at the situation in which he finds himself suddenly placed; but it'll not do, sir,—you're evidently not exactly in your element just at present. Pray what is that formula he is attempting to go over to that strong-built, jolly-looking friend with whom you see him converse? He is endeavouring to recite Paley's eleven allegations, with the assistance of his friend, whom you may easily recognise as his private tutor. But he's unable to manage it, nevertheless. No, he'll be plucked, you may rely upon it.—There stand an interesting group on the opposite side of the street, of a totally different character, however, as you may perceive, from our friend of the shattered wardrobe. Do you observe the excellent condition of *their* academicals. They are busy discussing the issue of that day's examination, and comparing their respective performances during the three hours they have already been in the Senate-House. “Bless your life, sir, you're through, you may rely upon it. There's not the slightest doubt on the subject. I only wish my success were as sure.” You may see by the gestures of that little gentleman in glasses, that such is the assurance he is giving to his diffident friend. Now, if you listen, you may hear the characters of the different Examiners commented on. But make way, here come the Examiners themselves. See what a sensation they cause among the crowd. The clock of St. Mary's is now striking twelve. The portals of the Senate-House are thrown open. The crowd rush forward and disappear.

We now leave the examiners and examinees in the interior of the Senate-House, engaged in their respective duties, and betake ourselves to an employment more profitable, we trust, to the readers of the Symposium, than following them through the several topics upon which they are alternately engaged: though we understand that the answers which the Examiners occasionally elicit during these Senate-House sessions, are highly amusing, and afford them a considerable relief amid their dry and tedious labours. A few of these *bon-mots* may, perhaps, be presented to the readers of the Symposium on a future occasion. But

“Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo;”

says Horace; and in accordance with this recommendation, we shall now assume a rather more Mentor-like character than we have yet laid claim to. This however we do,—we hope it is unnecessary to assure our readers, not in any spirit of ostentation, but simply to do good. Having ourselves arrived at the haven of Senior Sophism, we speak of course experimentally: We beg then to assure such

of our readers as may at present be Little-Go candidates in embryo, that there is nothing really so formidable in the affair, that they need harass their minds, and embitter their transitory existence by any morbid apprehensions concerning it,—that is, provided that they will devote a moderate degree of attention to their subjects. Yet would we by no means be thought thence to hold out any assurance to those who recklessly disregard this preparation, so essential to their success, so fatally disregarded by many. What then we would advise is this, that they should eschew, to a very great extent—for at any rate a month before the Little-Go day—lool-playing, wine-parties, tandem-driving, and such like frivolities, devoting themselves assiduously to those things which relate to the subjects in which they will be examined. By taking heed to this piece of advice, they will be certain of escaping a Pluck, and will acquit themselves creditably upon entering the Senate-House examination.

We deem it entirely needless to give any account of the various explanatory treatises, which annually issue from the press on the subject of that year's Little-Go for all who require such aids, inasmuch as these works are far too generally known and appreciated to need any notice from our pen on this occasion. The immortal *Analysis of Paley*, by Mr. Coward, is perhaps the most conspicuous of this class of works. Had the writer of that invaluable compendium lived in the days of ancient Greece, we feel convinced divine honours would have been his reward, so extensively has he contributed to the alleviation of human suffering, by diminishing the number of University Plucks. But we think we have now delivered ourselves of a sufficient quantum of advice to be useful, without incurring the charge of prolixity; we shall therefore now dismiss the subject, hoping that the admonitory hints we have given—as we before observed, with the kindest intentions—will meet with that indulgent reception amongst our readers which we anticipate from them, and which, we trust, we have not looked for in vain.

LINES

IN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

I stood beside a pool, or rather lake,
Of far outstretching width, and liquidness
Pellucid, when the noon its vertic heat
Down on the mirror'd surface shed: the hills
That reared their heads to heaven immoveable,
Moulding that valley into loneliness,
Cast grateful coolness through the solitude,
As tho' they woo'd the mimic suns below.
Devoid of trees it was, of tortuous oak,
Or self-sustaining pine, or e'en the copse
That oft a rocky base with foliage greens:
That lonely stream no forms of merriment
On its refulgent bosom shadows forth,

Nor shepherd-lad, nor village maiden, here
Their matin chimings through the murmuring air
In notes mellifuous, repercurring, send.
It was a pleasant spot, a spot for thought
And meditation apt; and, as I stood,
It seem'd as tho' this lower globe became
To my mind's eye remote: its restless cares,
Its circumvolving interests, that move
Around our puny centre self, seem'd lost,
And images of nobler aim, intent,
Self-conscious, for their own existence self-
Sufficing, filled the caverns of my thought.
As musing thus profound I stood, a cry
Fell on mine outward ear, and sent my life
In thronging currents backwards to its fount.
Methought the undulated hills had bow'd
Their unrepining heads, and shouted loud,
So shrill, like infant's, came that bounding voice:
At last mine eyes upturning lengthily
I saw a boy, a little boy, who scarce
(So small was he) from babyhood had grown;
Within his tiny palms softly entwined
He clasp'd what was perchance some treasur'd toy;
And ever and anon with eager mien
One hand he'd raise, the fingers inward turn'd,
Up to his eye, a mimic telescope,
As tho' to see were comfort in his ken,
And then he'd onward spring, his wild career
O'er clod and stone uncheck'd pursuing, and
A plaintive wailing from his lips would burst;
And then he'd toss his arms aloft, and fling
With hasty foot the pebbles in the lake:
Thus on he came, until exhausted quite,
Down at my feet the sorrowing creature fell.
And then I saw the cause had moved him thus,
A bird it was, a stiff, cold, lifeless, bird,
A bird of that devouring tribe, that oft
Will, inimical to the husbandman,
Pluck up the bursting seed, and crops despoil—
A crow it was, of plumage dark, and size
Immense.—I marvell'd that the child so much
Was touch'd, and often since, when on my couch
In contemplation wrapp'd I lie, my soul
Returning to that lonely glen, learns there
A lesson deep;—I see how small a cause
May move our mind's extremest energies.

B. R. J.

(TRANSLATED FROM ANACREON.)

Εἰς τὴν εἰαυτοῦ εἰαλπαν.

BEST of painters, best of painters,
Master of the Rhodian art,
Come, and paint me as I tell you,—
Paint the mistress of my heart.

Paint me locks both soft and jetty,
Breathing (if you can) perfume:
A forehead, by dark ringlets shaded,
And a cheek of softest bloom.

* * * * *

Paint me eyes whose thrilling glances
Beam with fire, and paint them blue
As Minerva's, and as liquid
As are Cytherea's too.

Paint a nose, and cheeks where roses
Blend with milk; and paint a lip,
Like Persuasion sweetly tempting
A delicious kiss to sip.

Round her neck of Parian marble,
Let each circling grace entwine;
In purple robes, and yet displaying
Something of her form divine.

Array her—but stay, Painter, stay!
Her very charming self I view.
Cease! or soon, O beauteous stranger,
Thou wilt seem to prattle too.

W. B.

Lord Erskine once observed, that ladies were useless members of society, and could only be "compared to canisters tied to one's tail." The remark was answered by the following little skit:—

Lord Erskine at ladies affecting to rail,
Compares them to "canisters tied to one's tail;"
And fair Lady Anne, as the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt by his Lordship's degrading comparison.

But wherefore degrading? Consider aright,
A canister's useful, and polished and bright;
But if dirt its original purity hide,
'Tis the fault of the puppy to which it is tied.

W. B.

VERSES FOUNDED ON FACT.

FOR MUSIC.

RECITATIVE.....(*Triangle accompaniment.*)

Let A B C
A triangle be;
Also let it thus betide
That A B, the right-hand side,
Shall exactly equal be
To the left-hand side A C.

DUETT.

Then the angle A B C,
And A C B its brother,
Shall exactly equal be
Unto one another!

CHORUS.

They are,
They are,
A perfect pair,
I do declare!

RECITATIVE.

And if you think it is of use,
You may the equal sides produce,
And then you'll find that in the sequel
Th' exterior angles will be equal;

AIR.

The one than the other,
Not lesser nor lar-
Ger, but each with its brother
Quite, quite on a par!

GRAND CHORUS.

Quite!.....(*Trumpets*).
To your delight!.....(*Drums, gongs, &c.*)
Quite! Quite!! Quite!!! (*Cannon if to be had.*)

EUCLID—(BOOK I. PROP. V.)

Ἰσοσκελὲς τρίγωνον ἀλλήλαις αἰεὶ
ἴσας παρέξει γωνίας τὰς πρὸς βάσει·
ἣν δ' αὖ θέλῃς τὰ πλευρὰ μήκυνειν πρόσω,
καὶ τὰς βάσεως ἔνερθεν εὐρήσεις ἴσας.

Πρῶτον τρίγωνόν σοι γένοιτ' ἰσοσκελές,
οὐδ' πλευρ' ἴσ' ἀλλήλοισι τείνεται κάτω·
ἔπειτ' ἐς ὀρθὸν δισά μήκυνον σκέλη·
τοῦτ' ἦν ποιήσῃς, τὰς ὑπερθε γωνίας
καὶ τὰς ἔνερθε τῆς βάσεως ἐξεις τάχα
ἴσας, ἐκατέρας ταῖς ἐναντιονύμηναις. 5

Ἐν τοῖσι μηκυνθεῖσι κώλοισιν λαβέ
στιγμὴν· ἀπόσχισον δὲ τοῦ μείζονος ἀπο
τοῦλασσον· εἰτα θατέρῳ ταύτων ποίει.
ἔκτεινε γραμμὴν τῶνδε τῶν στιγμῶν ἀπο
πρὸς τῆς βάσεως τὰ τερματ', ὡς ζεύξης τὸ πᾶν. 10

Ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἄμφω κῶλα ταῦτ' ἐλάσσονα
ἴσ' ἐστὶν ἀλλήλοισι, καὶ τὰ πλευρ' ὁμῶς
τὰ τοῦ τριγώνου τοῦ πάρος γεγραμμένου,
καὶ τὴν ἐπ' ἄκρας γωνίαν κοινὴν ἔχει·—
ἄρ' οὐκ ἂν εὗροις τὰς βάσεις, αἱ σοι δίχα 20
πλαγίως κάτω τείνουσιν, ἐξισουμένας;
καὶ μὴν τρίγωνά γ' ἀμφότερ' ἀλλήλοισι ἴσα,
αἱ θατέρων δὲ γωνίαι ταῖς θατέρων
λοιπαῖς, ἴσ' αἰσι κῶλ' ἐναντίον τρέχει.
Ἐπεὶ δὲ γραμμαὶ, μέχρι τῶν στιγμῶν, ὅλαι 25
ἴσαι τρέχουσιν, καὶ μέρη βραχίονα
ἀμφοῖν ὁμῶς ἴσ' ἐστὶν ἀλλήλοισι, τὸτ' οὖν
τὰ τῆς βάσεως ἔνερθεν εἰς στιγμὰς μέρη
τείνοντα λοιπὰ ζυμétrως μήκυνεται.
ἐδείξαμεν δὲ τὰς πλάγια κατωφερεῖς 30
βάσεις ἰσοῦσθαι, τὰς κάτω δὲ γωνίας·
κοινὴ δ' ἐστ' ἀμφοῖν ἐστὶν ἡ πρώτη βάσις·
οὐκοῦν τρίγων' ἴσ' ἐστὶ ταῦτ' ἐλάσσονα,
τὰς γωνίας τε τὰς λειμυμένας ἔχει
ἴσας ὁμοίως, πλευρ' ἴσ' αἰς ἐναντία. 35
οὕτω δ' ἐχόντων, τοιγαροῦν αἱ γωνίαι,
αἱ τῆς βάσεως κάτωθεν, ἀλλήλαις ἴσαι,
χαὶ τῶν βάσεων μεταξύ κείμεναι δύο.
Τὰς μείζονας δὲ γωνίας ἐξωτέρας
ἐπεὶ σαφῶς πέφηνεν ἀλλήλαις ἴσας 40
πέλειν, ὁμοίως δ' αἱ κάτω βάσεως δύο
λήγουσ' ἐς δὲ, τοιγαροῦν, ἡ λείπεται,
τὴν τῆς βάσεως ὑπερθε γωνίαν ἴσην
ἴδοις ἂν ἤδη γωνίᾳ τῇ ἑναντίᾳ.
καὶ μὴν ἐδείξαμέν γε τὰς βάσεως ὑπο 45
ἴσας γεγώσας· — καὶ τί δὴ θέλεις πλέον;

REVIEW.

EXERCISES ON LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION, *with Hints for, and Examples of, Themes.* By the Rev. B. W. BEATSON, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College. Cambridge: W. P. Grant.

The Publisher has just favoured us with a copy of this little work of Mr. Beatson's for our inspection. The very short time which the demands of our printer allow us, must plead our excuse for not passing a more elaborate and mature judgment upon a publication, which, we unhesitatingly assert, and all will admit, reflects no little credit upon the care, diligence, and learning of the Reverend Author. That Mr. Beatson's former works, of the same nature and class, (viz. Exercises on Greek Iambics, and on Greek Prose Composition,) are intrinsically good, and well adapted to the purposes for which they were designed, the very extensive sale, both within and without the University, which they have already had, amply testifies. It may therefore be fairly inferred, that a *third* work, of still superior typographical execution, and of somewhat larger size than the others, will have many and deserving claims upon the public patronage. Nor will the public be disappointed should they estimate the value of the work before us by the standard of those to which we have just alluded. We are here furnished with a very judicious selection (and this is more, we think, than can be fairly said of some other similar publications) of passages from approved Latin prose writers, literally rendered into English, and accompanied by such explanatory notes as will greatly facilitate the labours of the student in translating the given extracts back again into their original tongue. And these notes are so composed, as to deliver a series of general rules in the most impressive manner possible, viz. by making the passages on which they are given so many practical illustrations of them at the time. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our opinion, that much more *perspicuity* might have been ensured to these notes by the more free and consistent use of *italics*. We say more *consistent*, because we constantly meet with such notes as this (p. 16), "The imperfect of *do* sometimes signifies to intend to give, to offer. Render *tried* by the imperfect," &c. Here it is evident that *do* should have been printed in italics, to distinguish it from the English *do*, as well as for uniformity's sake, *tried* being so printed: p. 33, "Unite now with these, by the relative pronoun:" p. 97, "Connect æs copper with the termination *arium* expressing place where:" p. 91, "Render as if an account of him to be acquitted." In these, and numerous similar instances, a little attention to punctuation, and the proper use of italics, would, we repeat, have imparted additional neatness and perspicuity. Some passages, too, in the selections given in the text, are a little obscure, from being rendered too literally; and some few of the notes are rather puerile, even though the work be designed for the use of schools as well as of colleges. (See, e. g. note 3, p. 115; note 5, p. 101.) Still, if no greater objections can be brought against the

work than these, perhaps hypercritical, strictures allege, the Author will, we doubt not, be amply satisfied; and he will undoubtedly deserve the thanks of all those students who wish to prosecute their studies unassisted by tutorial superintendence. Mr. Beatson's rules and directions for *building* themes will be of much service to those who are unacquainted with the usual technicalities of this species of composition. They are, in short, excellent; and it is by no means too much to say, that they are probably the very best which have ever appeared upon the subject. The numerous examples of Latin themes given in conclusion leave nothing to be desired; and the rich store of *theses*, or subjects for original composition, will be highly appreciated by masters of schools, as they are both very copious and equally judicious. In one respect Mr. Beatson has departed from the plan adopted by Crombie, Arnold, &c.; which is, in making his extracts of much greater length. We do not think this an advantage. A *short* passage generally induces the student to take additional pains in rendering it; in a long one, he is apt to consider only how he may get it done. However, it is not of course necessary to set the *whole* of any one extract to the pupil. We heartily wish the work all success.

EPIGRAM

ON A RECENT ECCLESIASTICAL APPOINTMENT.

ON *Lamb* at first the choice did fall,
 Nor there th' appointment ceased;
 For *Peacock* proves the difference small
 Betwixt a BIRD and BEAST.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MAY 8.—*Lady Margaret's Professorship.*—This day the Rev. John James Blunt B.D., of St. John's college, was unanimously elected Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, in this University, in the room of the Right Rev. Herbert Marsh, late Bishop of Peterborough.—*St. John's College.*—To-day, the Rev. Thomas Crick, B.D. was elected a Senior Fellow and President of St. John's college, in the place of Mr. Tatbam, now Master of that Society.

MAY 15.—*Deanery of Ely.*—The Queen has been pleased to appoint the Rev. George Peacock, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity college, and Lowndean Professor of Astronomy in this University, to the Deanery of Ely, vacant by the decease of the Very Rev. Dr. Wood.—*The New Bishop of Peterborough.*—Dr. Davys, who has been promoted from the Deanery of Chester to the Bishoprick of Peterborough, was for many years a Fellow of Christ's college, in this University, and afterwards long a Curate in this neighbourhood; first in the parish of Littlebury, then of Chesterford, and last of Swaffham.—*Caius College.*—After the chemical examination held on the 9th, in Gonville and Caius college, in this University, the Mickleburgh scholarship was adjudged to Charles John Hare.—Mr. Alfred Leeman, B.A., of St. John's college, in this University, has been appointed Second Master of Oakham Grammar School.

MAY 18.—This day died the Rev. Martin Davy, D.D., F.R.S., F.A.S., F.L.S., Master of Gonville and Caius college, Rector of Cottenham in this county, and Prebendary of Chichester. Dr. Davy succeeded Dr. Belward in the mastership in 1803. He took his degree of M.B., 1792; M.D., 1797; and D.D. *per. lit. reg.* 1811. He was in his 77th year. Dr. Davy had originally, and for many years, practised as a physician, and acquired great reputation for his medical skill and success, particularly in the treatment of the severer kinds of fever. Some years ago he took orders, and became successively Rector of Cottenham and Prebendary of Chichester. Perhaps no man in the University of Cambridge had acquired a larger degree of the respect and good-will of his contemporaries, of all classes of opinions, and most deservedly, for he was, throughout a long life, distinguished for the courageous integrity of his principles, for the manly candour of his understanding, for the suavity of his manners, and the benevolence of his actions. He was, besides, highly accomplished, both as a professor of medical science, and as a general and classical scholar. He felt the greatest interest in the college over which he presided; and many persons now eminent may, and we believe do, unhesitatingly ascribe their success in life to his judicious advice and friendly services when they were mere students, inexperienced and uncertain what course of study, or what scheme of life, they should adopt. Dr. Davy has not lived without great advantage to his fellow-creatures; and we are sure that this humble tribute to his worth will obtain the cordial sympathy of very many considerable persons, both in the University of Cambridge, and in society at large.—At a congregation held this day, the following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Medicine:* George Faber Evans, Caius college.—*Bachelors in the Civil Law:* Rev. Boteler Chernoke Smith, Trinity hall; Rev. Charles Osmond, Jesus college.—*Masters of Arts:* Oliver Walford, Trinity college; Charles Jasper Selwyn, Trinity college; Frederick Custance, Trinity college; Stephen Bridge, Queens' college; Henry Howes, Caius college; Frederic Barker, Jesus college.—*Bachelors of Arts:* Edward Mooyart, Trinity college; Richard Peace Baker, St. John's college; Edmund P. Luscombe, St. John's college; James Rose, St. John's college; Gilbert William Robinson, St. Peter's college; John Henry Wise, St. Peter's college; George Washbourne Money, King's college; Francis Edward Durnford, King's college; Walter Young, King's college; John Henry Browne, King's college; Frederick Edward Long, King's college; William Baliol Brett, Caius college; Adolphus Boodle, Caius college; Arthur Wilkin, Christ's college; Francis Arthur Baines, Christ's college; George John Ansley, Christ's college; Robert John Porcher Broughton, Clare hall; Charles Wood, Clare hall; Charles Griffith Smith, Clare hall; Charles Ward, Magdalene college; George Jackson, Magdalene college; John Buck, Magdalene college; Jabez Jones, Corpus Christi college; Clement Cream, Pembroke college; Thomas Gleadow Fearn, Catharine hall.—At the same Congregation, Charles Joseph Belin, of Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this University.—At the same

Congregation the following graces passed the Senate:—To confer the degree of D.D., upon Mr. Tatham, Master of St. John's college, by Royal Mandate. To confer the degree of D.D., upon Mr. Peacock, of Trinity college, by Royal Mandate. To grant to Mr. Ansted, of Jesus college, the sum of £150, from the Woodwardian Estate, for the assistance which he has offered towards the arrangement of the Geological Collection. To grant to the Theological Library at Sydney, in Australia, two copies of all Theological Books which have been printed at the Pitt Press on account of the University, and also of such editions of the Bible as may be selected by the Syndics.

MAY 19.—*Clare Hall*.—Joseph Horner, Esq., of Clare hall, in this University, was elected a Fellow of that Society, upon the foundation.—*Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholarships*.—William Henry Roberts, B.A., of Emmanuel college, was elected a Scholar of the first class, and Josiah Walker, Student in the Civil Law, Trinity hall, a Scholar of the second class, upon the above foundation.

MAY 20.—A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held this day, Dr Clark in the chair. Mr. Ansted made a communication on the Tertiary Formations of Switzerland. Mr. Green read a Memoir on the Motion of Light through Crystallised Media. Mr. Whewell read a note respecting the working of his Anemometer since his Memoir on that subject, read May 1, 1837. The Anemometer had since that time been in action at the Society's house, and at the Cambridge Observatory; but in consequence of the instrument being frequently repaired and improved, the observations were frequently interrupted. The observations for the months of July and August 1838, were, however, represented by comparative diagrams, which were exhibited to the Society. From this comparison it appears that the form of the line representing the course of the wind as registered by the instrument at the two places is nearly identical, thus proving the consistency of different instruments of this construction with one another. The scale of the two instruments appeared to be different nearly in the ratio of 2 to 1, but no direct comparison of the scales has been attempted. It was stated also that during 1837 and 1838, observations had been made with Mr. Whewell's Anemometer at Edinburgh, by Mr. Rankine, and expressed in a diagram (according to the method recommended by Mr. Whewell,) in the 14th volume of the Edinburgh Transactions. Observations with this instrument have also been made at Plymouth, and reduced by Mr. Southwood (of St. Peter's college), by whom also the diagrams for Cambridge were constructed. Mr. Whewell stated, in conclusion, that there is every reason to believe, from the results hitherto obtained, that if any person with sufficient leisure were to take up this subject, it will reward him by leading to the knowledge of important meteorological facts and laws.

MAY 30.—In the presence of the Master, Fellows, and Undergraduates, a handsome Silver Inkstand was presented to the Rev. F. W. Lodington, of Clare hall, who has just resigned the Tutorship of that college. It was manufactured by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, at a cost of between 70 and 80 guineas; the subscription for it being confined to the members of the college in *statu pupillari*. The piece of plate was of a most elegant and new-fashioned design, and was presented with a complimentary address upon the valuable services rendered by Mr. Lodington to the college in his capacity of tutor. On one shield of the inkstand were engraved the arms of the college and those of Mr. Lodington, on the other shield the following inscription:—"Viro Reverendo Francisco Gulielmo Lodington, S.T.B., aulæ de Clare apud Cantabrigienses socio et tutori hoc argentum grati animi ac reverentiae monumento esse voluerunt Collegii ejusdem Discipuli et Artium Baccalaurei, A.D. 1839."

JUNE 1.—*Porson Prize*.—This prize was adjudged to Edward Meredith Cope, of Trinity college.

JUNE 3.—The Students of Christ's college presented a handsome piece of plate to the Rev. Edward John Ash, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Christ's college, consisting of a Silver Tea Kettle and Stand, on his leaving that society. The following is the inscription:—"Edwardo Johanno Ash, A.M., per IX., annos Collegii Christi, Cantabrigiensis tutori amoris gratique animi testimonium Discipuli, D.D."

JUNE 5.—At a Congregation this day, the degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred by Royal Mandate on the Rev. Ralph Tatham, Master of St. John's college, and the Very Rev. George Peacock, Dean of Ely, and Fellow and Tutor of Trinity college.—The Chancellor's Gold Medal, for the best English Poem, was adjudged to Charles Sangster, of St. John's college: Subject—*Barnockburn*.

JUNE 6.—At the Congregation this day, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity: Rev. George Atkinson, St. Peter's college.—*Master of Arts*: Rev. Stephen Allen, Trinity college.

JUNE 7.—At the Levee held this day, the Very Rev. George Peacock, D.D., was presented to the Queen by Lord Melbourne, on his promotion to the Deanery of Ely. [The Rev. George Peacock, M.A., F.R.S., just appointed to the Deanery of Ely, is son of the Rev. Thomas Peacock, of Denton, near Darlington, and brother to Thomas Peacock, Esq., of Bishop Auckland, and to the Ladies of the Rev. James Raine, Rector of Meldon, and John Fogg Elliott, Esq., Elvet Hill, near Durham.] At the same time, the Right Rev. Dr. Davys did homage on his elevation to the Bishoprick of Peterborough.—Messrs. Power, Powell, and Venables, were elected Foundation Scholars of Pembroke college.—Rev. Henry Cape, M.A., Fellow of Caius college, in this University, and Head Master of Doncaster Grammar School, to be Vice Principal of the Huddersfield Church of England Collegiate School.—The Rev. R. H. Williams, B.A., of Magdalene college, in this University, and Curate of Leveridge, in the diocese of Ripon, has been appointed to the Mastership of St. Asaph Grammar School.—C. U. Kingston, B. A., of Clare hall, in this University, has been unanimously elected Second Master of the Ashbourn Grammar School.—Charles Egan, Esq., Fellow-commoner of Trinity hall, in this University, has been called to the Bar by the Benchers of the honourable Society of the Middle Temple.—At a congregation held this day, Messrs. Tagge, Goode, Shortland, and Irwin, were appointed to Scholarships on Dr. Watt's foundation.—*Sir William Browne's Medals*.—Two of these Medals were adjudged as follows:—*Latin Ode*: Edward Balston, King's college.—*Greek and Latin Epigrams*: William Spicer Wood, St. John's college.—*Greek Ode*: Frederic Anderleckt Goulburn, Trinity college.

JUNE 11.—*Election of Master of Gonville and Caius College*.—The Rev. Benedict Chapman, M.A. Rector of Ashdon, Essex, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of Caius college, was elected Master of that Society in the room of the late Rev. Martin Davy, D.D. Mr. Chapman took the degree of B.A. in 1792, when he was Sixth Wrangler.—*Degrees*.—At a Congregation held to-day, the following Degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Divinity*: Rev. Richard Wilson, St. John's.—*Bachelors in Divinity*: George Phillips, Queens.; Robert Birkett, Emmanuel; Henry Philpotts, Catharine hall; Samuel Nicholson Kingdon, Sidney.—*Masters of Arts*: Samuel George Booth White, Caius; William Seaman Vawdrey, Queens'; Thomas Hayes, St. John's; Arthur Gifford Durnford, St. John's.—*Bachelors of Medicine*: Christian Budd, Pembroke; William Tomkyns, Trinity; Cornelius William Tripe, Corpus Christi; Charles Storer, St. John's.—*Bachelors of Arts*: Henry Wall Turner, Trinity; George Sharp, Caius.—*Barnaby Lecturers*: At the same Congregation the following gentlemen were appointed Barnaby Lecturers for the ensuing year:—*Mathematics*: Mr. Williamson, Clare hall.—*Philosophical*: Mr. Fendal, Jesus.—*Rhetoric*: Mr. Ray, St. Peter's.—*Logic*: Mr. Buston, Emmanuel.

JUNE 14.—*Gonville and Caius College*.—At a meeting of the Master and Seniors, the Rev. Charles Eyre, M.A. was elected a Senior Fellow of this Society, on the foundation of Dr. Caius. The following Scholars were elected:—Montague, Walpole, Bryan, Davis, sen., Ottley, Eastwood, Green; and these Exhibitioners: Pearson, Vipan, Spong, Suffield.

JUNE 17.—The Rev. Samuel Fennell, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Queens' college, was elected Head Master of the West Riding Proprietary School at Wakefield, vacant by the appointment of the Rev. G. A. Butterton, B.A., to the Head Mastership of the Grammar School at Uppingham. The Rev. George Cooper, M.A., of Pembroke college, has been appointed Chaplain of H. M. S. *Blenheim*, of 74 guns, now at Sheerness.

JUNE 28.—One of the Members' Prizes for Undergraduates has been adjudged to John Mason Neale, of Trinity College.

JUNE 29.—*St. Peter's College*.—Barnard Smith, Esq., B.A., of St. Peter's college, and Philip Freeman, Esq., B.A., Trinity college, were elected Foundation Fellows of St. Peter's college; on the same day the Rev. Henry Cotesworth, M.A., was elected a Fellow on the Gisborne Foundation. The Rev. Leonard Shafto Orde, of Queens' college, has been appointed one of the domestic chaplains of the Duke of Northumberland.

JULY 2.—To-day being Commencement-day the following Degrees were conferred:—*Doctors in Divinity*: Rev. Edward Rice, Trinity college; Rev. Henry Stebbing, St. John's college; Rev. Francis Russell Hall, St. John's college; Rev. Samuel Fennell, Queens' College; Rev. Richard Wilson, St. John's college; Rev.

George Wightman, St. John's college; Rev. William Scoresby, Queen's college; Rev. James Bosworth, Trinity college; Rev. Charles Wealey, Christ's college; Rev. George Dodds, Pembroke college; Rev. M. Seaman, Queen's college; Rev. George Dodsworth, Catharine-hall. *Doctors in the Civil Law*.—Augustus Frederick Bayford, Trinity-hall; Rev. D. B. Langley, St. John's college, and vicar of Olney, Bucks. *Doctors in Physic*.—George Fabian Evans, Caius college; Thomas Palmer Parr Marsh, Caius college; James Andrew, Caius college; Mervyn Archdall Nott Crawford, Trinity college; William Michell, Emmanuel college; *Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev Thomas Donkin, Catharine-hall. *Bachelor in Civil Law*.—Rev. J. Walker, Trinity-hall. *Masters of Arts*.—*St. Peter's College*.—Amphlett, Martin; Chamberlain, Robert; Cooper, Robert; Watkins, Henry; Robinson, John Farrer. *Clare Hall*.—Adcock, Alfred; Braithwaite, Frederick; Ramsay, Alexander; Yorke, Frederick William; Wilkinson, Matthew; Sheppard, Francis. *Pembroke College*.—Bertles, W. D. B.; Hotson, W. C.; Jackson, John; Keymer, N.; Milner, E. W.; Calvert, Christopher Alderson; Shortland, Edward. *Caius College*.—Barker, Benjamin; Clayton, Charles; Fernie, John; Hurlie, Robert R.; Tennant, William; Wilkins, B; Parker, Charles; Blunt, Walter; Johnson, Wm. John; Headly, Henry; Tozer, John; Howes, Henry. *Corpus Christi College*.—Hart, Cornelius; Higgins, Henry Hugh; Landon, Edward Henry; Parker, William Russell; Patteson, J. *King's College*.—Denton, Robert Abercrombie; Goodford, Charles Old; Long, A. *Queens' College*.—Bruce, William; Preston, H. E.; Sedger, Thomas; Clark, John. *Trinity Hall*.—Hale, John R. W.; Broome, Christopher Edmond. *Catharine Hall*.—Bayfield, Benjamin; Carnegie, John Heinery; Dainty, Thomas; Kelly, Edward; King, W. H.; May, John; Miles, Thomas; Robinson, J.; Stackhouse, John; Crow, Edward. *Jesus College*.—Courtenay, P. W.; Daubeney, Henry Jones; Hilton, Clarence James; Leventhorpe, T. W.; Smyth, Samuel Buxton; Ansted, David Thomas. *Christ's College*.—Baines, Charles Thomas Johnson; Bates, William; Coape, James; Hart, John; Walker, G. A.; Burney, Richard; Greenstreet, William George; Bacon, Hugh Ford. *St. John's College*.—Barber, R.; Barlow, Henry; Barnett, Edmund; Beadon, H. W.; Cartwright, Charles J.; Chapman, John; Christopherson, Arthur; Clark, Thomas James; Coleman, William H.; Colenso, John W.; Cooke, Thomas F.; Davies, Henry T.; Etridge, John Julius; Fellowes, Charles; Fraser, Robert; Gilbert, John Denny; Johnson Woodthorpe; Lawson, John; Ledsam, Daniel; Marsh, George Henry; Phelps, Robert M.; Rose, Alphonsus, W. H.; Sale, Richard; Salman, William S.; Smith, Alfred; Uwins, John G.; Wilkins, William; Bateson, William Henry; Lane, John D.; Collison, Frederick William; Hoare, Charles Richard; Saunders, John. *Magdalen College*.—Buckley, Joseph; Dayrell, Robert W.; Lowe, William; Nelson, James; Owen, W. H.; Wood, James; Swinny, Henry H.; Jones, Frederick. *Trinity College*.—Adams, R. Burrowes; Arthur, Lucius; Bissett, Andrew; Browne, Thomas Cooper; Campbell, James C. Clark, Elisha Lorenzo; Cotton, George E. L.; Currey, F. E.; Denison, Edward Hanson; Farmer, Wm. F. G.; Frampton, W. C.; Goodman, J. R.; Greenslade, William; Gregory, G. B.; Hale, R. W.; Hardy, Charles Wilmot; Headlam, Thomas E.; Hedley, Thomas A.; Helps, Arthur; Hue, Clement B.; Hunter, Alexander; James, Henry; Johnstone, G. Dempster; Lloyd, George John; Maitland, W. Fuller; Mansfield, John Smith; Mason, E. V.; Mayow, Philip, Wyvell; Methuen, T. P.; Nicholl, Frederick Ilud; Osborn, Wm. Alexander; Paget, Thomas Bradley; Palmer, Joseph Blades; Palmes, Wm. Lindsay; Parkes William Joseph; Pirie, William; Powell, Charles; Prescott, Robert; Radcliffe, William Cox; Richards, George; St. Aubyn, Richard John; Smyth, George Watson; Thornton, S.; Timins, John H.; Turner, Sydney; Vyvyan, Vyell F.; Woodfall, J. W.; Girdlestone, Stead Edward; Seager, John Osborne; Browne, Henry; Turner, William Twiss; Atkinson, Michael A.; Wilson, Richard; Smith, Archibald; Smith, James Ind; Coxhead, William L.; Conway, William; Custance, Frederick; Walford, Oliver; Selwyn, Charles J.. *Emmanuel College*.—Gilbert, Henry Robert; Legard, Frederick; Robinson, Charles W.; Roughton, Wentworth Charles; Wilder, John Mc Mahon; Barkley, John Charles. *Sidney Sussex College*.—Bickersteth, Edward; Furlong, C. J.; Lamotte, Matthew G.; Smith, John Thomas Henry. *Downing College*.—Frere, Philip Howard.

JULY 4.—*St. John's College*.—The following gentlemen of this College were on Thursday last elected Exhibitioners upon the foundation of the late Very Rev. Dr. Wood:—

Coombe, W. S. Wood, Inchbald,	} 3 year.	Boulton, Riggott, Wrigley,	} 2 year.	Simpson, O. E. Vidal, Bird,	} 1 year.
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JULY 10.—Dr. Le Blanc, Master of Trinity Hall, has recently resigned the responsible and honourable situation of Master of the Court of Queen's Bench, which he has executed for many years, to his own credit, and the advantage of the public. We regret to add, that continued ill health is the cause of the resignation of the learned Doctor, who will carry into private life the best wishes of the legal profession.—We are given to understand that Thos. Borrow, Burcham, Esq. M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, in this University, has recently been appointed Classical Examiner to the University of London, with an annual salary of £200.

ADDRESS TO THE REV. SAMUEL FENNELL, D.D.—The following address was to-day presented to the Rev. Samuel Fennell, D.D., Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, in this University, after having received the signatures of all the Bachelors and Undergraduates now in residence in that society:—

"Queens' College, Cambridge, July 2, 1839.

"REV. SIR,—We, the undersigned, Bachelors and Undergraduates of the Royal and Religious foundation of Queens' College, in the University of Cambridge, now in residence, desire to offer you our sincere congratulations on your proceeding to the degree of Doctor of Divinity in this University.

"We beg also to assure you of the entire satisfaction with which we have heard of your recent appointment as Principal of the Grammar School at Wakefield.

"We would, at the same time, take this opportunity of expressing our sense of the kindness and urbanity which have on all occasions characterised your conduct as one of the Tutors of this College, and our regret that so intimate a connection is now about to be dissolved.

"With every wish for your future happiness and prosperity,

"We are, &c. &c."

"To the Rev. Samuel Fennell D.D., Queens' College, Cambridge."

After receiving the address, Dr. Fennell made the following reply:—

"I beg, gentlemen, to return you my best thanks for this very kind expression of your feelings.

"I do not, I can assure you, give up my residence amongst you without great regret. It cannot but be painful to me to leave a place to which I am strongly attached, and to part with friends from whom I have received every attention.

"But, gentlemen, it is a very great satisfaction to me to know that I shall bear with me your good wishes, and that I shall be kindly remembered by you.

"To the latest moment of my life I shall reflect with pleasure on the courtesy and deference I have met with from every Undergraduate of this College; and wherever I may be situated I shall ever feel deeply interested in the welfare of the society, and shall always be highly delighted to hear of its prosperity, and to find that its members distinguish themselves.

"That you, gentlemen, may enjoy every blessing, that your academic career may be happy and profitable, and that your exertions in this and in every stage of life may be crowned with complete success, is my most earnest wish and prayer.

JULY 14.—To-day a piece of plate was presented by the Fellows and late Fellows of King's College in this University, to the Rev. G. W. Craufurd, vicar of Burgh-in-the-Marsh, Lincolnshire, and formerly Fellow of that society, as a grateful acknowledgment of his disinterested services and benefactions, whilst a member of their body. The plate consisted of one large and two small salvers, and upon them was engraved the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. G. W. Craufurd, M.A., late Fellow of King's college, by the Fellows and late Fellows of that Society, in acknowledgement of the permanent benefits conferred on the College by his pious and munificent encouragement of Theological Learning."

It should be added, that Mr. Craufurd annually increased the value of the Divinity Lectureship by an endowment of the interest of £2000, and also made a further donation of £500 for the supply of annual prizes for the three best proficients amongst the Scholars in Theology.

JULY 17.—*Select Preachers.*—The following gentlemen have been elected Select Preachers at St. Mary's, each for the month to which his name is affixed:—

1839.	October.....	The Hulsean Lecturer.
	November.....	Rev. H. Melvill, St. Peter's.
	December.....	Rev. J. E. Browne, Queens'.

1840. *January* Rev. C. Lawson, St. John's.
February Rev. T. Robinson, Trinity.
March Rev. J. C. Hare, Trinity.
April The Hulsean Lecturer.
May Rev. C. Green, Jesus.

AUGUST 10.—C. Easter, Esq. B.A., of St. John's college, has been presented to the Second Mastership of Richmond School, Yorkshire.

AUGUST 18.—The Rev. W. P. Musgrave, M.A., and Chaplain of Trinity college, has been collated by the Bishop of Hereford to the Rectory of Colwall, in the County of Hereford.—R. G. Latham, Esq., Fellow of King's college, has been lately elected Professor of the English Language in University College, London.

AUGUST 24.—Mr. Allen Wallace, B.A., of Pembroke college, has been appointed Second Master of Bromsgrove Grammar School in Worcestershire.

SEPTEMBER 22.—George John Bowdler, Esq., was this day admitted Scholar of King's college, on the resignation of the Rev. G. O. Townsend. And on the 26th John Eyre Yonge, Scholar, was elected a Fellow of the same Society.

SEPTEMBER 25.—The Lord Bishop of Peterborough has instituted the Rev. Comyns Tucker, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's college, to the Rectory of Statherne, in the County of Leicester, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Parke, on the presentation of the Master and Fellows of the Society.

SEPTEMBER 28.—The Rev. T. Chambers, M.A., of St. John's college, has been appointed Head Master of the Royal Naval School.

OCTOBER 1.—The following gentlemen were this day elected Fellows of Trinity college:—James Hemery, B.A.; W. I. Conybeare, B.A.; W. G. Humphry, B.A.; A. Thacker, B.A.; C. J. Vaughan, B.A.; J. G. Maitland, B.A.

OCTOBER 13.—This day being the first day of Term, the election of University officers took place when the following gentlemen were chosen:—

Proctors.—Rev. J. Smith, M.A., Caius; Rev. E. Steventon, M.A., Corpus.

Moderators.—Rev. T. Gaskin, M.A., Jesus; Rev. A. Thurtell, M.A., Caius.

Scrutators.—Rev. J. Baldwin, M.A., Christ's; Rev. J. Hymers, B.D., St. John's.

Taxors.—Rev. W. P. Bailey, M.A., Clare; Rev. J. Mills, M.A., Pembroke.

NOVEMBER 19.—W. R. Sharpe, Esq. B.A., elected a Fellow of Catharine Hall, on the Skrine Foundation.

NOVEMBER 21.—Alexander Blackall Simonds, and Edward Balston, Esqs., Scholars of King's College, were this day elected Fellows of the same Society.—The Fellow-Commoners of Catharine Hall, have recently presented a handsome silver tea-pot to the Rev. G. Maddison, M.A. Fellow of that Society, to mark the interest they have felt in common with his many other friends, in the happy event of his marriage. It bears the following inscription:—"To the Rev. G. Maddison, a small token of their regard and esteem, from the Fellow-Commoners of Catharine Hall, Oct. 12, 1839." On the opposite side is the Rev. gentleman's crest.

MATRICULATION LIST.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—*Fellow-Commoners*—Sir H. H. Bruce, Henry Coore, George Francis Stuart Elliot, Thomas Wm. Evans, Chris. Henry Thos. Hawkins, Hon. Colin Lindsay, Rowland Winn.—*Pensioners*—Wm. Stephen Atkinson, Henry Wm. Baker, Henry Barton, Richard Gully Bennett, Hon. Geo. Fred. Bentinck, Robt. Boyle Blackburn, Henry Bunbury Blake, Thomas Eardley Wilmot Blomefield, Matthew Reis Watt Boulton, Philip Pleydell Bouverie, Frank Bradshaw, Charles David Brereton, William Brodie, Douglas Brown, Henry Cust Burges, Thomas Burnaby, David Burton, George Chance, Arthur Childe, John Forbes Clark, Edward Coode, Thomas Coombe, John Cappin, George Crawshaw, John Henry Daniell, William Smith Dean, William Dick, Edmund Henry Dickinson, Charles John D'Oyley, Hon. Ralph Heneage Dutton, Hon. Thomas Edwardes, Henry William Bartholomew Edwards, William John Fitton, Theodore Howard Galton, Frederick Gell, Frederick Waymouth Gibbs, Charles Thomas Glynn, Alexander Ronald Grant, Benjamin Gray, Joshua Greaves, James Charles Gregory, Thomas Hackman, John Harman, James Richard Holligan, William Robert Vaughan

November 1839.—VOL. I.—NO. III.

A A

Johnson, Willoughby Jones, Charles Warner Lewis, Thomas Bentley Locke, Arthur Lowther, Edward Loyd, Francis Pelham Proby Stewart Mackenzie, Henry Mann, Alfred William Mason, John Henry Mather, Henry Dunning Macleod, Adolphus Meetherke, Alfred Morrison, Frederick Leeds Naylor, John Simmonds Nedham, Henry Leonard Nelthropp, Robert Milnes Newton, Harry Passley, Edmund Peacock, Albert Pell, Richard Hillman Podmore, Charles Pratt, George Rastrich, Thomas Sandford, Charles Sargent, Frederick Urban Sartoris, Frederick Alexander Saville, Robert Brownrigg Sewell, Henry William Sharp, John Sheehan, Spencer Stewart, Frederick Strickland, John Julius Stutzer, Anthony Tissington Tatlow, Emilius Walton Taylor, George Greene Watson Taylor, James Taylor, Matthew William Thompson, John Augustus Tulk, James Twining, Henry Hussey Vivian, Thomas Beresford Need Walker, William Bryce Watson, William Way, George Earle Welby, Edmund Wilson, Thomas Lett Wood, Henry Loud Young. — *Sizars*—John Bicknell, William Louis Gibson, Robert Scarlett Grignon, Richard Deodatus Harris, Augustus Frederick Pettigrew, Francis Allen Piggott, John Richardson.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.—*Fellow Commoner*—Henry Hoghton.—*Pensioners*—William Ager, Albert Alston, George Babb, Chirchill Babington, John Samuel Bage, John Casson Battersby, Michael Henry Becher, St. John Thomas Blacher, Richard Boteler, Randall Barwick Brereton, William Bunbury, George Carpenter, William Ashfort Cardledge, John Ball Chalker, John Barff Charlesworth, George Jackson Christian, James Sanderson Clarke, Richard Tarn Cockle, Digby Henry Cotes, Alexander Kyd Curtis, William Christopher Daniel Deighton, George Branson Dodwell, Charles Fane Edge, John Knight Fitz Herbert, Jeffery Robert Foot, Thomas Osmond Fry, Trevor Loranice Garland, Edwin Hamilton Gifford, Jackson Gillbanks, Barry Girling, William Greenwell, Frederick James Gruggen, William Lane Hardisty, John Haviland, George Tooker Hoare, George Francis Holcombe, William Holmes Holmes, Thomas Ingleby, James Caddy James, William Banks Jowett, Robert Joy nes, Player George Kingdon, Thomas Knight, James Henry Lang, Christopher Robert Lighton, Alfred Martell, William Mills, Paul William Moleseworth, William Morris, Thomas Charles Oldham, Henry Pix, Thomas Rambotham, William Rawson, Thomas Neale Rippingall, Gabriel Lloyd Roberts, James Rushton, Lydenham Francis Russell, Charles Burslem, Saunders, Henry Shuker, Henry John Stokes, Edwin William Symons, Ferdinand Ernest Tower, Richard Towers, Charles Alsager Trejou, John Luther Vaughan, William Werge, Frederick Wickes, Francis Henry Wilkinson, John Harry Lee Wingfield, William Adderly Barton Wren, Edward Barker Wroth.—*Sizars*—John Couch Adams, Humphry Loury Barnicoat, Francis Bashforth, William Brown, Robert John Bulmer, Archibald Samuel Campbell, Alfred Millard William Christopher, John Cole, Henry Cooper, Frederick Holdship Cox, William Hinton Drake, George Smith Drew, David Foggo, Philip Vyvyan Robinson, Frederick George Saunders, Edward Bentley Slater, Edward Spencer, John Dundas Watherston.

KING'S COLLEGE.—G. J. Bowdler, W. Talman.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE.—*Fellow-Commoner*—Richard Hayne.—*Pensioners*—Robert Henry Cobbold, Thomas Sampson Damborough, Isaac Dodgson, George Druce, Lucius Fry, Joseph Hardcastle, John George Howes, John Madden, Henry Joseph Muskett, Edward Rogers Pittman, George William Phipps, Thomas George Postlethwaite, Benjamin Hall Puckle, Edward James Reeve, Thomas Allen Southwood, William Mollet Valrent.—*Sizar*—William Benwick Bowditch.

CLARE HALL.—*Pensioners*—John Nicholas Andrews, Woodward Clarke Bidwell, John Hulbert Glover, Edward Godfrey, William Hildebrand, Charles Blackford Mansfield, Francis Thomas Margetts, Henry John Morant, George Brudenell Shield, Montague Pennington Sparrow, William Theed, Henry Robert Watson, Wilfred Watson, Theodore Vincent Webb.—*Sizars*—Joseph Haskoll.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE.—*Pensioners*—Charles Cuyler Anderson, Robert Andrews, William Peile Babington, John Blackburn, William Bambridge Calvert, John Cartmell, John Henry Coward, Edward Samuel Crooke, George Frederick De'gex, George Henry Farr, John William Hue, William Perceval Pickering, Truman Tanqueray, George Reginald Thornton.

CAIUS AND GONVILLE COLLEGE.—*Pensioners*—James Armitage, John Barry, William Osborn Bland, Richard Snow Mortimer Buckingham, Walter Trevelyan Bullock, William Butler Fellowes, Alese Baring Gould, Abraham Vernon Hughes Hallett, Thomas Halls, Adolphus Hamilton, John Deakin Heaton,

Matthew Parsons Houghton, Vanden Bempde Johnstone, Henry Edwards Hale Mairis, Richard Compton Maul, George Jubb Perram, Henry Abraham Roberts, Joseph George Stawell, James Stephen, James Stewart, Charles Worlledge.

TRINITY HALL.—*Fellow-Commoners*—Edward Richard Cooke, Edward Knighton Luscombe, Jacob Macdonald, Joseph Sanders.—*Pensioners*—William Cooke, William Henry Cooper, Henry John Cramer, James Gawner, George Doring Graver, Henry Philip Marsham, Thomas Rawlinson, John Goulding Sewell, William Seymour, Cutfield Wardroper, Benjamin Welstead.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.—*Pensioners*—Henry Brereton, Charles John Bunyon, Josiah Downing, John Drummond, Henry Evans, John Albert Fenton, Constantine Frere, Henry Albert Goodwin, John James Halls, Samuel Harvey, Charles Thomas Howard, Robert P. Hutchinson, Peter Harnett Jennings, Henry W. Kemp, Charles Maddock, William Wallace Fullerton Murray, George Nelson, Henry Walter Phillips, R. H. Phillips, George Potts, Hugh Francis Rose, Robert Evelyn Roy, Samuel Marsh Sheppeard, Thomas Edmund Spackman, John Henry Young.—*Sizars*—John Grant Beck, Ephraim Arries, Benjamin Pidcock.

QUEENS' COLLEGE.—*Fellow Commoners*—Robert Cheek Bartlett, Samuel Brocklebank, Edwin Evelyn Dormer.—*Pensioners*—Nicholas Bernard, Joseph Crofts, Robert Hodgson Dover, Henry Field, John Palmer Fermin, Henry Seekamp Gowing, William Gardner, Hugh Johnson Hindley, William Jerom, John Jones, William John Marshall, John Frederick Noot, William George Royle, William Sadler, Barnett Saunders, Robert Martyn Smith, Henry Holme Westmore.—*Sizars*—Thomas Bayley, Alfred Enoch Fowler, Robert Humphreys, Charles Andrew Street.

CATHARINE HALL.—*Fellow Commoners*—William Thornhill Cator, Castell Garrard. *Pensioners*—Benjamin Haigh Allen, Jonas Beetham, James Bradshaw, James Bromley, John Yeomans Cooke, Thomas Newman Farthing, George John Garton, Chas. Holland, Joseph Hollingsworth, John William Howson, Samuel John Lyon, George Philip Edward Macfarlan, Edward Rudge, John Sanders, Michael Henry Simpson, Herbert Marsh Sims, Thomas Cartwright Smyth, Philip Thompson.

JESUS COLLEGE.—*Fellow Commoners*—Thomas Alder Pope, Charles Thompson.—*Pensioners*—Robert Ashby, Robert Clapham Barstow, David Barletot Barletot, Homersham Cox, Henry Nicholas Gwyn, Henry Homer, Anthony Thomas Hudson, Arthur Pardoe, John Henry Rolns, William Henry Wright.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE.—*Fellow Commoners*—James Blencowe, Edward Westley Nunn, Joseph Parker.—*Pensioners*—Joseph B. Ansted, Frederick Blake Balaam, James Banks, John Pemberton Bartlett, Thomas Kenworthy Brown, Baker Gabb, Christopher Parr Male, Henry Northcote, Spencer Peel, Robert Raynbird, John Collett Reynolds, Alfred Cornelius Richness, Michael Linfoot Sears, John Bayley Parkinson Younge, Joseph Walton.—*Sizars*—Henry Jarvis, John Hollings Mitchell, Augustus Frederick Padley.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE.—*Pensioners*—William John Whiteway Bastard, Edward Alexander Frederick Harenc, William Lee Howarth, Melville Lawriston Lee, William Lowther, John Andrew Ogilvy, Thomas Parker, Charles Henry Rooke, William James Stracey, Lewis John Way.—*Sizar*—Rothwell Underwood Moore John Johnson.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE.—*Pensioners*—Samuel Arnott, Robert Wallis Belt, William Thomas Nicholls Billopp, James Borough Fenwick, John Parsons Goodman, Joseph Brett Grant, Henry Courtenay Hawtrej, Richard Hickman, Reginald Pindar Hill, Charles Kitson, Robert Knipe, Edmund Milner, Ashton Mosley, William Mulleneux, James Henry Porteus Oakes, Edward Otley Woollaston.—*Sizar*—Francis Spedding.

SIDNEY COLLEGE.—*Pensioners*—Thomas Crossland, Bircham Houchen, Edward Kefford Lutt, Edward Owen, Henry William Ward, Thomas Whitehouse, Thomas Cook Yarranton.

The following is a correct summary of the present resident members of the University :—

	In College.	In Lodgings.	Total Resident.
Trinity.....	222	226	418
St. John's	240	114	354
Queens'	47	60	107
Caius	57	49	106
Corpus	78	26	104
Christ's	83	10	93
St. Peter's.....	74	14	88
Catharine Hall .	34	53	87
Emmanuel	72	3	75
Jesus	57	9	66
Magdalene	50	12	62
Pembroke	43	17	60
Clare Hall	52	3	55
Trinity Hall. ..	36	8	44
Sidney.....	30	2	32
King's.....	31	0	31
Downing.....	11	2	13
	<hr/> 1217	<hr/> 608	<hr/> 1825

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Examination Papers on Sophocles, Euripides, Homer, Tacitus, and Sallust.

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Hermesianactis Poetæ Elegiaci Colophonii Fragmentum Notis et Glossario et Versionibus tum Latinis tum etiam Anglicis, instruxit Jacobus Bailey, A.M., e Coll. Trin.

Mathematical Journal, No. VII.

In the Press.

Herodotus, B. IV., with English Notes.

Cicero Epist. ad Atticum, English Notes.
ad Fam., ditto.

Thoughts on the Expediency of Requiring a Mathematical Degree from Candidates for the Classical Tripos Examination, by F. PALEY, B.A., Scholar of St. John's College.

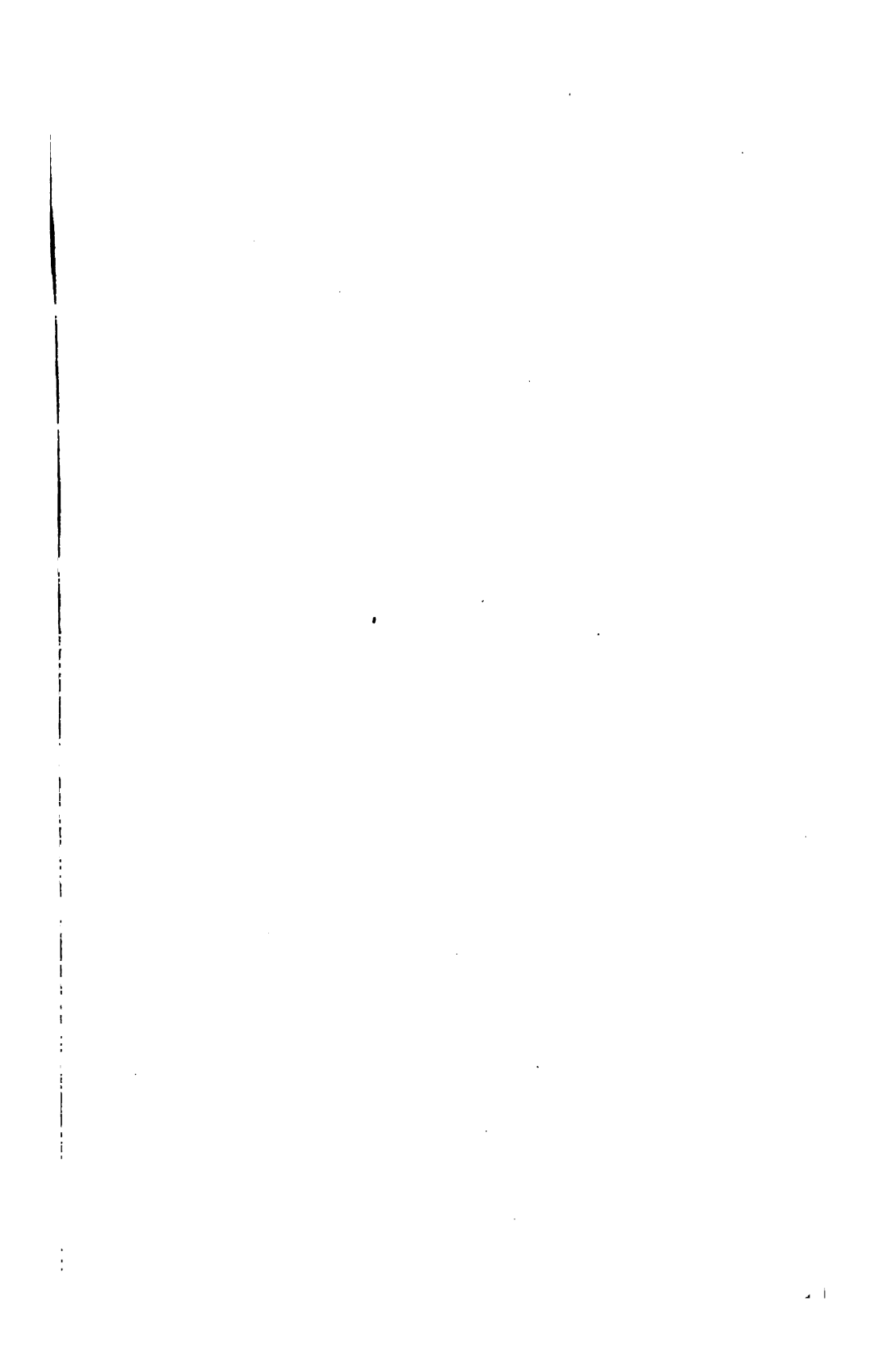
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Lectures on Modern History, by Wm. Smyth, Esq., M.A., St. Peter's College, Professor of History, 2 vols. 8vo.



FACSIMILE OF KEAT'S HANDWRITING FROM "HYPERION."

Since I'm rages of life one here one there
Lay vast and ~~argue~~ ^{argue} ~~argue~~ like a dismal croupe
Of dead ~~stones~~ ^{stones} ~~stones~~ upon a solemn Moor
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve
I'm dull November and their charmed vault
The heaven itself is blinded ~~through~~ ^{the Mages' hand} ~~through~~ ^{to my} night

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THE POETS OF ENGLAND WHO HAVE DIED YOUNG

NO. III.—JOHN KEATS.

" Oh, weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
 The passion-winged Ministers of thoughts,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music, wander not
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung——"

JOHN KEATS, the subject of the following pages, has enjoyed a fluctuating reputation and a fluctuating notoriety. The notoriety of a man is the degree to which he is talked of in the world. The reputation of a man is something better—it is the character that the world gives him. Much, as being the friend of Shelley and Leigh Hunt, and more, as being the supposed victim of the *Quarterly Review*, has John Keats been, both by those who judge for themselves, and by those who are swayed by others, talked of and criticised, sneered at and panegyricized. He stood first before the public when the obnoxious Reviewers were at work on him. He stood again before the public when, under the title of Adonais, Shelley wrote over his ashes the finest elegy that poet ever sung over poet, or friend over friend. Beyond this, he has shared the fate of immature talent harshly put down, and of originality mistaken for affectation. A nickname was given to a class of writers. A critic (or a junto of critics) called the School of Keats, Leigh Hunt, and others—the Cockney School. The next step was to class Keats with the Cocknies—and the next to forget or neglect him.

That a man lives in London (especially if he prefers the country) is no fault, but a misfortune. It is also a misfortune that he studies Nature, not in the district of the Lakes, but on Hampstead Heath. Highgate Hill is but an indifferent Parnassus. Helicon is better than the New River. All these are such evident truths, that we thank no one for indicating them. We can learn them for ourselves: and when Scotch Reviewers fash themselves in the discussion of them, although to the TRUTH of their remarks we take few exceptions, we take to the *necessity* of them a multitude. Of late years so thoroughly have we been bothered with the enumeration of this influence and of that influence in the way of inspiring poetry, of the influence of Lake scenery, and of the influence of Scotch scenery, that we welcome the man who (like the honest Charles Lamb) can sing as sweetly from an office in Threadneedle Street, as from a cottage upon the Grampians. Much of this cant about the influences of the

scenery around us, and about the inspirations of the face of Nature, comes from Scotland. It is the Scotch that tell us that the heather of the Highlands is as fitted for inspiration as for grouse. *Omne solum vati patria est.* If no good verse come out of London, then is John Milton but a sciolist. If critics be but bad conductors of poetic sparks, then is there a mistake as to the merits of the Athenian dramatists. Sophocles himself was but a Cockney. We doubt whether he had been much farther than Colonus. Now Colonus lies by the fifth mile-stone from Athens, being about as far from the Acropolis as Finchley is from King's Cross.

We have alluded to the fate of John Keats. He is said to have been the victim of the Quarterly Review. His biographer writes thus—

"For several years before his death, Keats had felt that the disease which preyed upon him was mortal,—that the agents of decay were at work upon a body too imperfectly organized, or too feebly constructed to sustain long the fire of existence. He had neglected his own health to attend a brother on his death-bed, when it would have been far more prudent that he had recollected it was necessary he should take care of himself. Under the bereavement of this brother he was combating his keen feelings, when the Zoilus of the *Quarterly* so ferociously attacked him. The excitement of spirit was too much for his frame to sustain; and a blow from another quarter, coming about the same time, shook him so much, that he told a friend with tears "his heart was breaking."

Many are the ways whereby poets go out of the world. Some of these may be peculiar to the fraternity. Æschylus had his skull fractured. An eagle took it for a stone, and dropped a tortoise upon it. His fate came from above; and the ornithological murderer, instead of cracking a shell, killed a bard. Anacreon died of a grape-stone: it choked him in a glass of wine. There was no harm in a part of a vine being in a wine-glass. The mischief was, that with the Teian it was the wrong part; not the juice, but the seed. The vine was to him what the hemp is to others,—a fatal plant, killing by means of suffocation. An ass that ate figs was the death of Philemon. From this we see, that asses (especially biped ones) are dangerous at dessert. Archilochus was not so much a dier himself, as a cause of death in other people. Horace meant to die if Mæcenas did, but not otherwise. The rest of the Romans, with the exception of Lucan (who went off with his own poetry in his mouth), died like the generality. Not so the English. Marlowe was killed by a serving-man; the serving-man, according to the enemies of Marlowe, acting in his own defence. Green, his friend and cotemporary, died of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine. Drummond's days were shortened by the execution of Charles I. The story is, that he so took to heart his monarch's misfortune, that he pined and died. Better would it have been had he raised a regiment in his defence. The Scotch, however,

are naturally warm-feelers. Cleveland died of being neglected. Cleveland was a cavalier satirist, less known now-a-days than he deserves to be. Now, it so chanced that, being taken by the Roundheads, he was questioned as to his craft or profession, and gave answer that he was Cleveland,—meaning in so doing to cause a sensation. "*Oh, only a poet!*" said the examining commissioner, "*Let him go.*" Of this Cleveland died. Had he been put to the torture, his life might have been saved. Pope died of potted lampreys; a dish, says Hume (speaking of another Murænal victim), that always agreed better with his palate than his constitution. Gray—we think that, concerning Gray's death, we can furnish the public with a suggestion. Gray died suddenly, at Stoke Pogis, about the 1st of August. As a fact in topography, we may state that Stoke Pogis is three miles from Eton College; and, as a fact in history, that just before Gray's death a grand dinner was there given. Now, cards of invitation were sent to Gray. He dined, and died.

Now, as Æschylus, and Anacreon, and Philemon, and Lucan, and Marlowe, and Green, and Drummond, and Cleveland, and Pope, and Gray, all died strangely, so even did John Keats die strangely. Such, at least, is the opinion of his biographer. Such, too, is the foundation of Byron's Elegy,—

Who killed Jack Keats?
I, says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tarterly—
I killed Jack Keats.

We see from this that Quarterly Reviews and quartan agues are equally mortal. We may be stabbed by pens, and poisoned by ink.

Of the modes of death registered above, there are some that seem apocryphal. That of Drummond is, perhaps, the most so. But more apocryphal than that of Drummond seems, in our eyes, the equivocal one of Keats. In this creed our wish is father to our thought. We hope that it is a tradition, or a mistake; not, however, for the sake of the reviewer, but for that of Keats. We think, if Keats was a man of genius, he was not to be killed by a review; and that if he *was* killed by a review, he was not a man of genius; arguing in the case as we would argue on a point of mechanics, viz., that if A be a strong man, he will not be knocked down by B; and that if A *be* knocked down by B, he is no strong man. But (it is answered), just as though A be strong, B may be stronger; so may it be that Keats may have been a man of genius, but the reviewer more a man of genius. This, however, implies that the reviewer is of a higher nature than the writer reviewed; and this there are those (beside Captain Marryatt) who disbelieve. It were well if we could measure the vitality of genius by its resistance to opposition, and its resiliency under pressure: then might hob-nailed dunderheads

be taught not to trample upon it, lest (like men that run over spring-boards too elastic) they be chucked up in the air, and tumble upon their noses, their pericrania not escaping injury from their thickness, but suffering contusion in despite of it.

The truth is, that genius is not to be damped—or if damped, damped only to burn the brighter. Nor is its inheritor to be discouraged by either neglect or insult; for genius is in no wise prudential or dependent, standing in need of being patted on the back, in order to induce it to work, and in order to persuade it (having so worked) to shew to the world its creations. It operates not under the accidental stimulus of approbation from without, but under the inseparable influences of its own internal energies. It operates because its essence is action, and when it ceases to work, it ceases to exist.

The external history of Keats is told in a few words. Excepting some rare instances, few that die at twenty-four do much for the biographer. His father was a keeper of livery-stables in London. These he had inherited from the grandfather. John Keats was born in Moorfields, October 29, 1796. He was not the only son. It has been shewn above that he had a brother whom he nursed in his last sickness, and whom he outlived. His education, which was a classical one, he received at Enfield. The son of his schoolmaster, Charles Cowden Clarke, was his earliest patron. He first encouraged him to write rhyme; and having so encouraged him, introduced him to Leigh Hunt; Leigh Hunt, in his turn, introducing him to the public. In the first volume of Keats' Poems may be found a poetic epistle to this C. C. Clarke. Herein we find that he (Keats) stood in awe of his friend's criticism, and that he had delayed his poetical oblations out of fear of his fastidiousness—

By this, friend Charles, you may full plainly see
Why I have never penned a line to thee:
Because my thoughts were never plain and clear,
And little fit to please a classic ear.

In the same volume we find a pair of sonnets to Leigh Hunt: the first is written to him in the way of Dedication; the second (coming somewhat later) was indited on the day that he left prison.

He left school, and was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmon-ton. What we hear of his boyhood is this—that he was of such an extreme sensitiveness, that he would betray emotion even to tears on hearing a noble action recited, or at the mention of a glowing thought, or one of deep pathos. It is added, too, that his moral and personal courage were above suspicion. This last statement is gratifying. Courage is a rarer quality than the world imagines: and of the two sorts of courage, personal (or physical) courage is the rarest. We have for ourselves a notion, that although moral courage is often united to a weak frame, personal courage (courage physical and courage animal) requires for its

support, big bones and hard sinews : at least, that such is *naturally* the case. We hold this, because it seems in our eyes that the main element of physical courage is *the consciousness of physical strength*. Now Keats was *ἐνταυρηναῖος*.

In 1817, and the twenty-first year of his age, he published the first volume of his Poems ; and in 1818, *Endymion*, a Poetic Romance, inscribed to the memory of Thomas Chatterton. These were the works upon which the strong hand of the reviewer was laid so heavily.

His third and last volume contained *Lamia* ; *Isabella*, or the *Pot of Basil* ; the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and *Hyperion*.

On the 24th of February, 1821, he died. A few months before he had, in company with Mr. Severn, an artist, and his friend, left England for Italy. His malady was consumption. His remains were laid in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, his epitaph being as follows :—

This Grave
contains all that was mortal
of a
YOUNG ENGLISH POET
who,
on his death-bed,
in the bitterness of his heart
at the malicious power of his enemies,
desired
these words to be engraved on his tombstone.
HERE LIES ONE
WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER
Feb. 24th, 1821.
* * * * *

I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece.—This is an extract from the Preface to the *Endymion*, dated April 10, 1818. It cannot be too plainly laid down, that although the mythology of Greece may have first inspired Keats with poetry,—that although it may have furnished him with the subject-matter of his verses,—and that although it may have stood godfather to his poems, giving them the names of *Endymion* and *Hyperion*, it is in no degree the spirit of Greece, that the poetry of Keats represents. This is not said in the way of detraction. The beauties of the poems are not lessened by the circumstance of their not being of a Greek complexion. It is only the *criticism* of the bard that is demurred to.

This is no place for detailing the characteristics of classical poetry as opposed to the romantic—of the Gothic spirit as opposed to the Grecian. Greece, and the spirit of Greece, call up in our minds ideas of the Regular, the Formal, the Defined—of the expression of the visible beauties of the external world—of Harmony in arrangement, of Symmetry in form. Of things Gothic, the characteristic is the Indefinite. In Keats' poem nothing is Grecian but the title-page.

The fact that shews this is, that the images of Keats, beautiful as they often are, and taken from the world around us, (as is almost always the case with them,) are not so much poetical in and of themselves, as they are poetical because they exhibit the peculiarly sensitive and sympathetic mind of the writer. They seldom present to us a picture: they merely raise an impression. This is English rather than Greek. There is in the whole range of Athenian poetry little that reminds us of Keats. There is indeed in the whole range of Athenian poetry little descriptive of rural imagery, such as is found in the chorusses. Let it shock no one if we assert that, of the many characteristic beauties of those chorusses descriptive of rural scenery, *truth* is not one. They exhibit (like the poetry of Keats) rather the poetic sensibilities of the writer, than the face of Nature. Saying, then, that the poetry of Keats is not of a Grecian complexion, is perhaps too wide an assertion. It savours of a *section* of the Greek literature.

The fact is, that when the spirit of any literature differing from that of our mother-tongue comes upon us, it comes upon us not naturally, but by the way of study and thought. It comes as a secondary taste, and as a secondary habit of mind. The *primary* taste and the *primary* habit of mind is the habit that we gain from the land we live in, infused into us with the language of our nurses and mothers. Keats, dying young, had *not time* for the imbibition of a Greek spirit, even if his mind had been prepared for it.

To ascertain the merit of a poem is one thing: to determine the powers of a poet, is another. The present paper aims at the latter. Such being the case, the faults of Keats' poetry may be divided in two classes:—1. those of youth and inexperience; 2. those of deficiency of genius. Out of the former he might (had his life been spared) have grown: the latter he would have kept till his death-bed.

His crying fault is mannerism. Spenser is imitated indifferently: Leigh Hunt too well. The mischief, in the way of his thoughts, is *dilution*: the mischief, in the way of his language, is *incorrectness*: the mischief, in the way of his metres, is *licence overdone*. The writers of the school in question deal, one and all, with the subjects of their poetry in the same way. They tell at length what has already been told compendiously. They *expand*; and as they expand, *dilute*. Dante tells the story of Francesca di Rimini in fourscore lines: Leigh Hunt expands it into three cantos. The effect of this is the substitution of detail for (we use a pictorial phrase) *breadth*. But, mark, where there is no breadth, there is but little poetry.

The following illustrations of the language and the metre of Keats, as they are meant for specimens of his style, are all taken from one portion of his works—the first canto of *Endymion*.

Remark we now upon certain metrical peculiarities characteristic

of the writers of the school in question. They, each and all, besides their lyrical measures, delight in the use of the common heroic couplet, the line of ten syllables, the metre of Pope and Dryden. Now, though their metre be that of the poets mentioned above, their versification is different. The heroic couplet of Pope and the heroic couplet of Keats are virtually distinct measures. That of the one is lax—that of the other concise, neat, and defined. The metre of Pope, normal and regular, may be considered the *TYPE* of the heroic couplet. Let us see what licences Pope denies himself, and Keats (with his school) indulges in.

I. In the time of Pope it was imputed as a fault if the sense closed otherwise than at the end of a couplet: lines such as these were inadmissible—

—They bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.
Therefore 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of his name hath gone
Into my being—

Versification like the following was admitted; but was not unexceptionable.

Until it came to some unfooted plains
Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great his gains
Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many,
Winding through palmy fern and rushes fenny.

II. It was bad for the rhyme to fall on an unaccented syllable—*e. g.*

Of their old piety, and of their glee,
In telling of this goodly company—

Such a couplet was objectionable: but it was still more so if the weak rhyme came first—*e. g.*

In telling of this goodly company,
Of their old piety, and of their glee.

In contradistinction, then, to the poets of Queen Anne's time, those of the present time (at least a section of them) indulge in lines that run into each other, and in unaccented rhymes. They differ in points of concatenation, and they differ in points of positive rhyme. Now which of the two styles is preferable? If we take up a *Life* of either Dryden or Pope, we shall find that before their times, the style of versification was (in the points in question) precisely as it is at present; that Chaucer and Ben Jonson used weak rhymes, and verses running into each other, just as Shelley and Keats do at present; and that the merit of Pope, Dryden, and Waller consisted in the fact of their having abolished these licenses, and of having introduced regularity in their stead. Such being the fact, one of two things is the case: either that our modern versification is the worst—or that Pope, Dryden, and Waller have been unjustly panegyrised. This deduction, however, although it bears the aspect of a dilemma, is scarcely a true one.

Chaucer and Ben Jonson differ from Shelley and Keats in this. Chaucer and B. Jonson wrote inharmoniously out of their ignorance of the laws of metre, and because the art of versification was imperfect; whereas, Shelley and Keats, knowing what rules have been established, and what metrical art teaches, taking what seems to them a higher view than the old metrists, write loosely upon system; for theirs is the negligence not of the boor, but of the sloven. Whether this negligence be graceful, is another question. Whether, also, (presuming that in a certain degree it is so,) it has not been carried too far, is a third point. Upon this we may expatiate anon. The question now to be asked is, how far the style in hand is a creation of our own times; or, in other words, how far the poets of the Georgian era have been the first whose ears (more musical than the ears that went before them) detected this *grace beyond the rules of art*. One poet, and one only, anterior not only to the times of Shelley, but to those of Dryden and Waller, do we at this moment remember, of whom it may be said that no point of this graceful negligence was unknown to him, and that whilst he wrote unsystematically, he wrote so *upon system*. There is no metrical grace in the writers of our own times that is not to be found in the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher.

Sins against accent—such are the following lines:—

——— Unmew

My soul, that I may dare, *in wayfaring*,
 To stammer where old Chaucer used to sing—
 Of some strange history, potent to send
 A young mind from its bodily tenement.
 Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent
 On either side; pitying the sad death
 Of Hyacinthus—
 The archers too, upon a wider plain,
 Beside the feathery whizzing of the shaft,
 And the dull twanging bow-string, and the raft
 Branch down sweeping from a tall ash top,
 Call'd up a thousand thoughts to envelope
 Those who would watch—

How is the word *envelope* to be pronounced? If as a French word, then is there a sin against the language of England, and still more against the language of Poesy: if as an English one, then is there a sin against metre.

The faults of imperfection in the way of rhyme correspond—

Who whispers him so pantingly and *close*?
 Peona, his sweet sister: of all *those*,
 His friends, the dearest—
 Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour: no, even as the trees—

——— to entice

My stumbling down the monstrous precipice—
 No higher bard than simple maidenhood,
 Singing alone, and fearfully—how the blood
 Left his young cheek—

————— How a ring-dove
 Let fall a sprig of yew-tree in his path ;
 And how he died : and then, that love doth scathe —
 ————— strands
 With horses prancing o'er them, palaces
 And towers of amethyst,—would I so tease
 My pleasant days—
 &c. &c.

No good poetry can be written where language is violated. It is the crying fault of the mannerist of the present days to coin new words. The language of the people of England is not like the Duke of Newcastle's tenantry. We cannot do what we choose with it, simply because it is our own. If we create new words, we must *coin*—not *forge* them. The words *milky* and *earthy* are good ; the word *nervy* (in Keats) is bad. The reason of this is, that *nervy* is a hybrid or bastard word ; the termination *y* being of Saxon, the noun *nerve* of Latin origin. If twenty words be coined, nineteen of them shall (as things go) be *hybrid*. Similarly, we may say *penetrable*, because the termination *ilis* and the verb *penetro* are both Latin. *Graspable*, however, we cannot say, because *grasp* is Saxon. Yet Keats writes *half-graspable*.

Language.—Simplicity is not the sole element of poetical language. A thought may be essentially vulgar. The language expressive of it may be the same. Of sins in the way of vulgarity, Keats has not a few—*e.g.*

Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than
 Night-swollen mushrooms?
 That linger'd in the air like dying rolls
 Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals
 Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine.

————— So that a whispering blade
 Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
 Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
 Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

————— Our taintless rills
 Seem'd sooty, and o'erspread with upturn'd gills
 Of dying fish.

Occasionally there is, what the Greeks would call, Oxymoron, and the English, Nonsense: occasionally there is circumlocution combined with harshness,—*e.g.*

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
 That brooded o'er the troubled sea of the mind
 Till it is hush'd and smooth! O *unconfined*
Restraint! imprisoned liberty!—
 Hereat Peona in their silver source,
 Shut her pure *sorrow-drops!*—

When a word has not only a *common* but a *technical* sense, it is unpoetical to use it in the latter,—it is dangerous to use it with the former. Such are by their very nature excluded from the

poet's vocabulary. Why is it that we can talk of the *sweet bean*, but not of the *sweet pea*,—of the *sweet acacia*, but not of the *sweet almond*? The reason is because the latter phrases raise in our minds ideas, not of fragrance and odour, but of horticulture and perfumery, of nurserymen and pomatum-sellers. Yet Keats wrote,

— Ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and *sweet peas*.

— They danced to weariness,
And then in quiet circles did they press
The hillock turf, and caught the *latter end*
Of some strange history.

And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,
And dipt again with the *young couple's* weight.

Does not this savour of a wedding in a newspaper, rather than of the walk of a brother and sister in a poem?

Speaking of the Sun,

When he doth lighten up the golden reins,
And paces leisurely down amber plains
His snorting four—

Do we not almost involuntarily add—in *hand*?

We state again, that all the quotations above are from a single part of a single poem—the first part of the *Endymion*. Such were the demerits of Keats' *Poems*, Volume II.

Now, upon the story of *Endymion*, others besides John Keats have written. Read we the *Monastery* of Sir Walter Scott, and therein the speeches of Percie Shafton. The language of these speeches is peculiar, high-flown, metaphorical, and (*pace Shaftoni dixerim*) absurd. Such as it was, it was called Euphuism. Now, John Lily, a poet of the age of Queen Elizabeth, was the inventor of Euphuism. The inventor of Euphuism was a dramatist. Amongst his dramas is the drama of *Endymion*, or the Man in the Moon, written, not like the work of Keats, in verse, but in plain homely (though not unpoetical) prose. The man that reads Lily's *Endymion* shall be gratified. In Hazlitt's *Lectures on the Literature of Queen Elizabeth's reign* are to be found copious extracts from it: in the *Old British Drama* is to be found the play itself.

The first of the poems of the third and last volume of his *Works* is *Lamia*. The story is taken from an extract in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, from the *Life of the Sophist Apollonius*, by Philostratus. The facts were as follows:—A young man of the name of Lycius found a fair gentlewoman between Cenchreas and Corinth. With the fair gentlewoman he became enamoured. At last he made her his wife. As she had no friends of her own to invite to the wedding, she thought that she might beg for the exclusion of one of Lycius's, viz. the philosopher Apollonius. Apollonius, however, came uninvited and unwished for. He

stared her out of countenance. She begged him to turn aside his eye. The more she begged, the stronger he stared. At length it turned out, not that she was (as the reader may possibly expect) a naughty woman, but a horrible serpent, a Lamia. "Seeing herself descried, she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant. Many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."*

There is something in the poem of Lamia that recalls to our recollection Mr. Coleridge's *Christabel*: there is something, also, in the opening of it, reminding us of Shelley's *Witch of Atlas*.

In *Lamia*, the poet waxes practical. His remarks savour of common sense and common life. *e. g.*

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is perhaps at last
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast.

Speaking of the supernatural charms of his serpentine heroine, he writes—

Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
Of the sweets of Fairies, Peris, Goddesses,
There is not such a treat among them all,
Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,
As a real woman, lineal indeed
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed.

Byron thought the same, flesh and blood being compared not with spirit and air, but with chiselled stone:

I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all your beauties of the stone ideal.

DON JUAN.

The versification is evidently improved: it has gained in vigour.

Her eyes in torture fix'd, and anguish drear,
Hot, glazed, and wide, with *lid-lashes* all sear,
Flash'd phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling tear."

Replace the prettyism *lid-lashes* by the plain word *eye-lashes*, and you have lines that Dryden might have written. Dryden, too, might have written the following:—

——— No more the stately music breathes;
The myrtle sickened in a thousand wreaths.
By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure ceased;
A deadly silence step by step increased;
Until it seemed a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.

The Pot of Basil is from Boccaccio, a short tale, in the eight-line stanza of Don Juan: *simplex munditiis*.

The Eve of St. Agnes is Spenserian,—at least in the matter of metre. Madeline is the heroine, Porphyro the hero of the tale, son and daughter, respectively, (like Romeo and Juliet,) of

* Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. sect. 2.

hereditary foemen. Now, the retainers of the father of the lady are no tea-totalisers; so that Porphyro, taking advantage of this, fills them with Rhenish, and carries off the lady.

For the merits or demerits of *Hyperion*, the publisher (not the poet) is responsible. The work was given to the world at the particular request, and against the wishes of the author. Originally intended to be of the same length with *Endymion* (*i. e.* of four cantos), it was left unfinished, the two first books, and the opening of the third, being all that the author accomplished. *Hyperion* is a Titan, the last of the race, that wars against Jupiter; and this he does with the bitterness of spirit, and the strength of arm, of a ruined archangel. He is the Satan of the Earth-born. The merits of *Hyperion* are greater than the merits of *Endymion*: the metre (blank verse) is less lax, though not Miltonic, and the language more uniformly poetical.

Take we now, from the first volume of his *Poems*, the following extract:—

STANZAS.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 't were so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

From Vol. II.

OPENING OF ENDYMION.

Therefore, 't is with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;

Now while the early budders are just new,
 And run in mazes of the youngest hue
 About old forests; while the willow trails
 Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
 Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
 Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
 My little boat, for many quiet hours,
 With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
 Many and many a verse I hope to write,
 Before the daisies, vermeil-rimm'd and white,
 Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
 I must be near the middle of my story.
 O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
 See it half finish'd: but let Autumn bold,
 With universal tinge of sober gold,
 Be all about me when I make an end.

Endymion, Book I.

SONG IN ENDYMION.

“ O Sorrow!
 Why dost borrow
 The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?—
 To give maiden blushes
 To the white rose bushes?
 Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?
 “ O Sorrow!
 Why dost borrow
 The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—
 To give the glow-worm light?
 Or, on a moonless night,
 To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spray?
 “ O Sorrow!
 Why dost borrow
 The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?—
 To give at evening pale
 Unto the nightingale,
 That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?
 “ O Sorrow!
 Why dost borrow
 Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?—
 A lover would not tread
 A cowslip on the head,
 Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
 Nor any drooping flower
 Held sacred for thy bower,
 Wherever he may sport himself and play.
 “ To Sorrow
 I bade good morrow,
 And thought to leave her far away behind;
 But cheerly, cheerly,
 She loves me dearly;
 She is so constant to me, and so kind:
 I would deceive her,
 And so leave her,
 But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

" Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,
 I sat a weeping : in the whole world wide
 There was no one to ask me why I wept,—
 And so I kept
 Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
 Cold as my fears.

* * * *

" Young stranger !
 I 've been a ranger
 In search of pleasure throughout every clime ;
 Alas ! 't is not for me :
 Bewitch'd I sure must be,
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

" Come then, Sorrow,
 Sweetest Sorrow !
 Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast :
 I thought to leave thee,
 And deceive thee,
 But now of all the world I love thee best.

" There is not one,
 No, no, not one
 But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid ;
 Thou art her mother,
 And her brother,
 Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade."

The second extract was given not so much on account of its poetical merits, as for insight it gives us into the feelings of a peculiarly sensitive mind united to a body physically weak, of whose gradual decay it was conscious, and of which it contemplated the speedy dissolution. Such a mind shrinks with feelings of repugnance (almost of fear) from the cold features of winter, in which it sees only the numb expression, and the wan complexion of death. To the summer it clings as to a kind consoling friend, and it feels life only so long as the summer smiles. Lines like those that have been quoted, express not only a feeling that has had a real place in the bosom of the writer, but one that can find a place in such bosoms only. Poetry inspired (as much poetry is inspired) by strong passions, grounded upon strong physical powers, can no more speak such language than the monk can speak the language of love. The poetry of Keats and the poetry of Kirke White derive many of their charms from one and the same cause.

From Vol. III.

MERCANTILE PRIDE.

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
 Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?—
 Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts
 Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?
 Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
 Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?
 Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
 Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

Isabella, or the Pot of Basil.

A CATHEDRAL.

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
 The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
 The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
 Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
 He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
 And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
 Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
 But no—already had his death-bell rung;
 The joys of all his life were said and sung:
 His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
 Another way he went, and soon among
 Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
 And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
 And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
 From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
 The level chambers, ready with their pride,
 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
 The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
 Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
 With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

The Eve of St. Agnes.

SPEECH OF HYPERION.

——— “ O dreams of day and night!
 O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
 O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
 O lank-ear'd Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
 Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
 Is my eternal essence thus distraught
 To see and to behold these horrors new?
 Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
 Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
 This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
 This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
 These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
 Of all my lucent empire? Is it left
 Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.

The blaze, the splendour, and the symmetry,
 I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
 Even here, into my centre of repose,
 The shady visions come to domineer,
 Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp—
 Fall!—No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
 Over the fiery frontier of my realms
 I will advance a terrible right arm
 Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
 And bid old Saturn take his throne again.—

Hyperion, Book I.

Something this of the Satan of Milton; something, too, of the Prometheus of Shelley; something, however, less than either.

The faults that have been stated above are deficiencies in the way of art. Out of these he might have grown. What, however, are the deficiencies of his genius—the faults out of which he would *not* have grown?

The elements of the poetical spirit are partly moral, partly intellectual. Of the intellectual ones—are command of imagery, command of language, knowledge of the heart of man, knowledge of the external world, and the sense of metrical harmony—of the moral ones, are passion and sensibility. The full poet has both classes of elements, and of each class all the elements. The half poet has one class only, or if both classes, each partially. Keats seems to have been a poet of the latter class. His elements were the moral ones; and of the moral one, sensibility. His preeminent characteristic was a section of the latter class of elements, and of the sections of that class it was not the highest; for, though the poetry of pure sensibility is good, the poetry of pure passion is better. For all this the poetry of Keats is good, and is good because it has one true element: it were better had it more—it is well that it has so much.

CHARACTERS OF FRESHMEN.*

No. VI.

THE HOME-BRED FRESHMAN.

The Home-bred Freshman, being suddenly emancipated from small nursery thralldom, plungeth headlong into College life much as a raw beef-steak doth into the frying-pan. He is bewildered with the transition from the pinafore to the toga; and looketh upon his recent elevation in the world in somewhat the same light that a butterfly regardeth its elopement from the chrysalis. He immediately contracteth a furious friendship with the unhappy Second-year man, whom the Tutor hath considerably saddled with the green-horn (besides about twenty others); and can hardly credit the catalogue of liberties which he hath recited unto him, particularly touching the late hour of ten for closing the gates, and the delightful privilege of going to bed whenever he liketh. Having now more pounds in his pocket than ever he had half-pence before, he exhibiteth a marvellous ignorance of the ratio which a pound doth bear unto a half-penny, and an inclination to disencumber himself of his first allowance with a brave celerity quite enchanting to certain flat-catchers of his College. He ordereth him a superfluity of smart clothes, handsome furniture, and costly books; not as yet sufficiently discriminating between ordinary prices and Cambridge prices. He is entranced at the obliging confidence of tradesmen in allowing *tick*, and hesitateth not to run up many very pretty little bills, all which he directeth, with delectable *nonchalance*, to be sent in to the Tutor. Being peculiarly innocent in the ways of the world, he getteth readily entrapped by a *clique* of "deuced pleasant fellows," who kindly press upon him their services in teaching him "the right sort of thing," merely requesting, in return, his frequent company at agreeable card-parties, where they playfully relieve him of his superfluous cash. Being invited to "champagne and loo," at the *Pigeon and Fleece*, he findeth, with a feeling of shame, that to be fuddled with three glasses is considered a very slow thing; and resolveth to practise drinking daily in private, by which magnanimous determination he soon learneth to "stand" as much Cambridge alcohol as the most approved red-nosed toppers in the University. He now swaggereth about the horrid tyranny of "the governor," and protesteth that the nursery is decidedly unfit for a man of spirit. He escheweth all books (except novels) after the first fortnight, and becometh, in that short space, transformed from an interesting specimen of the "flat freshman" into a fine sample of the genus "fast freshmen," (both which animals we did accurately delineate in Number Three of our popular Periodical). In fine, the Home-bred Freshman, never having met with temptations in life, seldom knoweth

* Continued from No. III., p. 179.

how to resist the numerous allurements to vice, which are presented all at once unto his irresolute mind, (and which indeed have not been far overdrawn by the unpopular Mister Beverley): so that he eventually getteth into such a scrape as can only be atoned for by immediate rustication; at the intelligence of which, mamma and sisters turn white, the governor looketh black, and the culprit himself, however green he may have been at first, now findeth it high time to begin to look decidedly "blue."

No. VII.

THE PESTILENT FRESHMAN.

The Pestilent Freshman is a kind of practical amplification of the school pickle—a sort of locomotive pepper-box, whose delight is in bespattering the Dons with pungent jokes, and tickling them with unseasonable waggyery. He is only a modification of the "Fast Freshman;" the chief difference being, that while the latter maketh a fool of himself, the former maketh fools of others. He is the dread and annoyance of all the College authorities, against whom he is constantly engaged in discharging a battery of unwarrantable wit. If of St. John's (which hath had the honour of nurturing several excellent specimens of Pestilent Freshmen), he investeth the stone eagle over the new gateway with a surplice, and poketh a walking-stick into his claw; he tieth spectacles on the swan's beaks, and setteth them adrift on the river to enjoy the benefit of their "new light;" he hoisteth a Conservative flag on an inaccessible pinnacle, and laugheth hugely at the ineffectual efforts of the porter to tear down the same. He putteth a night-cap on Lady Margaret, and chamber-pots on the lamp-posts; with numerous other funny pranks, very amusing to himself, but equally offensive to the gravity of the Dons. He goeth to the market, and selecteth sundry large tea-services of yellow pottery-ware, desiring them to be sent immediately to the Rev. Mr. A. of St. John's, or the Rev. Mr. B. of Trinity, as it may be, (giving the names of certain College Tutors,) to be paid for on delivery; by which successful joke half the Dons of his College are agreeably surprised to find their doors barricaded with extensive assortments of vulgar crockery, all domestic appurtenances duly included. He delighteth in sending other Freshmen to the top of Castle-hill to see the term divide at midnight. He taketh lessons from other pestilent practitioners in "screwing in" the Deans, and painting the doors of the Lecturer's rooms red. He is very pugnacious, and walking in the streets, suddenly turneth and asketh a huge snob "what the deuce he meant by that?" whereat the snob (having done nothing at all) coolly answereth (as the Pestilent Freshman intended he should), "Hooky Walker," provocative of a combat, of which the snob soon getteth a bellyful, being no match for his practised antagonist. He goeth into Chapel with a white sheet over his shoulders instead of a surplice, and substituteth sundry popular songs for the anthem-books of the choristers. He taketh much credit unto himself for making the organ-blower drunk, and otherwise decomposing the service. He is constantly lounging about the College

in a pea-coat, with his hands buried in the pockets thereof, staring in the face of the Dons whom he meeteth (and he meeteth them purposely), and whistling an insubordinate kind of a ditty, to indicate his defiance of them. He procureth him a fiddle, and goeth round in the dead of night, tweaking the cat-gut in every staircase of the College, by which he bringeth a very unpleasant *scrape* upon himself as well as his somnolent hearers. He delighteth in incurring the displeasure of the College authorities, and setting at nought the penalties imposed. When "gated to six o'clock" for a week, he systematically absenteth himself from his College until one; and when asked for his imposition, coolly sendeth word to the Dean that he hath not yet received it from his amanuensis. And the Pestilent Freshman continueth his obnoxious career until he either findeth that College is not the place wherein to display school tricks, or getteth a serious warning from the Master and Seniors, or taketh more to his books and less to his jokes, or groweth grave by discovering that College Examinations are "no jokes;" or, in fine (which is usually the case), findeth it expedient to post off to Oxford, to kick his heels there, and practise wag-gery upon the Dean of Christ Church, or similar deserving objects.

NO. VIII.

THE MUSICAL FRESHMAN.

The Musical Freshman we do incline to classify as a distinct species, although considered by most Freshmanologists as perfectly identical with the Pestilent Freshman. Moreover, we do deem it vastly essential to pourtray the genuine Musical Freshman accurately, seeing that there be no small number of pretenders, or sham Musical Freshmen; for, verily, most Freshmen, if asked, will arrogate unto themselves that popular appellation. The genuine Musical Freshman; then, is generally likewise a home-bred, as well as a pestilent, Freshman; music being an "extra" rarely taught (except by the birch rod) in schools. He may be known by having his rooms crammed like an Egyptian catacomb with a peculiar kind of lumber, strongly resembling mummy cases, and containing the bodies of defunct fiddles and superannuated wind instruments. He always sporteth a piano-forte, and seldom less than four flutes, wherewith he keepeth up such a perpetual "pothor o'er the heads" of the unhappy students underneath, as to compel them two or three times a week to fire pistols upon their chimneys as a counterblast to the hideous annoyance. He never goeth to hear the sacred music in the college chapels (pronouncing it "execrable"); but invariably payeth his seven-and-sixpence to hear Italian ditties squalled, and slip-slop fantasias attempted, at concerts, upon which he delivereth elaborate critiques to his admiring friends for a month afterwards. He is perpetually humming and whistling tunes, at the end of which he ejaculateth "splendid thing that!" or "sweet air this!" He hath a whole library of obsolete music, which he palmeth off as a "glorious collection," though he knoweth not the contents of one-tenth, he having purchased them great bargains at sales. He ordereth coffee and fiddles for four, for the purpose of

favouring the whole court with what he is pleased to dignify by the name of a "quartett;" after which he inflicteth on the company an "original" composition of his own, which (albeit it smelleth strongly of plagiarisms from Jem Crow and the Dead March in Saul) is nevertheless highly applauded. In his second term the Musical Freshman becometh emboldened to hang out a "septett" in the same style; wherein No. 1 puffeth the flute, No. 2 punisheth the piano-forte, No. 3 tweaketh the fiddle, No. 4 pummeleth the drum, No. 5 murdereth the violincello, No. 6 grunteth on the bassoon, and No. 7 playeth variations with his closed hand in imitation of the French horn; when the Dean unhappily breaketh in upon them, and gateth the drummer, as a public nuisance, for a month, and the rest for a week each, desiring them severally not to be so unpleasantly musical for the future.

NO. IX.

THE SPORTING FRESHMAN.

Of Sporting Freshmen there be annually imported many from the country into the University. They being usually *high-breds*, we do therefore incline to consider them as a cross breed between the Fast Freshman and the Home Freshman, though partaking mostly of the former character. The genuine Sporting Freshman doth of necessity keep him one horse at the least, with the paraphernalia, or rattle-traps whereof he not unfrequently garnisheth the walls of his room, thereby assimilating it as far as possible unto a stable; which interesting illusion he heighteneth by a judicious disposition of whips, spurs, hunting pictures, racing cards, and similar miscellaneous nick-nackery pertaining unto horsemanship, besides many guns, fishing-rods, and other rural vanities. Indeed we did personally know one very sporting Freshman, who kept his hunting-saddle and leather breeches constantly on his book-shelf. The Sporting Freshman knoweth the pedigree of every horse, and the name of every black-legs, at Newmarket,—of the latter, indeed, he sometimes knoweth to his cost more than the mere names. He never toucheth a book of any kind by any chance or under any circumstances; his governor, the Squire, having assured him that *he* never learned how to worm a dog or sit in a saddle from Arrian or Xenophon, and therefore opineth that his hopeful son will not feel the want of them either,—indeed he rather questioneth whether those worthies knew too much about the matter. As to Euclid, he shrewdly abjureth it; most wisely concluding that a man of spirit wanteth no straight lines except those which he cutteth across country, and no circles beyond such as are described round a race-course. For divinity—why he never so much as goeth near a church except in a steeple-chase. He is constantly talking vociferously at dinner-time, to a party of "sporting birds," about *the* old mare, or *the* bay colt, or *the* grey filly, or *the* chesnut something; and recounteth to them what and who he met in his ride that morning, with every particular (saving and excepting the precise number of posts he ran against, or of tumbles he got). He is soon well known

at all the livery-stables, where he runneth many bills up, and many horses down. He indulgeth likewise in shooting in a small way, going out and scaring the blackbirds most magnanimously, but not as yet venturing to pop at more aspiring game, lest he should himself be popped upon by certain obnoxious keepers in the neighbourhood, which verily would be no game at all. He always weareth a cut-away coat, and red or green shawl by way of choaker. He even sporteth a red coat in his second term, which unlawful vestment being quickly pounced upon by the Tutor, is sent home to the governor, as a notification that the owner is afflicted with a severe *scarlet* fever, and as a proof of his advancement in polite letters: whereupon the said governor immediately sendeth it back to the son, commending his good taste, and telling him that health, air, and exercise are worth all musty, fusty Greek books and rubbishing mathematics in the University, or the universe either,—in which old-fashioned opinion of the governor we assuredly do most particularly coincide.

Ohe, jam satis.

TO THE AVON.

FAIREST of rivers, AVON, roll along
 In softest course—the theme of many a song !
 Though on thy verdant bank and willowy shore
 Thy own sweet SHAKESPEARE sings, alas ! no more ;
 And, where the Muses loved with him to stray,
 To list and learn their Poet's heavenly lay,
 To his wild notes to tune the watchful lyre,
 And catch from him an all immortal fire,—
 Each shady bower—each lonely, fairy spot,
 Are now deserted all, unknown, forgot ;—
 Still'd though that harp which angels loved to hear,
 Silent that voice which zephyrs strove to bear,
 Hush'd though that tongue which charm'd a ravish'd world,
 Low laid that lip with proudest genius curl'd,—
 Still thou art beauteous !—On thy wave-worn shore
 Though fairies dance in lightest maze no more,
 Yet oft the wanderer's eye may there behold
 E'en *brighter* beings of an earthly mould :
 With crystal waters and with loveliest green
 Still anxious Nature decks her favourite scene,
 Plants the pale willow and each sweetest flower
 Along those banks where Shakspeare mused of yore ;
 And all that's bright and beautiful adorns
 The spot where she her much-loved Poet mourns :—
 Where wondering nations haste to bow the head,
 Let fall the tear-drop o'er the mighty dead,
 And cry,—with feelings mix'd of awe and pain,—
 “ We ne'er shall look upon his like again ! ”

P.

A (VERY) FREE IMITATION OF THE FIRST ECLOGUE
OF VIRGIL.*

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SMART AND WALKER, TWO CANTABS,
B.A. OF A FEW MONTHS' STANDING.

SCENE—*The Walks.*

WALKER.

You lie reclined, friend Smart, at ease
Beneath these old wide-spreading trees,
And calmly sum, embow'r'd in shade,
Your profits from your pupils made:
But I, poor dog, obliged to start
To-morrow from fair Learning's mart,
Forth from my college studies hurl'd,
Am turn'd adrift upon the world,
While you in literary leisure
Can in these gardens take your pleasure,
And con with cool untroubled eye
The mysteries of x and y .

SMART.

E'en so, friend Walker, as you see,
Thanks to my capital degree!
To mathematics, as you know,
My fame and fellowship I owe;
(And long shall shine my glory's taper,
Lit by the Cambridge Tripos paper)—
Hence with the Dons I daily dine,
In Combination-room sip wine.

WALKER.

I trust to keep all envy under,
And yet must own you raise my wonder;
So many of the men I know
Were "flummox'd" at the last great-go;
E'en I, the young hope of my college,
In spite of all my skill and knowledge,
Was well-nigh gulfd, unlucky loon,
And lighted on the wooden spoon.
I might have look'd for this disaster,
Remembering how my cross old master
Said, "You'll do better when you're older,"
And wish'd it—over his left shoulder,
Winking the while with malice sly:—
But how came you to stand so high?

* The precise date of this translation is uncertain—consequently it is unknown to which year's Tripos Mr. Walker belongs.

SMART.

I used to fancy, like a fool,
Cambridge was like the country school
Where I long since spent many a day,
In boyish tasks and boyish play.
I thought the University
Of course must somewhat larger be :
A dog is large, a puppy small—
In size they differ—that is all !—
So till I hither came—no later—
I thought !—but with great Alma Mater,
Blessing and glory of our nation,
The minor seats of education
Can no more stand comparison
Than can a Whig with Wellington.

WALKER.

True, Smart—but say (you won't refuse),
What first to college turn'd your views ?

SMART.

When my first pair of whiskers curl'd,
I thought 'twas time to see the world,
So left my master in the lurch,
And took my leave of tasks and birch ;
For I was eager to be free
From school and all its drudgery,
Where, plod however I might plod,
I work'd for nothing but the rod.

WALKER.

And so you bade to school adieu,
Although the master's fruit for you
Hung on the trees, a tempting prey ;
To school—where your initials may,
Carved by your pocket-knife, I ween,
On desks and benches still be seen.

SMART.

What could I better, O my friend,
Than hitherward my footsteps bend ?
Here first to Optics, Hydrostatics,
And the whole range of Mathematics,
In earnest I gave up my mind,
And now the rich reward I find :
At yearly audit I my share
May claim, and feast on Fellows' fare.

WALKER.

Ah lucky dog ! in learned pride,
In college you may still reside,
Unplagued by what your friends befalls
Far exiled from old Granta's walls :
Of beef and mutton you your fill
May eat, and dread no butcher's bill.
Ah lucky dog ! you still may dream
Nigh sluggish Cam's familiar stream—

Still nigh the shaded ditch that bounds
 The Trinity and Johnian grounds,
 The bawling hear of hoarse bargees,
 Or blackbirds whistling in the trees.

SMART.

Sooner shall King's men* wranglers be,
 Or Hobson's Conduit run with tea,
 Or Downing College be transferr'd
 To Magd'len bridge, "which is absurd,"
 Than I become so base a traitor
 As to forget dear Alma Mater.

WALKER.

But we, unable here to stay,
 Must each begone his sev'ral way.
 Confined in schools to fag and sweat,
 As ushers some their bread will get;
 Some with advent'rous daring fired,
 Will emigrate,—and some retired
 Far from the world, as country curates,
 Will learn to talk of beeves and poor-rates.
 Ah Granta! shall it ever be
 That I once more shall visit thee?
 Once more admire King's turrets tall
 Down-looking upon fair Clare Hall?
 Must a new undergraduate race
 Of Sophs and Freshmen fill my place,
 To all my haunts and toil succeed—
 In College keep—for honors read?—
 Now, Walker, on your Newton pore,
 Now scrawl your scribbling-paper o'er!
 Alas! the labor now were vain—
 I cannot run my course again!
 No more in Senate-house shall I
 My skill in solving problems try:
 No more, by glory onward beckon'd,
 Hope 'mongst the wranglers to be reckon'd!
 Now farewell, pupils! farewell, fame!
 I off the boards have ta'en my name.

SMART.

Yet come what will hereafter, stay,
 And dine with me in hall to-day;
 Then at my rooms your evening spend,
 And sup on college fare, old friend—
 Cold lamb and sallad, bread and cheese,
 And ale and grog, if so you please.—
 But hark! the welcome bell I hear
 Proclaims that dinner-time is near;
 The walks are emptied at the call,
 And hungry loungers flock to hall.

J. G.

* For the information of country friends, it may be right to state that no satire is here intended: King's College men do not try for Mathematical honors, because, owing to a peculiar composition between their College and the University, they are admitted to their B.A. degree without any University examination.

THE PROMETHEUS BOUND.

PROMETHEUS must be regarded as a type of humanity, or rather as the collective spirit,—as the symbol and product of all the combined powers of the human mind. We are taught that in the beginning the Titanic Powers were the kings of heaven and of earth, and of the invisible realms under the earth. These were the primæval principles of nature, undirected by order or by law; these were the indomitable and fiery passions of the heart, ere reason had caused her light to shine on the chaotic waters of the moral world.

In the Grecian Mythology we have a golden age, corresponding to the period of innocence and happiness enjoyed by the primal parents of our race, during their sojourn in the Garden of Eden,—in the Mosaic history. Man fell: hence sin originant in the scheme of revelation. Man fell: hence the fable of Pandora, and the return to heaven of the virgin Astræa in the Heathen Mythology: hence too, in a later age, the acknowledgment by the Grecian intellect of this grand tradition of humanity—the tradition of Original Sin. In the invention of the Mythos of Psyche and Eros, the doctrine was fully recognized. Here Grecian Mythology was exhausted. It had done its duty. Its power passed away. Kronos, or Saturn, was the arch-divinity of a real or imaginary state of innocence and happiness,—he succeeded to the heaven and the earth. Under his sway man enjoyed a pleasurable existence indeed, but one little superior to that of the merely animal tribes of earth—

——— “for he refused
The birthright of their being—knowledge, power,
The skill which wields the elements, the thought
Which pierces this dim universe like light.”

Consequently his sway was not perfect,—and the imperfect cannot endure. Humanity is not stationary—it must progress: therefore Saturn fell, and with him fell the whole host of the Titans. And now a brighter period seemed to await the “race of Ephemerals.” There was a gathering among the nations—there was a vast convulsion of our moral and intellectual nature—the collected cloud of mind discharged its lightning—humanity struggled forward in the road towards perfection. It is of humanity in this stage that Prometheus is the type: Zeus is indicative of the ruling power of the time; he is the symbol of that portion of the spirit of the age which was absolutely and necessarily opposed to all improvement,—because improvement implied change, and to authorize change would be to confess its own weakness, and the imperfection of its own laws and ordinances. Yet was the empire given to Zeus, and for a short while the spirit of humanity typified in Prometheus imagined that the goal was attained, and that happiness was won. Too soon experience convinced him of his error: in vain was Saturn overthrown—in vain was Zeus clothed with the dominion of wide heaven; he kept no faith with man—he used his power only to oppress. Then first rose famine, and fear, and mur-

der, and fraud, and the whole host of moral and physical ills to which our race is heir; and men curst the day in which they had exchanged the sceptre of Kronos for that of Zeus. But the march towards perfection had begun, and none could stay its progress; none could be found daring enough, or foolish enough, to arrest humanity in its everlasting march towards the infinite good and the infinite beautiful, with a "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." The spirit—the Prometheus of man was not dead, but sleeping. Ages past by, and lo, another convulsion of mind! and like a giant refreshed with slumber, Prometheus again awoke. Then first the legion of hopes which people the heart of man, budded and bore fruit. Then first language acquired beauty and strength. Then first art and science took man by the hand, and led him through their serene and beautiful dominions. Then first Poesy, with the brightful eyes of her early childhood, leapt from her cradle to subdue the wild passions of man's nature, and to call forth all the sweet and holy feelings—all the delicacies, and gentlenesses, and patiences, which the mighty mother had garnered in his heart; and then—oh, blessed and most royal climax!—then first Poesy, in co-operation with her elder sister Reason, taught Humanity

"Self-empire, and the *majesty* of love."

Alas that Zeus, who should have been the father, as well as the king of the children of earth, nourished only hatred and vengeance against them! Absolute dominion was all he aimed at, and in the fierce pride of his heart he took council how he might wholly destroy the human race. At this crisis the great champion again stood forth: gentle, and mild, and loving as he was, he rose indignantly against the tyrant. He had already offended him and the allied sovereigns of heaven and earth, by the theft of fire—the emblem of wisdom or knowledge, which is power. Then war commenced between the oppressors and the oppressed: the victory was dubious—the human race was redeemed from destruction, but the spirit of Humanity was overpowered,—yet, *only for a time.*

It is at this era in the history of man, that the tragedy of Æschylus dates.

We will now proceed to give some faint idea of this marvellous triumph of the human intellect, by placing before the reader some passages selected from an original translation of the Chained Prometheus. In the very verge of the world, full of all sounds and sights of fear—in a ravine of icy rocks, Prometheus is discovered bound. While the operation was proceeding under the agency of Hephæstus and his Satellites, Strength and Force, not one syllable of expostulation, not one prayer for mercy fell from his lips: once only a "low but dreadful groan," wrung forth by intensest agony, "tore up the heart of the good Titan." But now that his persecutors are gone—now that there is none to overhear him, he pours forth the long-suppressed feelings of his soul in the following indignant and impassioned appeal to the elements:—

" Air, holy air! winds poised on swiftest wings,
Imperial fountains of ten thousand rivers,
And countless smiles on ocean's laughing face!—
Earth too, sweet earth! the mother of all life;

And thou, triumphant sun ! whose golden eye
Surveys this fair and universal frame,
I call ye all to listen,—ye shall be
My chosen witnesses, for ye behold
What I endure from the divinities,
Being myself divine—oh, look on me !
See what tortures wake my scorn,
See me wrung, and rackt, and torn—
While years on years unnumber'd flee,
I must wrestle with my fate,
So vile a chain is forged for me,
By the jealous tyrant's hate.
Alas ! my sorrow will not sleep,
The evils of the hour I weep :
Alas ! I see in dark array,
The terrors of the future day,—
The goals of misery, where are they ?

What said I ? do I not foreknow most clearly
Each separate event that shall befall me ?
Yes ! no mischance with unexpected step,
Shall come a loveless visitor to me ;
Soh ! let me wait my preappointed doom,
With patience mild and meek endurance arm'd,
Knowing that power indomitable rests
Upon the sceptre of necessity.
And yet, alas ! nor silence in these sorrows,
Nor loud complaint avails the child of woe,
Yoked thus to the dark chariot of doom,—
And all for the bright gift I won for man :
For I subdued wild fire, and then I bore
Its stolen fount within a hollow reed,
And bid it be the tutor of all science,
A treasure and resource. Such sin was mine,
And this fierce torture is its punishment ;
For *this* I hang withering in endless pain,
Rackt, fetter'd, nail'd beneath that cold blue sky.

Ah ! what sound the silence breaketh ?
List ! what silver echo waketh ?
What viewless odour soft and fine
Is floating thro' the enchanted air ?
Breathe sound and scent of shape divine ?
Or prophesy of mortal fair ?
Wanderer ! who art thou ? dost seek
Earth's boundary-stone, this distant peak ?
Stranger, art thou come to be
The witness of my misery ?
Or to what end mayst thou appear ?
Thou answerest not—Behold me here,
Behold me here—a form divine,
In chains and tortures doom'd to pine,
An awful destiny is mine !
Behold the foe of Zeus !—behold
The scorn of all the gods of story,
Who haunt the tyrant's halls of gold,
In the pavilions of his glory !
List, O list ! what throng of sounds,
Murmuringly, this rock surrounds !

What can it be?—it seems to me
 Like the noise of birds in glee,
 Winnowing the crystal air,
 As they glance and twinkle there.—
 And hark! the crystal air in sighs,
 To that throng of sounds replies,
 The light rustle of the wings,
 Of some strange and solemn things.
 Woe is me! a prisoner here—
 All that cometh brings me fear!"

But Prometheus had little cause to fear. The gentle and affectionate Sea-nymphs had heard the echo of the steel when the hero was chained to the rock,—far, far below, in "the glaucous caverns of Old Ocean;" and now they have come to console him with sweet and comfortable words, and with soft and silvery songs. Prometheus tells them his story: the eyes of the loving and tender-hearted sisters are filled with tears as they sing—

"Only one other god we've known,
 In adamantine fetters groan;
 Only one other Titan seen,
 Whose grief, dear one, like thine hath been—
 Atlas, who sheds a thousand tears
 While he sustains the starry spheres,
 And beareth up, with deepest sighs,
 The massive column of the skies;
 While each dark wave that travels by
 Loudly uplifts its voice on high,
 And the surges hiss
 In their black abyss,
 And howl in the caverns under,
 And the gloomy cell
 Of the spectral hell,
 Shouts forth in a voice of thunder!"

We quote the following passage from a hymn, which commences with an address to Zeus, to illustrate the simple, yet beautiful piety of these fair young spirits of the ocean:—

"Lord of Life! enthroned on high,
 Lord of Earth, Air, Sea, and Sky!
 Ever may thy will divine
 Win a fair response from mine!
 Oh, still in Ocean's green recess,
 The gods in glory may I bless,
 And still the hallow'd Heifer lead
 In Ocean's shadowy cells to bleed;
 While we, his lowly Daughters,
 Will hold a festal day,
 Chanting where the waters
 Are at their ceaseless play!
 Oh, never from my lips be heard
 The scoff profane,—the idle word;
 But still this principle be mine,
 Nor glide from out my spirit's shrine."

The hymn concludes with a contrast between the present misery of Prometheus and his past happiness:—

" Well-a-way ! this mournful measure
 Is other than the song of pleasure,—
 Other than the song of ours,
 Chanted in Love's perfumed bowers.
 Sadly now the lay we sing
 Floateth upon viewless wing :
 Gladly then each silver sound
 Breath'd the lustral Bath around,—
 Gladly then the lay we sang
 In the Bridal chamber rang,
 When with gifts all cost above,
 Thou hadst won our Sister's love,
 And bade our sweet Hesione depart,
 To be the Lady of thy house and heart."

And here we bid farewell to these most femininely beautiful crea-
 tions of the poet's brain. The action is now suspended : from one
 victim of the tyrant's hate we turn to contemplate another. Poor Io !
 the world's wanderer—still retaining in her countenance traces of her
 former beauty, but bearing on her head the disfigurement of heifer's
 horns—approaches the Dungeon of Rock. Bereft of reason, tortured
 by the Oestrus, and haunted by the ghost of her former keeper, with
 his hundred wild unnatural eyes for ever fixed on her with intense
 regard, the unhappy sufferer thus opens her complaint :—

" The gadfly is busy again, again !
 And I faint and I die with the burthen of pain :
 The shade of the Son of Earth,
 Of Argus the hateful spirit,
 Is hunting me, even with fiendish mirth,
 From the realm which the Dead inherit.—
 Away with the ghost, Mother Earth !
 Away with the hateful spirit !

I would escape
 That fearful shape,
 Where'er he rise
 In wild surprise,
 I would fly from the swain of a myriad eyes :
 But still with laughter hollow
 Will that wild Huntsman follow,
 With the glance so sly
 Of his treacherous eye,
 The Dead whom Earth shrouds not is gliding by.

Me—even me—a child of woe,
 Is he hunting to and fro,
 With a giant bound like some mighty hound,
 From the kingdom of shades below.

Look ! over the thirsty sand
 Of the green sea-shore,
 The Hind of the spectral Band
 Is wandering evermore !

And ever and ever the waxen reed,
 With a wailing sound on the ancient mead,
 Is flinging its treasures of slumberous song,
 On the wings of the winds as they sweep along."

Poor Io at length obtains a brief respite from her tortures, and holds long and strange commune with Prometheus. Her persecutions however shortly recommence, and, once more bereft of her reason, and stung to madness by the gadfly, she takes leave of the suffering hero and the gentle sea-nymphs, uplifting her voice in this wild and mournful chant :—

“ Well-a-day,—ah ! well-a-day !
 Woe is me ! I must away.
 Fever, Frenzy, Pain, and Spasm,
 Rack and pinch and torture me !
 And my brain is as a chasm,
 Where the shapes of Fury be.
 Lo ! the Brize his spear hath brought !
 'Tis a spear by flame unwrought,—
 Ah, it scorches me again !
 Fear within my heart has risen,—
 Ah, it knocks, it knocks in pain,
 At the portal of its prison !—
 Lo ! mine eyes, in circles whirling,
 Wildly, dizzily are twirling—
 Now with mad leap am I torn
 From my track ;—I cannot stay,
 By the Frenzy-fiend I'm borne
 Forward, onward, far away !
 Oh ! I'm mad !—I rave—I rave !
 Senseless are my words and rash,
 And on Ruin's stormy wave,
 Dolefully and darkly dash !”

We come now to the third part of the tragedy, and enter the vestibule of an awful catastrophe. Hermes, “the world-wandering herald,” commissioned by Zeus to compel Prometheus to disclose the secret, known only to him of living beings, by which he should lose “the sceptre of wide heaven,” now confronts the champion, or the Thief of Fire, as he insolently calls him. Prometheus replies to him in language befitting his nobility of soul.—We give a portion of his speech :

“ Ye know ye are but youngling Emperors,
 And that your sway has but an infant's growth ;
 And yet—most lame conclusion—ye imagine
 That ye shall lead a life unstained with grief,
 Within the gold metropolis of heaven !
 Have I not seen contention in the skies ?
 Have I not seen from its crystalline towers
 Two princely leaders fall ? and shall I not
 Behold a third ?—Yes, there shall be for him
 Whose sceptre now sways the wide universe,
 Ruin and rout, and speediest disgrace !”

Hermes now counsels submission ; but Prometheus replies—

“ Submission, thou dost know, I cannot try !”

He next threatens him with an eternity of torture—but “the Titan is unvanquished still.” There is something beyond measure awful and mysterious in the lines marked with italics, in the following denunciation of the Herald of the gods :—

“ The Father, first, shall rend this rough ravine
 With thunder and the flame of the red lightning,
 And hide thee in a cleft, and the grey rock
 Shall clasp thee in its cold and cruel arms.
 Long time shall pass, and passing see thee die ;
 But after endless ages thou shalt visit
 The sun's sweet light, and view green earth again;
 And then the winged hound of the Almighty,
 The hungry eagle ravening for thy life-blood,
 Shall strip the flesh in mighty fragments from thee,
 And creeping uninvited, every day,
 An everlasting reveller shall banquet
 Upon the clotted gore of thy black liver.—
 Hope then for no conclusion to thy woe,
Until some God will be thy friend, and bear
For thee those fearful sufferings, willingly,
Journeying unto the sunless, starless land,
And to the hell of thick and solid darkness.”

And now that the patience and the goodness and the greatness of the champion should be rendered infinitely conspicuous, the very sea-nymphs—his own familiar friends—advise him to obey the will of the almighty tyrant. He hardly hears their words,—but, filled with the sense of the great mission which he has taken upon him, and rising superior to all the evils which surround him, he thus addresses the daughters of the sea :—

“ Ere he had syllabled one single word,
 I knew his embassy from heaven's blue palace ;—
 But have ye never, Ocean Sisters, heard
 That foe on foe still breathes extremest malice ?
 Then let the arrowy lightnings fly
 From the proud tyrant of the sky,
 And in the face of the forsaken
 Be their dishevell'd ringlets shaken ;
 While the dark winds, like maniacs in their mirth,
 Vex, with gigantic fits, the heavens that gave them birth.

And let the spirit of the angry wind
 Rock the faint earth, and shake her from her column,
 And lash the waves of ocean intertwined
 In many an evolution dark and solemn ;
 And war with the eternal stars,
 As they travel in their cars,
 And hurl my frame with many a spasm,
 Down, down, and down to hell's dark chasm,
 Still doom'd that pilot dim to follow,
 Thro' the whirlpools black and hollow,
 That frown on destiny's relentless sea,—
 So let my fate be wrought—it brings not death to me !”

Hermes now advises his gentle companions to withdraw, but their affection for Prometheus gives them new strength, and they indignantly refuse to take his counsel. He warns them of the consequences of their folly, and then departs from the scene of this fearful tragedy: Undismayed, self-devoted, and loyal even to death, the affectionate sisters cluster round the doomed Titan, like radiant and beautiful

thoughts around the troubled spirit of the poet. There lost, but unbewailing, stood the hero of eternity : and as in an after age a great but erring genius gathered together the folds of his robe, ere he fell, that he might fall as became Cæsar ; so, in the dawn of time, that great and perfect being gathered together the folds of his spirits' robe, that he might fall as became Prometheus. These are his last words :—

“ Nay ! it is no fable,
 Earth grows unstable,
 And quakes and rocks and swings;
 And the booming thunder,
 With voice of wonder,
 Rolls, bounds, and leaps and springs.
 And the garlands of lightning,
 In heaven are brightning,
 As they livingly glare from the sky;
 And the whirlwinds ride,
 In their shadowy pride,
 On the sands that they wreathe on high.
 And the ghosts of the winds
 Whom their monarch unbinds,
 All career on their desolate path ;
 And one on the other,
 Like brother on brother,
 Breathe forth the hot flames of their wrath :
 While sky and sea with tempests cloven,
 Are blended and are interwoven ;—
 Such and so dark, my fate is drawing nigh,
 Sent by the Almighty tyrant of the sky !

O, gentle Earth ! the mother of my love,
 Shrine of the great, the beautiful, the bright ;
 O crystal Air ! that weavest far above
 The network of the universal light,—
 Do ye behold the wrongs which I sustain—
 The mountain-rack, the eagle, and the chain ?”

The hour of doom arrives—amid thunders and lightnings and earthquakes and great voices, Prometheus descends alive into the rock. Ages on ages passed by, and the hero still lingered there.—At length a deliverer came, and he was rescued from his living tomb. Since that period he has walked abroad in the earth for “the healing of the nations :” in all patience and serenity of mind, and self-possession of heart and soul, he has journeyed through the wilderness of this wide world, commanding men to love one another, because they are brethren,—beseeching them to subdue all the dark and evil propensities of their nature, and evoking from the mysterious depths of the heart, all the holy and lovely feelings, all the sweetnesses and charities, all “the hues and colours of kindness,” which have an abiding city there : teaching them to be wise, and free in proportion to their wisdom, and good and gentle in proportion to both wisdom and freedom : finally, enjoining all to look forward to that time when the generations of men shall be gathered together under the mighty shadow of the universal father and only potentate,—assuring them

that "though the vision tarry, yet will it come," and that man will hereafter behold the hour,

When truth and love and justice shall arise,
And when on the regenerated earth,
Bright as the poet's fabled paradise,
The beauty of young holiness hath birth,
And with the silver poesy united,
Dwells on the lofty hill—the pleasant sea;
Dwells where the spirit of the world hath lighted
With splendour uncreate all things that be.

W. M. W. C.

THE DREAMS OF A STUDENT.

'Mid the toils of the closet, he sighed for the song
Of the bird in the summer-shade;
What he read of the fountains of old made him long
For the murmur their waters made.

And the glorious ocean was aye in his soul,
As it stretched in its wide expanse;
And he heard in fancy its billows roll,
And he dreamed of its sunny glance.

But most did he long o'er the hills of the North
With some social foot-step to roam;
To rouse the wild deer from its covert forth,
And to visit the Zetlander's home.

To climb the tall mountain—to cross the lone fell,
Where Nature in silence reigns;
To visit the clime where the Laplanders dwell
'Mid their snowy-mantled plains.

To visit the land of the Norse and that sea,
Winter-bound in its fetters of frost;
To gaze where from Norway's rocky lee
The deep in a vortex is tost.

To list to the legends of Odin and Thor,
Recited by Northern maid;
And in rapture to stray 'mid scenes where before
No Briton had ever strayed.

And anon his spirit would rove in its dream,
'Mid Arcadia's fabled bowers;
And rest by some god-deserted stream,
On a rosy bed of flowers.

Would pause by the grave of the self-doomed king,
Where the tepid waters flow;
Or haste with an eager and tireless wing
To Athenæ's plains below.

His soul too would fly to the plains of the west,
As boundless and free as they;
And roam where on Eri's un-traffic-stained breast
The silvery moon-beams play.

H. G. R.

THE GRAND DEBATE ON THE MINISTRY.

BY A "PARLIAMENTARIAN."

THEY were fortunate who heard this debate,—it will be to their latest hour impressed upon their memories. It was one of those tremendous conflicts of master intellects which seldom are beheld even on the high field of an imperial senate. It was a mighty combat of oratorship, in which all the "finest spirits of this age" closed in relentless strife.

The days are gone by, when "barons bold and errant-knights" displayed, on the arena of arms, the prowess for which they aspired to fame. "The age of chivalry" is gone. But we do not think that therefore it necessarily follows, that "the glory of Europe is departed for ever." The age has changed: and so has its character. The glitter of the martial tournament, the pomp of warlike array, were suited to the age in which arms were considered the master science, and courage the first of virtues. Poetry has thrown around this era of the feudal chivalry, a mellow and attractive radiance. But philosophy, with cold and chilling scrutiny, detects beneath the veil the traces, deep and bitter, of tyrannous and cruel sway. Those times are passed: the epoch of *mind* has succeeded to that of *force*; there is a nobler championship now than that of arms, and victories of prouder lustre than ever warrior gained. The battles which then decided the fate of kingdoms and altered dynasties, have given way to the contests of intellect with intellect, which, through all the grades of society, up to the theatre of Parliamentary debate, are decided amid the rivalry of rhetoric and the contest of oratorship.

Government now rest on public opinion: and public opinion is appealed to from Parliament. Legislators speak not now in the pithy, compressed, concentrated, sententious manner which marks the early efforts of English statesmanship. They speak not, as of old, to *themselves*, but to a mightier audience far, and one of potency more powerful. A nation, with to-morrow's sun, will *read*—though it *heard* not—and sit in judgment on the orators.

Are these remarks misplaced, as introductory to a debate which, for the present, has decided upon the Government of Great Britain? They go to indicate the view which we intend to take of it: we wish to notice it, not as politicians, but as *critics*,—more with reference to eloquence than *party*.

The most powerful opposition ever known in the House of Commons—exasperated by nearly a decade of exclusion from office, and irritated by recent events—urged on by the clamour excited by wide-spread discontent, and the indignation excited by open rebellion—seized the first opportunity, after the meeting of the Legislature, and threw down the gauntlet of a bold and bitter defiance to the ministerial forces. On both sides enmity was sharpened into rage, and

hate lashed into fury. Every nerve was strained for the contest; and the consciousness that an empire awaited the result, fired each combatant.

The attack was commenced by one of those fine specimens of a really *English* member—a country gentleman—a hale, open-hearted, honest-looking Devonshire Baronet, whose easy good-nature nothing but an intense animosity to Whiggism could have moved to the exaction of a *speech*; and who got through the labour as speedily as possible, with a few plain, matter-of-fact, distinct, and striking charges against the ministry; forming the heads of the indictment, or rather the impeachment, on which their fate was to be decided. He was supported by about as nearly the *antipodes* or *antithesis* of his own characteristics as could possibly have been selected—a business-like, commerce-loving, *city*-looking Alderman, who dealt in mercantile matters, and spoke of finance and funds.

And now rushed forth the first champion of the ministerial host to take up the challenge so boldly thrown down; and well did Sir George Grey acquit himself. His voice, clear and musical, ringing over the House, elicited from all sides the thrilling shouts of impatient eagerness, and reminded one of the notes of a trumpet, sounding the charge upon the field of battle, and followed by the loud outcry of advancing warriors. His rapid and impassioned utterance—his unceasing, uninterrupted flow of off-hand rhetoric—his decided and dauntless defiance of tone,—all brought to the imagination (to pursue the war-like train of analogies with which we commenced, and which, perhaps, will run through these our depictions) the dashing onset of the loose, light van-guard of an onward marching army. This metaphor indeed not unaptly describes the style and character of the gallant knight's oration: it was more of a defiance than a charge—it had more of declamation than of eloquence; of reasoning it had *none*: its chief merit being that it was—just what was wanted—prompt and ready, fierce, fiery, and flashy.

This virtually closed the debate for that night. The campaign was opened;—the armies were arranged—the first operations over—and the two belligerent bodies then retired to concentrate their strength for greater movements. All this military phraseology is intended to symbolize the simple statement, that the House nearly emptied after Sir George's speech, and the period till the midnight adjournment was occupied by those straggling, unimportant efforts, which fill up the intervals of long and momentous engagements.

Similar were the speeches on the following evening, till the hour came when, night having arrived, and the ranks on both sides filled with excited and eager combatants, Lord Howick rose amidst the breathless anxiety which the House felt to hear the explanations of the last Cabinet Minister who had seceded from the Government. Denied by nature all the external attractions of an orator, his Lordship possesses a clear voice, and has evidently, by study and labour, acquired that measured euphony of delivery, and that forcible simplicity of style, which characterised the eloquence of his illustrious father. But with all his father's severity of style, he lacks his energy and dignity; his speeches are marked by an utter abstinence from all the

aids of imaginative illustration ; they are addressed solely to the understanding ; they are studied trains of reasoning, unbroken and undiversified by any rhetorical embellishments. On this occasion, the speech was a close, clever, lucid, forcible exposition of the dangers to be apprehended from that ceaseless, restless, endless movement after change in the representative system,—a too easy yielding to which, on the part of the Cabinet, had produced his secession from them. And well worthy of the house he belonged to, and the name he bore, were the unanswerable arguments he adduced in favour of an anxious attention to practically useful measures, rather than a morbid craving after legislative alterations. But when he endeavoured to support a vote of confidence in the Ministry he had left, by impeaching the authority and undervaluing the power of Sir Robert,—a signal failure showed, that though powerful in a good argument, he had not skill to adorn a bad one,—and that he could not resort from logic to oratory. He only tempted the attack of the “Graham”—“the Knight of the Bright Sword,” as his ancestor was called;—and himself well meriting the title for his achievements in debate, as his warrior forefather for his achievements in arms. Amidst the very “torrent and tempest” of the raging conflict, he rises—cool, calm, collected, and cautious—with the quiet, concentrated self-possession of a veteran ; the smooth, level tones of his even, unchanging voice seeming to still the storm that was raging around ; and the natural, easy, unlaboured flow of a somewhat monotonous delivery—creating at first the impression of dulness, almost insensibility—but the idea is soon dissipated : there is an under-current of deep and compressed earnestness, and a vein of strong, clear-headed reasoning, which silently and surely works its way into the mind, and defies disturbance or dislodgment. It is not the reasoning, however, of *abstractions*, but of *practicals* ; it deals in *facts* more than propositions ; it is not only the acuteness which seizes on the every latent weakness, and the every lurking fallacy, in an adverse case, and with skill inimitable exhibits and exposes them, but the unsleeping watchfulness which unerringly detects, and, aided by a memory that never fails, and a sagacity that never misses, displays, in overpowering combination, all the scattered and perhaps widely separated components either of a defective or a dishonest policy. No speeches ever contain a more imposing array of *facts*, or more skilfully and impressively *combined*, than Sir James’s. Having quickly drawn down upon Lord Howick the merriment that irresistibly followed an acute exposure of the incongruity between his doctrines and his practice, his reasoning and his advice, Sir James proceeded for about a couple of hours to throw his scrutinizing survey over the whole course of the Home Administration : scarcely a sentence without some striking exhibition of an inconsistency, or some skilful exposition of an error. To recur again to our warlike imagery ; he reminded us of a wary, practised veteran at the sword, with quiet and imperceptible rapidity darting a death in every lunge. He closes always with a mortal heart-thrust ;—such a stroke was the sentence with which he now finished, and which, from his solemnity of tone and manner, sounded like the knell of a Government.

“It was an observation of Lord Bacon, ‘It is vain for princes to

consult of matters, if they do not consult of persons also. Matters are nothing but dead images; but the execution of affairs consists in the choice of persons.' Now I charge distinctly on the Ministry, that their conduct has been such as to shake the public confidence—as to encourage the disturbance of the public peace; and I also charge upon her Majesty's advisers, opinions incompatible with the cause of property and order, which are now at stake."

Exasperated by the infliction of this effective attack, and enraged by the thunders of triumphant exultation which gloried in its success, the Cabinet now pushed forward their main hope—their chief defence—their new ally—first so eagerly sought out as the hero of Reform—so joyfully enlisted now as the champion of Whiggism. Amidst cheers of anticipative congratulation from his friends, and the scornful shouts of the Conservatives, arose the much-vaulted, the long-celebrated MACAULAY. Anxiously did those on whose side he fought, await his onset. His opponents, not yet recovered from the exulting enthusiasm enkindled by the "Graham," awhile could not repress their contemptuous interruptions: but soon the force of talent recalled respect, and silence, deep and undisturbed, reigned through the crowded House;—undisturbed by all, save that strong, mellow-toned voice, which poured forth a stream of fluent, high-sounding rhetoric upon the salutary effects of agitation; listened to on his own side with delighted ecstasy—on the other with cold indifference. There followed a studied, an able, a vigorous, an unsparing attack upon the whole political course, character, and conduct of the great Conservative leader,—a bold rushing from the defensive to the aggressive—a fierce charge upon the very citadel of the foe. Then succeeded a beautiful piece of premeditated eloquence—a carefully polished and prepared oration, on the beneficial effects of the administration in Ireland; the glowing descriptions which a poet would draw of the kindly and paternal Government over a rich and flourishing land, wound up by a picturesque retrospect of the days "when, amidst "the prayers and blessings of millions, was achieved the victory of "Reform; when hundreds nightly waited round those doors till sunrise, to hear of its success;—when all the great cities of the empire sent forth their thousands to meet the mails from the metropolis, and learn if the great battle of the people were lost, or won." And a magnificent depiction of the eulogiums which posterity would pass upon the Government, as having, "in evil days, with unabated "spirit, upheld the noble principles of Milton and of Scott;—as having—undeterred by the rancour of extreme parties, the Lauds on "the one side, and the 'Praise-god Barebones' on the other—stood "firm, the champion of freedom and of peace;—as having endeavoured, by the mild influence of paternal administration, to efface "the traces which had been left by the misrule of ages." His last accents dying away in the tempest—the whirlwind of enthusiastic applause with which his supporters seemed to make the very walls tremble; and even in the opposition benches, might be observed the evident awakening from all the fascination of a spell.

On the third night there arose but one master-orator; and he indeed a giant—STANLEY, the noble hero of Derby!

We feel, when we recall it to mind, unable to write with calmness of that tremendous oration :—our hand seems to tremble with the excitement it created ; our imagination instantly brings back into our ears the thrilling accents of its splendid eloquence. We must relieve ourselves by one or two preparatory images. It was like the fierce rushing charge of a knight, on barbed steed, with couched lance : or like the onset of a cavalry battalion, all glittering, dazzling in flashing brightness, as it scours fleetly by : or (and perhaps this is the *nearest*, if not the strongest,) like the strains of some richly-sounding music, rising higher and higher in tone, till it positively thrills by its startling melody. We know not if we could better describe Lord Stanley's utterance than by this last figure. His delivery has all the harmony of perfect music. Of his *style*, the best idea will be gained from the second metaphor : it is a terrible outpouring of all the intense energies of a nature, combining with an intellect of the quickest and most penetrating acuteness, feelings the most high-spirited, passionate, and excitable ; a union of *mind* and of *passion* in no other orator so perfect and so striking, producing an inseparable flow at once of that *argument*, which is never so effective as when it is the *logic of the heart*—the reasoning prompted by deep conviction and of warm feeling ; and of that passion, whose fires would burn uselessly and vainly unless united with those *mental* operations, which alone can render it powerful. And thus the eloquence of Lord Stanley, from its first rising to its close, is a perpetual current of earnest, energetic argument, never for one moment flagging, or allowing the listener to flag, because kindled, lightened, irradiated—*burning* all along—with the fire of an ardent, high-toned temperament ;—it is not to be confined, restrained, or guided by the stiff rules of studied logic ; it soars far above the premeditated reasoning of ordinary orators ; it has its source deep in the very constitution of his nature ; it is not to be stopped by a purposed interruption ; it is not to be turned aside from its object, its aim, its *goal*, by an attempted diversion ;—with the instantaneous rapidity of a stream of lightning, attracted by a new conductor, it darts at the interposed obstruction ; and, far from being confused or retarded by it, hurries it with unconquerable force into the train, the track of his oratory, which blazes and burns around it with fresh and fiercer fire.

He darts at once into the very centre and *focus* of the contest. He rushes like a lion at the bravest and strongest of his foes,—and on this occasion that foe was Macaulay. He bitterly sneered at the premeditated pomposity — the *prepared* rhetoric of the New Cabinet Ministers—the “luminous *essay*,” “the able historical review of the last half century, only omitting the five years now under discussion,” “full of recrimination, but silent, as a reply.” And then the noble orator dashed along in this fiery strain :—

“Now I will tell my right hon. friend that we have watched, that we have observed the feelings of the population of this country, (loud cheers)—that we know—we have it from high authority—we have seen it—day by day—month by month—one change after another—that the most respectable, the steadiest of your adherents have abandoned you in your reckless, downward course. (tremendous cheering.) We know

the effect this has produced in England—we know that the country pants and languishes for something like a Government. (renewed cheering.) And let not my right hon. and noble friends opposite flatter themselves that if—as no doubt we shall be—we are beaten on this division—that there will be the slightest alteration in the course which the great Conservative party have resolved to pursue. (reiterated cheering.) I tell them—that measure by measure—that step by step—that failure after failure, (cheers,) we will watch—we will check—we will controul the cabinet, (prolonged cheering,) we will support them, when (as they have often been,) they are glad of our support against their friends, (cheers): but no consideration shall restrain us from pursuing steadily the fixed line of duty which will be the immutable policy of the Conservative party, from obstructing your measures, from confounding your plans, (immense cheers,) from throwing out schemes as we believe prejudicial to the best interests of the empire. (renewed cheers.) We will thus watch and scrutinize your measures, from the very commencement of the session to the close, (great cheering): we will leave to others the *name*, while we are content to wield, the *authority* of Government.” (Deafening and long continued cheering.)

We insert this glowing, burning passage, with all the interruptions it received, because in no other way could we give an adequate idea of the electrical effect which the energetic eloquence, the impetuous rushing of the Stanley oration had upon the house. And so he proceeded onward to the end, darting forth climax after climax of such impassioned eloquence as this we have just quoted; heaping denunciation upon denunciation—taunt on taunt—charge on charge—pouring the stream of his indignant invectives, or his passionate appeals, over the whole field of home, foreign, and colonial policy—on the absurdities of open questions, with respect to great national interests—the corn-laws—the suffrage—the ballot—on the inconsistency or the vacillation, the feebleness of the Government—on their weak opposition to Chartism—on their indecision as to colonial, their negligence as to foreign, administration; closing with an outburst which seemed to make the ministry quiver in their seats—and the lightning of his oratory followed by peal after peal of applauding thunder, which startled the dead midnight, and might have almost echoed through the Abbey.

Pale, nervous, and oppressed with conscious weakness, Lord Morpeth slowly, evidently reluctantly, rose to endeavour to stem the mighty torrent which had just dashed over the Cabinet. Discouraging—indeed hopeless, the attempt, while the sound of Stanley’s eloquence yet lingered in their ears, and the shouts of charmed senators had not died from the walls. He moved the adjournment, and reserved himself for the following evening, when, fresh, cool, and collected, he had a more auspicious opportunity. The very reverse of his great rival, Lord Morpeth is not possessed of those ready and inexhaustible stores of oratory, which Stanley needs only the attack of an opponent worthy of him to pour forth. Lord Morpeth requires preparation. Lord Stanley’s speech would have been, if possible, yet more tremendously effective, had he not been prevented, by the lateness of

the hour at which Macaulay had closed (one o'clock), from instantly following him. Lord Morpeth's orations are more pleasing than powerful; there is a nicety about his selection of terms, an accuracy in the balance of his antitheses, which betray study: his delivery, though marked with an air of frankness and boldness, has yet the tone of a *recitation*, and has a somewhat of formality — no tittle of *fire* about it: his *hits* are good, but they were *practised*: he has not the ready skill of a master. His perorations are always excellent, often displaying great beauty of language; and then the excitement of the speech having imparted more of warmth and energy to his manner, his delivery is forcible, effective, and eloquent.

His speech was practical, temperate, and to the point. He followed Lord Stanley, topic after topic, with great spirit and effect: and his strokes are not the less effective, because always given with a good temper and a fairness which disarm resentment. This merit at least his carefully prepared speech had, that it took up no theme on which it did not "tell well." His reference to the opinions expressed by the constituencies which had been recently appealed to in favour of the Government, was in a fine tone of eloquent triumph; and he was very felicitous in the terms he employed: indeed, this is one of his Lordship's best points,—he selects the most expressive, frequently the most picturesque language for descriptions, and often expresses a great deal by a single word, as when he spoke, of "a great suburban district of the metropolis, the crowded manufacturies of Birmingham, the classic capital of the north and noble sea-port in the south, even the *Ducal* Borough of Newark:" an epithet which, as his Lordship rightly anticipated, elicited great applause (from his supporters). And there was an exulting boldness in the manner in which he declared, that if his opponents, "forgetful of that 'better part,' that yet was open to them, of mollifying the asperities, and softening the animosities of party dissensions; of promoting, in one word, the real interests of the empire, so far as the petty selfishness of party should prompt me—I have only to bid them, go on. Stir up—or rather permit to be stirred up [another well studied, 'palpable hit,'] the fierce embers of departed intolerance, re-illuminate the fires of decaying bigotry: we shall put our confidence in the improved condition, in the increased intelligence, in the returning sense, of a disabused people."

This passage is a fair specimen of Lord Morpeth's style; the whole "hit" of the last sentence lies in the word—evidently carefully collated—"disabused:" and so it ever is with him. He makes good strokes, if he has time to get them ready: and then they never fail, as in this instance was the case—always reserving as he does his strength for a peroration, to draw down great applause from those, the chord of whose feelings he has thus, with nice care, precisely struck.

The debate was now carried on with all the heat and acrimonious virulence of a last struggle, by combatants not possessing any claims to particular admiration, till O'Connell, having dealt out his customary, and now wearying, hundred-times repeated tale of "fighting men," and "justice to Ireland;" at about midnight, SIR ROBERT — amidst the deep, the breathlessly-silent interest of a House, every side

of which presented dense masses of anxious countenances—rose to speak; and the full, calm, melodious voice of the great Conservative statesman was heard in tones of temperate, though earnest appeal to the understandings, the impartiality of the audience. On his brow was visible a deeper weight of anxiety, his opening sentences announcing a larger, a more important field than that of a mere contest for power. Once more let us resort to our battle-field imagery. We thought of the steady, the firm, collected movement of vast masses of veteran infantry, battalion after battalion, slowly and with measured tread, passing over the ground, and at last forming into one grand, unbroken line, to bear down, in imposing majesty, with a simultaneous and overwhelming charge upon the foe.

Sentence after sentence rolled, with solemn, yet mellifluous emphasis, along. Train after train of close reasoning, earnest expostulation, relieved, diversified—but not for a moment interrupted—on the contrary, enforced and enhanced—by the aptest illustrations, clothed in the happiest language, enlivened now and then by a rich vein of elegant and polished satire, and often ennobled by an unostentatious—and for that reason more effective—burst of natural eloquence.

What could possibly be richer in all that gives elevation to sarcasm, and dignity to humour, by making both subservient to the furtherance of a great argument; what in the whole annals of Parliamentary eloquence could be found more exquisitely amusing, and at the same time more poignantly severe, than the parallel the Rt. Hon. baronet drew between the unhappy Dido and the unfortunate Cabinet Minister who “told his constituents, from the proud keep of Windsor,” that he entered the Government with a view of furthering the objects of the Ballot and Extended Suffrage, to which that Government was strongly opposed? What a delightful appropriateness there was in the paraphrase of the classic speech, which he put into the mouth of the disappointed Edinburgh constituency, when they found no effects from the high-promising alliance—

“When told that, forsooth, these great constitutional questions are to be ‘open questions,’ will they not reproach the right hon. gent. with having deluded and deceived them? If too classical to vent their upbraidings in plain prose, may they not borrow the language of the forsaken Queen—

‘Nusquam tuta fides —?’

“Nay, may they not continue the quotation—

———— ‘Ejectum litore egentem
Excepi, et regni demens in parte locavi.’

“Here you are in office—where are your pledges now? Is there to be no fruits of our mutual love—no offspring of our soft affection? no small measure stamped with the image of your paternity, and bearing on it lineaments of your parental features? What! you can coquet with us—you entered the cause with us;—is your reply now to be—

‘Non hæc in fœdera veni?’

No Ballot Bill? no Suffrage Bill?

———— ‘Si quis mihi parvulus aulæ
Luderet Æneas qui te tantum ore referret
Non equidem omnino capta ac deserta videret.’”

No language can describe the peals of merriment excited by this happiest of classical allusions, marked as it was by a fine mock pathos of tone and manner. And then how splendid was the continuation of Lord John Russell's figure of "heaving the anchor of the constitution, while the signs of storm are blackening the horizon." (*Vide Stroud Letter.*)

"The noble Lord has taken into his vessel an able-bodied seaman, whose only aim will be to heave the anchor; and the result will be, that, the noble Lord anxious to retain the anchor, and his right hon. colleague to raise it, neither will perfectly succeed; and thus the vessel of the state, with an imperfect holding, and yet unable, in open sea-room, to encounter the perils of the sea, will drag dishonourably down, till it founders on the muddy, sandy shoal of 'progressive Reform'—might not the Right Hon. Baronet have added, "or wrecked on the rock of revolution?" Then how luminous and clear his financial expositions. How able his exhibition of the folly of the so-called "moral agitation" of assembling thousands, and talking to them of "arms and force." How indignantly eloquent his rebuke of the encouragement of Owenist obscenities by a careless government. How talented and superior the brief glance he directed to our foreign relations. But the glory of the oration was the manly, the frank, the unequivocal declaration of his political opinions and intentions. What cheering—aye, and *on both sides* too, for manliness is yet a characteristic that Englishmen *will* admire—followed the noble declarations, uttered in spirited and elevated tones—"Whatever may be the consequences of declaring my principles of public policy, I would rather incur them all than conciliate the support of a single member, by withholding my honest opinions, or by pretending acquiescence in sentiments I do not entertain." And one after the other of all the disputed questions of the day—Privilege, Poor-laws, Corn-laws, Reform act, Catholic Emancipation—he distinctly, in perspicuous and statesmanlike language, avows his decided opinions. On this last topic, the declarations he made of the sacrifices he had risked, and the losses he had incurred, were most powerfully affecting, both to orator and listeners.

And then the close—it possessed the noblest characteristics of eloquence, elevation of sentiment, simplicity—yet power of expression, aided by a delivery, calm, solemn, and dignified. Those who heard it, will never forget his utterance of the finishing sentences:—"I shall above all retain the satisfaction and distinction of co-operation with that illustrious man, by whose right hand I have stood in the great conflicts which have been fought within the last twelve years; who now, with intellect unimpaired by advancing years, is proving that the same qualities which raised him to the highest pitch of military renown, fortitude, perseverance, simplicity of mind, the love of question, the zeal 'to do his duty'—qualities how rare in their separate excellences, how wonderful in their combination!—can still secure to him in civil life, and as a statesman, a reputation not inferior to that which he has achieved as a warrior and a negotiator. Supported by that confidence, and supported also, as I believe, by the confidence of a great portion of those great classes of the community who influ-

ence the general mind—the Church, the manufacturer, the yeomanry, the merchants; I cannot believe that my opinions are incapable of being carried into execution in the practical art of administration. Having this confidence and co-operation, I shall at least be enabled to place an effectual check upon every downward movement: I shall be enabled effectually to assist you when you are right, and refuse improper concessions: and if you are wrong, and make those concessions, I shall be enabled to oppose impediments, which you will call obstructions, but which I shall view as salutary guarantees against the conversion of this free and limited monarchy into an unqualified and unmitigated democracy.”

Oh, the cheers that followed this speech, they will reverberate through the empire!

The Debate virtually was over. Lord John Russell, indeed, attempted a reply; but who, at *three* o'clock in the morning, and after a four nights' discussion, could be eloquent? Certainly not his Lordship. Nevertheless, he continued till near five, labouring with great industry, and undoubtedly great talent, to destroy the effect of THE speech.

The DIVISION *the Nation knows.*

W. F. C.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

THE silver moon was beaming
In the starry-mantled sky;
The wanton winds lay dreaming
In their airy halls on high.

I gazed above—around me,
On the calm and silent night;
Some magic spell hath bound me
To those glittering isles of light.

Thence heavenly music stealing
On my glad and listening ears,
Entranced each joyful feeling—
’Twas the music of the spheres.

’Twas Nature’s glorious minstrelsy
In the planets bright and fair,
Which roll in ceaseless harmony
In the boundless void of air.

T. T. L.

ÆSCHYLUS.

WE believe it is generally acknowledged that military men make, for the most part, but indifferent poets. There is too little sentiment, and too much matter of fact, in the use of the sword and the musket, to induce a half-pay captain to exchange his jack-boots for the cothurnus, or a field-marshal to turn sonneteer. In short, Mars and Apollo, though both very respectable gentlemen in their way, are shrewdly suspected of entertaining nothing less than a very marked and decided aversion to each other. You may peer through your best telescope for a month together into the sky, before you see them walking arm in arm, or playing at skittles, or smoking a friendly cigar in each other's company. It must be this animosity of the heavenly powers, pervading and influencing the minds of earthlings, which places poetry much in the same relation to gunpowder that fire bears to water. Sure soldiers *would* scribble like the rest of the world, if they *could*! One can hardly believe that men should fear critics when so accustomed to reviews, or dread being cut up when their own profession is to cut down. Yet it is certain that they very rarely *do* scribble. *Their* writing is done with a steel pen and red ink: all the impression *they* make is external. Moreover, they have too strong an antipathy to the pure element, to drink more than a very few sips of the Castalian spring; and too great practice in horsemanship, to feel either pleasure or novelty in soaring on the back of Pegasus. Most of them, indeed, like mounting a step or two,—but that is only in the army, and not up the side of Parnassus. And though several ensigns in love have been known to write verses with a very fair approximation to metre, and tolerably intelligible in some parts; yet, generally speaking, a poetical soldier is about as seldom seen as a musical sailor, or a literary dust-man.

But Æschylus—the warrior-poet Æschylus, is a signal exception to our rule. He certainly did write some sublime poetry; but he as certainly wrote no small quantity of unintelligible, bombastic, unmeaning, unmitigated trash! Alas, that valuable lives should be sacrificed in the truly vain task of restoring such a corrupt medley of mysteries as an Æschylean chorus! If Æschylus had not been a military man, which, we maintain, sufficiently accounts for his poetical delinquencies, we should certainly have taken him for an opium-eater. We have often wondered how such a sensible man as Parson Adams could have found so much entertainment in perusing his manuscript of Æschylus for months and years together: yet there are higher dignitaries of the church than country curates, who have found both entertainment and advantage in the same pursuit: for it is not too much to assert, that Æschylus has raised two of his worshippers to the episcopal bench,—some will perhaps say by *corrupt* influence.

Much of Æschylus' most worthless trash is made to sound respectable, or at least bearable, by dressing it up in finer language than the original at all deserves. Take the following specimen, which is *not* a

chorus ; and let the reader of *Æschylus* learn how to translate his author in future from our faithful version. We protest we give no parody, but a literal translation, with a spice of the burlesque to render it palatable.

Choeph. 470.

- ORESTES. O father, who most vulgarly wast burked,
Grant to my prayer possession of thy house !
- ELECTRA. And I, papa, would add this one request—
To fly when I have punched Egisthus' head !
- ORESTES. For if you *do*, no end of prime beef-steaks
And savoury cutlets will be fried for you,
On jolly gridirons all throughout the land :
But if you *don't*, the deuce a bit you'll get !
- ELECTRA. And when I'm married, dear papa, I'll bring
Such charming mugs of swig from out the house
To pour upon your honoured sepulchre.
- ORESTES. O earth, send father up to see me fight !
- ELECTRA. O Proserpine, send thou fair victory !
- ORESTES. Think on the bath in which they burked you, sir !
- ELECTRA. Think on the net in which they throttled you !
- ORESTES. They got you fast in unmetallic chains !
- ELECTRA. Aye, and in nasty sewed-up dressing-gowns !
- ORESTES. Don't you feel sore at these reproaches, now ?
- ELECTRA. Don't you pop up your dear old head once more ?
- ORESTES. Either send justice to assist your friends,
Or make them catch it well that murdered you—
If, conquered, you would crow o'er them again !
- ELECTRA. Hear now this last address : Father, behold
This brace of chickens squatting on your tomb ;
Pity the gentleman and lady too !
And don't wipe out all Pelops' ancient line,
For thus you are not dead, though you *are* dead !!
For little boys the memory preserve
Of governors to Davy's locker gone !
And, like a string of corks, bear up the net
From sinking to the bottom of the sea.
Listen—these blubberings are all for you ;—
To listen will be better for yourself !
—I've said all this, to which you can't object,
To buy a little bit of better luck.
But you, Orestes, since you *will* be rash,
Why, cut your stick, and may success attend !
- ORESTES. Trust me ! but perhaps 'twon't be impertinent
To ask how mother came to send this swig,
And why, too late, she tried to patch and mend
Her crime, as if 'twere nought but an old shoe !
For when our dad could neither smell nor taste,
Nor aught appreciate such spicy stuff,
She sent these offerings :—I really can't

- Conceive what means this most absurd concern :
 But *this* I know, 'twill ne'er atone the crime ;
 For if you tap a hogshead of brown stout,
 'Twon't expiate a single drop of blood.
 So people say :—but tell us, there's a dear.
 CHORUS. O certainly ! as I was there myself,
 I *ought* to know a thing or two about it !
 You see as how she dreamed a horrid dream,
 A night-mare, which did much discomfort her,
 And made her send these funeral offerings.
 ORESTES. And heard you the true version of the dream ?
 CHORUS. She said she thought a dragon born to her.
 ORESTES. And what the end and import of her fancy ?
 CHORUS. In swaddling clothes the nasty creature lay.
 ORESTES. Disgusting thing ! and did it bawl for pap ?
 CHORUS. She dreamed she bared her breast to give it suck.
 ORESTES. And so it scratched and bit it, I suppose ?
 CHORUS. It drew more blood than milk, I rather guess !
 ORESTES. A night-mare that, and no mistake, from *him*.
 CHORUS. I promise you she screeched out like a good 'un !
 And we for missus lit again the glims,
 Which we had doused in darkness,—so next day
 She sent this cake and wine to dress the tomb,
 Hoping that if the dead would take a dram,
 He'd drink forgiveness to his murderess.

Surely to pronounce this *poetry*, must argue a perverted judgment indeed ! Dark-minded hero of Marathon ! Man of ghosts, and dreams, and murders, and tortures, and horrors ! Why thus combine the ludicrous with the disgusting, the unintelligible with the nonsensical, and harass us poor unhappy Grecules with so much of what (if you had your deserts) would be unanimously condemned as “BOSH.”

STANZAS.

Of all the thoughts that pass the soul,
 A weary lot is mine ;
 And of the smallest cares of life,
 But one small part is thine.

Yet still there is nor night nor morn,
 But I do think on thee :
 For all I feel that thou dost cast
 Not one kind thought on me.

I do not wish thy peace should fly,
 As mine long since has flown ;
 But yet I would not always feel
 Such hopeless love alone.

THE LADIES' DEFENCE.

(From Aristophanes, Thesmophoriazusa, 785.)

WHEN lovers sing of bleeding hearts,
 And flames, and wounds, and Cupid's darts,
 And pine, and sigh, and swear that we
 Were born for man's felicity;
 Their zeal, alas, as time will prove,
 Has more of compliment than love!
 For HUSBANDS!—*they* are not the same,
They change their nature with their name!
 No, no! go where you will, you find
 That *they* abuse the womankind!
 And say we're born to be their pest,
 And merely to disturb their rest,
 And cause, by our incessant rattle,
 Contention, strife, sedition, battle;
 And try to be the plague of man
 By every artifice we can.
 Now, if you think that nought that's made is
 More pestilential than the Ladies,—
 Nay, that our very names possess
 An antidote to happiness;
 Pray what's the reason each one strives
 To win those animals called WIVES?
 Why, if the sex ye thus disparage,
 Why seek your own distress by marriage?
 If we're an evil, what's the reason
 You lock us up as in a prison,
 And keep us with such jealous care,
 That we may scarcely breathe fresh air?
 Whereas 'twere far the wiser plan
 To let us run whene'er we can.
 But if your cunning wife, while you
 Have left the house, should pop out too,
 And not return again before
 Her husband thunders at the door,
 Ye rave, ye curse, ye stamp, ye swear,—
 And why?—Because your plague's not there!
 Whereas ye ought to thank your stars
 For being rid of all your cares:
 For truly, it should seem a blessing
 To find so great an evil missing!
 If ever to a friend we go,
 And stay till half-past one, or so,
 Then gladly take the proffered bed
 To rest till morn our wearied head;
 The anxious husband goes about
 To find his plaguy partner out;
 So troubled is he if he loses
 The very evil he abuses!

If ever at a window nigh
 That hated object you espy,
 Your eager eyes are strained to see
 The self-same pest you try to flee.
 Then, if we modestly retire,
 And blush, you all the more desire
 To see our hated face again,
 The source confessed of all your pain !
 While thus your words your deeds belie,
 Don't talk of inconsistency.

J. M.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

WHEN I go to the land of the stranger,
 And leave the green hills of my home,
 Oh, who will befriend the lone ranger,
 Or heed where the alien may roam ?
 One hearth-stone was dew'd at my parting,
 With tears to my memory given ;
 One blessing pursued me at starting—
 But who gives my welcome at even ?
 Then why flee my country ?—The dwelling
 Where a fever'd hand clasps her damp brow,
 In lone desolation is telling
 The cause of my wandering now.
 There poverty pillows the dying,
 While I am afar on the sea :
 Round her hut the wild plover is crying,
 The wind sighs in answer to me.
 I cling to the country that spurns me,
 And denies even bread on her shore ;
 'Tis this lights the hectic that burns me,
 This harrows my heart to its core.
 Farewell ! for the night breeze is swelling
 Our sails, as thou sink'st in the wave,
 O my Country ! no longer a dwelling,
 Except for the tyrant and slave.

J. T.

HORÆ CREVISIANÆ.

DESCRIPTION OF A CUP, AND OF THOSE WHO DID JUSTICE TO IT.

IMPROVIDENT of space, revered, and old,—
 Wrought of the beech-tree grain, rejecting gold ;
 Of waxen hue without, (like oaten straws,
 Whose variable pitch the herdsman draws,
 What time, outstretched beneath o'ershading trees,
 He strains his cheek, and pipes against the breeze,
 Making a musical and merry war,
 With only echo for an arbitre,)

But tempered to ale's deep dye within,
 Seen through its sides, that were so smooth and thin,
 In vats scarce larger milking-maidens use,
 To draw the dappled cow's less potent juice,
 'Twas hooped around ; between the circles stand
 Carvings uncouth of some rude artist's hand :
 A fisher's keel by some translucent tide,
 His silver quarry gasping by his side ;
 A patient cow with udders overstored,
 A maid beside it on the cool green sward,—
 The husbands of the herd at distance grazed.
 Such was the work beneath each ring, that raised,
 As indistinct as half-remembered dreams,
 Unwelcome thoughts of milk, and cool blue mountain streams.
 Along the handle's back were vine-leaves chased,
 With hops and barley-bristles interlaced,
 That (roughened to the grasp of those who quaffed)
 Curled to the top, and overhung the draught.
 The rim was worn,—but less from age than use,
 Of lips devoted to its dark-brown juice,
 Where crab-tree fruits, like ships at sea did swim.
 Athwart its steaming foam, and anchored at the brim :
 So southern shrines are worn by pilgrim's knees,
 And fragment of true cross by those who kiss their deities,
 Its pegs of box were moveable at will ;
 Between each hole a lord might drink his fill.
 Where one was taken down, a space remained
 To tell the rest how each deep draught was drained.
 The wedges stood like stairs-sunk in a well,
 Deep as Truth's own—like that, infallible.

'Twas a stripling then ; and paused to see
 If men there were that drained it worthily.
 Equal, at first, did each, in equal share,
 (No stint, and no allaying mixture there,)

Drink with a soldier's or an abbot's air :—
 Ere long, a few, a weak ill-tempered clay,
 Had drunken to their pitch and slunk away,
 Or slid to earth—the rest against the wall
 (Save one that staggers, and a pair that fall,)

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Rest lazily—more patient than the rest.
 But one remained, the tyrant of the feast :
 Erect (but only for a while) he stood—
 Seasoned by use—then sunk on earth, subdued.
 Torches and cheeks in double lustre shone,
 And all the hero lay by drink o'erdone,—
 By potent drink o'erdone ;—this was to me
 My first good schooling in ebriety.

CHORUS FROM THE HECUBA,

V. 629.

ON me, on me,
 Fated sorrow, fated shame,
 And visitant affliction came—
 On me, on me !
 When the goddess-dooming swain,
 Shaped to oars the dark-haired pine,
 And launched it on th' Ægean brine,
 From the old Idæan plain.
 Thence some demon sent in steering,
 O'er the softly-swelling waters,
 To the fairest of the daughters
 That the travelled sun surveys
 Of earth, and kisses with its golden blaze,
 In power and pride (but still a curse) careering.
 For penance drear, and worse
 Than penance drear, the necessary curse,
 The proper fate of frenzied men,
 Pain, and rack, and desolation
 Have wound their toil around the encircled nation
 Since then.

Alas ! alas !
 That judgment of a shepherd boy
 Should turn to blood, to slaughter, shame, .
 To agony,—should stain thy name,
 And mix thee with the dust, majestic Troy !

Perchance, like me,
 Some other maid among the daughters
 Of Sparta, by Eurotas' waters,
 Sits weeping, e'en like me.
 The while the mother tears her head,
 Grown grey with anguish for her offspring dead,
 And rends her cheeks, to hear their tale,
 With dabbled hand and purple nail—
 Like me, like me !

THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

"Is it to read, this dolt doth buy
Of books so large a quantity,
Which he can't comprehend;
Of classics prime editions rare,
No stain, no worm-hole—title fair,
And margin without end?"—*Ship of Fools*!

SOME philosophers would have us believe that *all* men are monomaniacs,—that is, mad on one particular point. Those who feel sore at the personal application of this uncompromising dictum, will perhaps be justified in interpreting it to mean simply, that all men have their respective foibles, tastes, and pursuits;—a truism which even they will not be disposed to deny, because they will have no difficulty in bringing the fact home to themselves. Granting, then, that every man *is*, on this modified construction, an idiomaniac, how constantly ought we to consider, that while we openly or secretly ridicule the tastes and fancies of our brother maniacs, we are ourselves sure to possess some peculiarity, or indulge some conceit, which is equally obnoxious to criticism, and may appear equally absurd, useless, or degrading in the eyes of others. Indeed, this propensity to peep into the bag of our neighbour's follies, which Æsop tells us we carry in front of us, is chiefly characteristic of those who unconsciously bear a still heavier appendage at their own backs. He who is most devotedly attached to his own favourite pursuit, always sees most clearly, and in the most ludicrous light, the peculiar partialities of others. Thus, the athletic sportsman looks with pity upon the pale student, and wonders what pleasure or profit there can possibly be in poring half the night over books in a garret; while the student is equally unable to appreciate the delights of wet, hunger, and fatigue, which the sportsman has daily to undergo in pursuing his less intellectual "recreations." The classic does not understand how any one *can* delight in solving interminable equations, or subjugating intractable curves: but the mathematician, with his brains wandering among his dear stars, professes himself, with sarcastic complacency, totally incapable of discovering the beauties which others find in a corrupt chorus of Æschylus. The architect sees very little amusement in poking among ditches and bogs for diminutive flies and beetles; nor does the entomologist perceive much more in copying the mouldings of a time-worn doorway. The geologist stigmatizes the botanist as a "nettle-picker;" and the botanist retorts upon the geologist, by applying the epithet "pebble-raker."

But of all maniacs, none meet with so little pity, and so much obloquy on every side, as the BIBLIOMANIAC. *His* taste is not courteously called "a foible,"—oh, no! nothing half so mild. It is a madness; and he is a downright, hopeless, incurable, unmitigated madman. He is a fit subject for a voyage to Anticyra; indeed, it is only by special indulgence that he is permitted to go at large at all, as he

has on several occasions been disinterred by his friends from some obscure book-vault in an anonymous alley, begrimed with dust, and half dead with starvation; having been unaccountably oblivious, while feasting his eyes, to feed his craving internals with some less ethereal aliment than defunct literature. The whole conduct of the bibliomaniac is indeed marked by a humorous earnestness, which the apparent frivolity of his pursuit seems hardly to justify in a man of sense. Touch the chord of any other monomaniac's "particular vanity," and you will perhaps set him chattering about it for the next half-hour: but shew *him* a Pannartz, or an Aldus, or a Junta, and he instantly becomes like one distraught—a raving enthusiast, or a moody, melancholy lunatic: he will neither speak nor hear till he has scanned the title-page, measured the margin, duly *weighed* the Aldine symbol, inspected the date, and felt the smoothness or roughness, or soundness or rottenness, of every leaf in the unparalleled folio! Take him into a library—the asylum after his own heart—and he will put himself into voluntary confinement for the next four-and-twenty hours; imposing upon you the alternative of either dragging him out or locking him in,—of which, should you give him his choice, he will immeasurably prefer the latter. Then again watch him standing at that old book-stall. His fingers are like a chimney-sweep's, his nose like a black-cap pudding, and his very spectacles are obfuscated with a film of venerable dust. See with what a supercilious air he tosses aside all *new* books,—that is, all under a couple of hundred years old,—and gluts his curiosity exclusively upon the musty, fusty, torn, worm-eaten, frowsy, damp, mouldy little squab quarto which bears the date 1490! He asks the price with glistening eyes, watering mouth, and trembling lips. One-and-ninepence. One-and-ninepence! He can tell you the names of great book-collectors, who have given more crowns for such a copy than he is now asked pence. Does he not then eagerly pay the paltry sum, and make the rubbishing gem his own undisputed property? Oh, no! your regular thorough-bred bibliomaniac *never* pays the price asked. Not that he grudges the money in the least; but he feels huge satisfaction in persuading the unsuspecting seller that it is a piece of trumpery not worth stopping to pick up; and chuckles at what he calls "the absurdity of the thing" whenever he relates the memorable adventure to a brother book-worm. And how your true bibliomaniac pricks up his ears at the magic words *editio princeps*! How quickly he rushes to the library of any literary friend or stranger whom he may visit! How fondly does he gaze upon some biblical treasure, which has hitherto eluded the anxious search of years, and which he has known only by description, hearsay, or fac-simile! How proud too if he can make that treasure his own! How charily he displays his unique vellum copies; how friendly he becomes to the interested spectator; and what withering glances does he direct against the unhappy culprit, who innocently declares that he sees nothing particular in them!

And does not the botanist store up in his *hortus siccus*, and the geologist in his cabinet, each his little insignificant-looking weeds or pebbles, for the same reason that the book-collector stores up rare volumes in his archives, viz. *because* they are rare? Yet neither the botanist

nor the geologist are considered half such fools as the bibliomaniac ! We much question whether the somewhat singular predilection of the antiquary himself, who boasts his collection of antediluvian pots and pans, and cuttings and carvings, is deemed by the generality of mankind quite so desperate a case. Is the ruling passion of the book-collector a more selfish or senseless gratification than that of any other *virtuoso* ? By no means. Is there then any material difference between collecting curiosities of art and those of nature ? It would not appear so. It is simply the extravagant folly of which some are guilty in giving as many pounds for, as there are leaves in, an old book, coupled with the little interest that is generally felt, and the ignorance that prevails, about this particular pursuit, which has brought the book-collector into disrepute, and caused him to be regarded by the world as the most infatuated of mortals.

There is nothing in itself absurd or unreasonable in the desire of rescuing from certain oblivion, and probable destruction, those noble monuments of ancient ingenuity and enterprise, the earliest printed editions of classical and other authors. It is a desire, at all events, which kings, bishops, and nobles have indulged, and which, therefore, cannot be unworthy of imitation ;—nay, it is a debt of common gratitude to the first practitioners of an art which has literally revolutionised the world, not to let the works of their hands perish in the dust of the bookshop or damp nook of the library, unknown and unappreciated. Why should we grudge a few shillings in rescuing them from their concealment, and a few more in putting a decent leather jacket upon their poor worn-out, superannuated carcases ? Yet, in spite of such a plausible plea of antiquarian benevolence, the sanity of old-book collectors is very generally questioned, and they are themselves held up to ridicule as much greater curiosities than the volumes which they so meritoriously redeem from oblivion.

We do not wish, by the above remarks, either to defend that peculiar kind of reckless and unjustifiable prodigality, which has brought so much discredit upon book-collectors in general, and with which the enthusiast has been known to give £903 for one old vellum volume ;* or to recommend our readers to waste much time and money in heaping up books which they cannot read, and never open, merely because they are old. We only deprecate the opposite extreme of illiberality in denying all pleasure or profit in the indulgence of a taste at once harmless and interesting.

The labours of the press must undoubtedly be counted among the most astounding monuments of human industry. Not four hundred years have elapsed since the invention of printing ;† yet who can enter one of our vast public libraries, without being deeply struck with the

* This sum was actually paid for the Editio Princeps of Livy, 1469.

† It is singular that the exact date of this invention should be undetermined. Some have placed it as early as 1422. Surely an inscription at the end of the Editio Princeps of Cicero's Offices, 1465, (which we believe is about the earliest printed book extant, and of which there is a fine copy in St. John's College Library,) ought to go far in determining the question: *This Book was composed not with pen and ink, but by a beautiful kind of contrivance—"Non plumali calamo neque atramento, sed arte quadam perpulcrâ."* We suppose this has not escaped the notice of the learned.

thousands upon thousands of bulky volumes, every one of which has been composed of separate types, separately set by the ceaseless finger of man! And when we consider the vast numbers of new books which annually teem from the press, we may well wonder what another period of 400 years, with the multiplied facilities for printing which we now possess, may be expected to produce. A fine field this for such as delight in curious statistical computations; and one much more interesting than the frivolous speculation, how long it will take to sow the earth's surface with pins, or when the corn-fields are likely to produce a Cadmean crop of leaden pellets, from the numbers of shot annually dispersed over them by sportsmen: both which calculations are said to have engrossed the attention of persons troubled with a superfluous knowledge of arithmetic, and a corresponding deficiency of intellectual employment.

But neither the bright snowy hue, nor the clear sharp type, nor the graceful regularity of the typography, have any charms for your genuine bibliomaniac. He considers all the recent productions of the press as pretenders, usurpers, ephemerals. No book of less than 300 years' standing in the world finds a place among *his* select treasures. He triumphantly compares the thickness and durability of the brown and sombre paper of 1470, with the filmy and glossy texture of 1830; and asks whether *that* will ever survive to so healthy and stout an old age? The black and glittering Aldine ink—the preparation of which is an art now lost—he disparagingly contrasts with the jaundiced and evanescent appearance of a page of 1750, looking for all the world as if it were sick of its existence, and anxiously expecting the aid of friendly moths to commence their welcome havoc.

The finest private collection in the world of old classical volumes, is unquestionably that of the Earl Spencer. The late lamented Bishop of Lichfield possessed an exceedingly valuable library of the same description, and is said to have made the best conquisition of Alduses in existence. These unrivalled stores are soon to part company again, and be let once more loose upon the world. We well remember being shewn a small cabinet of the Bishop's, which contained books valued by him at £1000. We trust many will be found to appreciate their value.

The various College libraries in our University are, as might be expected, more or less richly stocked with precious volumes of antiquity. In the *very rare* editions of the classics, we have little hesitation in pronouncing St. John's College library to surpass all the rest. Its treasures are, it is to be feared, very little known or regarded: an observation which by no means exclusively applies to that College, for we cannot help remarking, with a feeling almost approaching indignation, the utter carelessness with which MSS. of exceeding value, and books of the greatest scarcity and beauty, are (or very lately were), in several of our libraries which we could name, almost *rotting* in damp, dirt, and neglect. We are surprised, too, at the general want of *interest* displayed by the librarians in the treasures committed to their charge—a charge which none but a bibliographer is competent to undertake. But the interesting study of bibliography is one of those which have yet to find a friendly reception in our University; and we hope ere

long to see a flourishing society established therein, under the auspices of some Hartshorne, or Dibdin, or Horne, for the Prevention of Cruelty to, and Restoration of, old Books,—the respectability of which society may effectually rebut the charges of the ignorant, and entail upon its members the more courteous and deserved title of connoisseurs, instead of maniacs.

But to leave such unworthy frivolities, for a few concluding words of a graver tone. Is there no truth to be learned, no moral to be inculcated, by a visit to one of those vast repositories of literature,—the libraries of the land? Are they mere matter for the curiosity of the bibliomaniac, the researches of the scholar, or the speculations of the plagiarist? Are no better emotions than mere wonder and interest awakened in the mind by contemplating the collective product of the learning and intellect of all ages? Does not an indescribable sense of something like awe pervade the spectator, whenever he enters the almost unsearchable regions, and breathes the hallowed atmosphere, of learning? Does he not painfully feel his own nothingness, when he sees, at one view, all the profound lore to which the mighty throes of giant-minds have given birth, and then passed away in silence, leaving the treasures of unrivalled intellect an available inheritance to posterity for ever? A library is a type and symbol of humanity. As in life, so we there find the great mingled with the small, the costly with the mean, the good with the bad, the popular and esteemed with the neglected and despised. We see some enjoying a transient fame, and then sinking into oblivion. Others, of more sterling worth, but less showy appearance, long outlive their ephemeral neighbours,—nay, will not have their remembrance blotted out for ages upon ages of succeeding years. Some are dismal, some gay; some are proud, some meek; some are foolish, some wise. Again: a library is a living record of departed spirits—a churchyard of imperishable monuments—a concentration of all the wit and dulness, and piety and wickedness, and modesty and presumption, of man—a kaleidoscope, displaying all the vivid hues and varying shapes of genius—a mirror, reflecting the undisguised realities of human feelings and human infirmities, bringing into one view the otherwise invisible stream of intellect which has rolled on through the space of time; and so amalgamating and identifying the past with the present, that we seem to be contemplating but one inseparable and entire entity—MIND.

A humiliating lesson may ambition learn within the same walls! What is it to be the author—even the celebrated author—of any *one* of these countless works? Is it for an inch of shelf-room *here*, that we toil and meditate and labour our lives away? Do we shun the light and airs of heaven, and hide ourselves from our fellow-creatures, that we may be extolled by them after our death, when we can neither know nor enjoy our notoriety? that a few paltry pages of our own may be added to the hundred thousand volumes already accumulated in this store-house of learning,—pages, alas! never destined to attain the immortality which we too fondly anticipated, and to secure which we sacrificed all,—health, pleasure, riches, society—life itself? Strange, fatal infatuation! As a grain of sand on the shore, as a drop of water in the sea,—such, O vain man, is the produce of thy

toil; lost, lost, even in its own insignificance; but an utter nothing when contrasted with the ocean of literature amid which it claims a place—to be but overwhelmed by it! Go, then; visit the destined grave of thy dreary labours;—think of the great spirits with whom thou art claiming communion;—feel thine own nothingness—and be wise!

ÆSCHYLUS—AGAMEMNON, 272.

Ἡφαιστος, Ἰδης λαμπρὸν ἐκπίμπων σέλας.

It started forth from Ida's peak, that beacon's ruddy glow,
And leapt from pyre to pyre the flame, the herald flame of woe;
The Lemnian marked the signal first, on Ida's top that shone,
And answered with a burning brand, and sped the signal on.

A pyre stood built on Athos,—and from Athos next went forth
A mighty flame with courier speed, a herald from the north;
And bounding o'er the ocean waves, a fiery pine-lit sun,
It carried on the story, till Macistus' heights it won.

Nor slept the watchman, when the fire Macistus' heights had clomb,
But lit the pile with eager hand, and sent the tidings home;
And o'er Euripus from afar the fire-spied message hies,
Till from Beotia's rugged crags an answering torch replies.

The long-piled heather blazeth forth, and hurrying on amain,
Its light hath gained Cithæron's side, and crossed Æsopus' plain:
And from his rocks arose in turn a white and steady flame,
As marching like the clear round moon, the glorious herald came.

For they swerved not from their service, but heaped the faggots high,
Those watchers on Cithæron, till the fire-wreaths filled the sky;
And the waters of Gorgopis' lake are glistening in the beams,
And Ægiplanctus' mountain-chain reflects th' unwonted gleams.

Her spiral flames in answer mount, and riot in the skies;
Beyond the blue Saronic gulf an eye hath marked them rise,
And ushered to Arachne's mount th' approaching courier blaze,
Till here on Argos' citadel it lights its latest rays.

Old Ida's parent beacon hath begotten many a son,
And for Mycenæ hath reserved the youngest, noblest one;
The glorious chain is all complete, the telegraph hath sped,
And Argos knows her monarch's sword in Trojan blood is red.

ALEXANDER ON THE SHORES OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis:
 Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi,
 Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis parvâque Seripho.—Juv. X. 168—170.

To Ocean's shores the warrior came,
 And wept to think his mighty fame
 Was bounded by a world ;—
 Wept that his banner in each star
 That wheels its dewy orb afar,
 Should never be unfurl'd !

Oh ! had he leap'd upon the strand
 Of some unknown, some sinless land,
 In glitt'ring panoply,
 Where never had before been seen
 Or foeman's form, or armour's sheen,
 Nor heard the battle's cry ;

To its pure tenants he had seem'd
 A strange, dark phantom, wildly dream'd—
 A demon, that could joy
 To hear on every breeze a groan,
 To gaze on misery alone,
 To breathe but to destroy !

How had they fled the distant ken
 Of him who on his fellow-men
 Brought ruin like a flood ;
 Whose foot at every step he trod,
 Wither'd the verdure of the sod,
 And left its print in blood.

How had each look the ruffian spurn'd,
 Each lip with blistering curses burn'd,
 Tho' strange a curse to hear !
 How had each madly-gleaming eye
 Invoked quick lightning from the sky,
 To stay his mad career !

Oh ! 'tis not fame—'tis infamy
 To be remember'd but to be
 Scorn'd, pitied by the good !
 The laurel-wreath its hue of green
 Soon loses, when its leaves have been
 Steep'd, as were thine, in blood.

Poor madman ! thou art wiser now,
 Methinks ; and if a tear e'er flow,
 'Tis not—as then—for fame ;
 But that thou canst not all erase
 From the red record ev'ry trace
 Of thy bad deeds and name.

Long after thy proud wish had birth,
 A heav'nly warrior to this earth
 Stoop'd from his azure throne :
 He wept,—'twas o'er a city lost ;—
 He conquer'd,—but *his* vict'ries cost
 No bloodshed—save his own !

ON THE BALLOT.

An Argument in favour of the Ballot. By WM. DOUGLAS CHRISTIE, Esq.
8vo. Hooper, Pall Mall East, 1839.

In examining the merits of a scheme which professes to render so extensive a benefit to the commonwealth, as the facilitating the exercise of the elective franchise, the calmest and most dispassionate deliberation, we think, is required: more especially when, as in the case of the Ballot, the arguments on each side possess apparently an equal share of plausibility and pretensions to justice. Too generally, owing to a failing in our nature, which is not perhaps altogether to be deprecated, we approach the consideration of such subjects in a spirit of party, and with our minds imbued with certain prepossessions, which indisposes us for properly appreciating evidence, and alienates us from the search and elucidation of truth. Mr. Christie, in the pamphlet which is at present before us, we willingly admit has conducted his inquiries with a moderation and equanimity which political controversialists of either party would do well to imitate; and, although we entirely differ from the inferences to which his mind has been led on this subject, we must nevertheless ascribe all the praise which is due to the candour and good-feeling which are so conspicuous throughout his work. We cordially admit, that "this is no question of party, nor one on which those who are for, and those who are against, an extension of popular power, must necessarily differ:" that "it is to be presumed, rather that persons of all parties will join in supporting such a measure, if only they agree in thinking that the will of the state should be fulfilled, and that it is better to have a system of election which may raise, than one which must degrade, the humbler classes of society; and provided it can be shown that no evil or evils will be entailed by the adoption of such a measure, sufficiently large to overbalance the good that it is likely to produce." To these hypotheses, we say, we fully subscribe; at the same time we must express our decided conviction that the Ballot is calculated, not to raise, but to degrade, the humbler classes of society; that its adoption would occasion greater evil than good; and that it would be found ineffectual to afford that protection to a dependent voter, which the advocates of the measure attribute to it. We hope to be able to make good the allegations with which we have set out.

The first pages of Mr. Christie's pamphlet are allotted to a statement of the circumstances in which the electors, under a representative system, are placed, with regard to the exercise of the elective franchise: he shows the opposition to which they are liable in the discharge of this duty, and thence he infers the necessity that exists for a method of secret voting, as a remedy for the evil of which he complains.

With regard to his observations on the practicability of the Ballot—that is, as far as its mere machinery is concerned—we have little objection to offer: but as respects the permanent privacy with which an elector may act under a system of secret voting, we have long entertained a distrust, which Mr. Christie's pamphlet has done nothing to remove.

We shall first of all offer a few remarks upon the impossibility of combining an efficient system of registration with the Ballot. Mr. Christie lays considerable stress upon the value of a good method of registration,—and justly, since it is obvious that without this adjunct, any plan for collecting the suffrages of a constituency must be altogether abortive. Now we affirm that his measure strikes a death-blow at every thing like efficient registration. We may see this, by observing how the registry in towns and counties is kept in order at present,—chiefly by the exertions of agents employed by the two sections in politics to challenge adverse votes. But under

a system of secret voting, this rivalry—the most effectual means of excluding improper persons from voting—is done away with. Fraudulent votes might then be registered and employed with impunity; since, if every man's political opinions, or, what amounts to the same thing, his intentions, with regard to voting were veiled in obscurity, which party would step forward to challenge a vote, which, were it suffered to remain, might possibly support their own cause at the next political contest?

We now come to consider what kind of reception the electioneering canvasser may be expected to meet with amongst those whose votes it is his object to acquire; and how far he may be supposed capable of eliciting a correct declaration of the way in which the elector is about to vote. Mr. Christie has discussed this portion of the subject with considerable ingenuity: the following are his words:—"Now supposing any such question put (respecting the disposal of an elector's vote); the answer must either be a direct one, that the vote is to be against, or is to be according to, the wishes of the questioner; or it must be an evasive answer; or there may be no answer at all. I will consider these different cases separately.

"If there be a direct answer, and an unfavourable one, there can in this case certainly be no reason to discredit its truth; and the landlord, or customer, or master, may, as under a system of open voting, proceed, if he receive such an answer, to inflict punishment. So far it would seem at first that nothing is to be gained. Bribery is of course out of the question, under either open or secret voting, in the case of men who would give this honest answer. But as regards intimidation, it might have been hoped that the Ballot would rescue these bold, honest men from punishment. We shall be able better to judge whether there will not be a gain even to these men, and also how great that gain will be, when we have considered the case in which a direct and favourable answer may be given.

"In this case the questioner cannot conclude at once, and for certain, that the vote will be as it is said. It is not necessary, indeed, that the answer should be false. A landlord, or master, or customer, disposed to exercise in an unjustifiable manner the influence that he possesses, would most naturally suspect the dependent voter of a desire to avert its exercise; and so a man who is known to be ready to bribe, would be prone to ascribe to the expectation of money, some effect upon his respondent's veracity. Thus, even though no lie were told, the questioner could not be satisfied that he had been told the truth. And the natural consequence of this again, even without the intervention of lies, would be, that questioning, with a view to bribery and intimidation, would be diminished,—if, indeed, it would not almost entirely cease; for a briber can gain nothing like the certainty that will alone justify him in spending money, neither can the intimidator be satisfied that the vote which is promised to him will not really be against him. The practice of improper questioning must necessarily be diminished, when the motives for it are diminished; and indeed the motives will be almost entirely taken away.

"Now the great diminution of improper questioning thus brought about, will obviously operate for good, in the case which has been already considered,—the case where a dependent voter will dare to give an unfavourable answer. Those honest men who, under a system of open voting, their honest obnoxious votes being seen, would be punished, will now pass unquestioned, and vote according to their opinions and their duty, unharmed. Thus, where a moment ago it seemed that there could be no gain, the gain will be almost all that can be desired. If the questions were put, the gain might certainly be none; but the questions will not be put.

"There yet remain the cases where an evasive answer is given, or an answer is refused. In these cases, a strong suspicion that the vote is to be adverse will certainly be warranted. But yet, as against intimidation,

"(as to bribery, there is none, in such cases, to be dealt with), there will
 "here be no inconsiderable gain to be derived from secret voting. For
 "first, though the questioner may strongly suspect that the vote will be an
 "adverse one, yet he is by no means certain: and as it is possible that the
 "evasiveness or the refusal of an answer has arisen from notions of duty,
 "and that the voter may after all vote according to the wishes of the ques-
 "tioner; and as, while there is a chance of this, he will be loath to inflict
 "punishment and alienate a friend, even thus alone in these cases a smaller
 "amount of punishment must be inflicted. But, secondly, even if the in-
 "timidating questioner is not restrained thus, he will commit an act of
 "much greater tyranny, and one more likely to provoke public indignation,
 "if he proceed to punish on suspicion, however strong, than were he to do
 "it upon certain knowledge. Thus public opinion too, in these cases, will
 "serve more effectually to restrain punishment. Thirdly, and lastly, the great
 "diminution of the practice of questioning, as already explained, will op-
 "erate also in these cases. Fewer questions will be put, likely to call forth
 "evasive answers, or refusals to answer, both because even the most
 "favourable answer cannot be relied on (and this even though no lie be
 "told), and because also these answers, which may warrant pretty strong
 "suspicion, will yet be not nearly so good to proceed upon as the certainty
 "afforded by a system of open voting.

"Thus then, having admitted the power of questioning, I may yet con-
 "clude that, under the Ballot, questioning of voters can serve but in an
 "insignificant degree the evil purposes against which Ballot is directed.
 "There will, in truth, be little or no questioning. The direct favourable
 "answer, which is that wanted by every one that questions, cannot possibly
 "justify the briber in bribing, neither can it assure the intimidator. Thus
 "at once will the motive to questioning be very much diminished, if not
 "entirely taken away: questions consequently will not be put to those who
 "would give unfavourable, or (what is the same thing) evasive answers, or
 "who would refuse to answer; and these men will now escape the punish-
 "ment which under the system of open voting they would inevitably incur.
 "The power of questioning, then, which can give no assistance whatever to
 "bribery, can also, at most, give but a very insignificant aid to intimidation.
 "The efficacy of the Ballot will certainly survive the shock of this objec-
 "tion: at most only a piece can be taken out of it."

Such is the very ingenious way in which Mr. Christie discusses the
 different descriptions of answers, which may be given to the political
 canvasser under the system of Ballot. It will be seen that he deduces pro-
 tection for the man who gives an unfavourable answer, an evasive answer,
 or for one who declines answering at all, entirely from the assumption that
 so much doubt and uncertainty must attach themselves to even favourable
 replies, under the secret system of voting, that the landlord, master, or
 customer, would be altogether discouraged from making enquiries on the
 subject. We regard this assumption as altogether unfounded in experience.
 Are there no ways of ascertaining a man's political sentiments besides pro-
 posing a direct enquiry to him on the subject? Is it to be supposed that
 the voter will observe a deep silence and reserve on the various political
 topics which agitate the popular mind, at all moments and in all companies
 after the election has ended? In the midst of his domestic circle, or
 surrounded by those with whom he is constantly associating, will no
 expressions drop from his lips which may be regarded as the index of what
 is passing in his mind? We think it is generally found that the more un-
 educated classes of society are those where just the reverse of conduct
 prevails. It is amongst courtiers, not amongst those who are to derive
 protection from the Ballot, that the Machiavelian policy, which teaches a man
 to think one thing and say another, can be promptly and effectually
 observed. The very next week to the election, it may be, a meeting is
 convened by the municipal authorities to petition parliament for a repeal of

the corn-laws, or in favour of the extension of the elective franchise, or for some other purpose equally energetic and likely to elicit professions of a party bias. Are we to imagine that landlords, or masters, or customers, will derive no information from the proceedings of these assemblies, as to the side their tenants or vassals have espoused? Mr. Christie says he is entitled to avail himself of any contemporaneous changes in the electioneering system, which may subserve the interests of his measure; but he altogether overlooks the probability that contemporaneous changes may be made use of by those who wish to thwart the progress of that measure, equally effective, and such as may defy the most vigorous enactments of the law. May we not suppose a far more elaborate and harassing system of worming out the political opinions of dependent voters might be employed, than that which now prevails? We already find political canvassing is adopted as a profession by some men, might it not furnish a livelihood to many more? We think a regular and systematic spy system would inevitably follow the introduction of the Ballot. At all events, Mr. Christie's assumption ought to be founded on the most general experience of the way in which the middle and lower classes of society in this country have demeaned themselves on political subjects: and we are strongly of opinion that experience does not justify us in entertaining any such expectations as those which Mr. Christie has indulged in, while speculating in the above chain of hypothetical reasoning. The garrulity of "the people" has been proverbial in all ages. Have political subjects now lost their fascinations for the popular taste—fascinations which ere this have originated the most violent convulsions of empires, subverting ancient and deeply established dynasties by their exciting influence over the human mind? Is this the age in which a measure is to be tried? is this the country where its efficacy is to be essayed, for repressing that ardour for political discussion and political investigation which the middle and lower classes have heretofore regarded as their birth-right, compensating them in some degree for their inferiority to the higher orders in the state? We can hardly conceive it possible that such a change should be effected as this; and without it, upon Mr. Christie's own showing, the Ballot must be wholly inefficacious. This is palpably the result. Can we come to any other conclusions from the following admission—"If questions were put, the gain might certainly be none; but *the questions will not be put.*" Can Mr. Christie himself, we submit, arrive at any other conclusion respecting the efficacy of the Ballot, than that at which we have arrived; if he can only believe the British nation incapable of attaining to that perfection in duplicity, which is necessary to render the Ballot efficacious? We feel the more confident in the result which we have predicted, from the admission Mr. Christie elsewhere makes, that canvassing is likely to continue under the Ballot, and that under any system of election its continuance is desirable.

We now come to what we conceive the most startling and dangerous portion of the system which will spring from the introduction of the Ballot,—we allude to the abolition of the present prerogative of parliament in adjudicating on controverted elections. Mr. Christie appears to have been aware of the ultra tendency of his measure, as regards this part of it,—at least if we may judge from the very quiet and unostentatious manner in which it is proposed by him. "I may observe, in passing," are his words, "that votes can now no longer be reconsidered after the election, with a view to abstracting them from one candidate or the other; but whenever a number of votes, greater than the number of the winning over the losing candidate has been disallowed, it will be necessary to cancel the return, and order a new election." Now if ever there was a really monstrous proposition made, we think this is it. Two candidates, A and B, contest a borough; A carries the election by a certain majority. Now, under the existing election laws, B may get his opponent unseated, either by proving a single case of bribery or intimidation against himself or his committee, or

by bringing home a sufficient number of instances of them to the unauthorized exertions of A's friends. This is equitable enough. But where there is no subsequent scrutiny, B has only to bring forward and prove a number of fictitious votes, equal to his opponent's majority, and a new election must take place. Suppose then A's votes are all good, and that B is conscious of having polled a number of fraudulent ones, which we have seen is possible, owing to the defective registration. By exposing these false votes, B may obtain a new election, and by that means perhaps unseat his adversary. But it will perhaps be said, what interest has B in adopting this procedure, what good will a new election do him, since he has further thinned his ranks by doing as he has? But may not a lengthened conflict be as advantageous to B as it is injurious to his opponent? Superior wealth may compensate him for the forces he has lost, if only he can defer the day of victory.

We now come to the consideration of the manner in which landlords—we mean such of them as under the present system of elections think fit to influence their dependents' exercise of the franchise—would act under the secret system. Mr. Christie affirms they would consider it derogatory to themselves to endeavour personally to arrive at the manner in which their tenants or dependents have voted, by circuitous means. We strongly suspect the accuracy of this inference. For ourselves, as far as the dishonour of the act is concerned, we can perceive no greater moral defilement in endeavouring to ascertain, by superior address, a secret which it is assumed to be improper to know, than there is in arriving at the same illicit information by a direct and less adroit inquiry on the subject. In one respect we agree with Mr. Christie—that under the Ballot system, electioneering landlords would in part be released from these their very onerous labours; but not owing to the defilement he may imagine them to contract, but simply in consequence of the greater labour it would require. But then let Mr. Christie rest assured, that they would not on that account altogether abandon the pursuit of political influence; no, a new profession would immediately rise into existence. Amateur canvassing might fall into disrepute, but a far more effective, a far more annoying practice would immediately supply its place. How the dependent part of the community are to benefit by the change, we are at loss to understand. We can easily, however, imagine the sort of intercourse which is likely to ensue between master and servant, landlord and tenant: the one vigilant, suspicious, and prying; the other crafty, furtive, and prone to deceive.

Again, may we not suppose the intentions of the advocates of the Ballot easily thwarted, by a portion of the electors declaring on which side their suffrages have been given, thus rendering the knowledge pretty accurate of the way in which the remainder have recorded theirs. But Mr. Christie meets this by an answer which (with all deference to him) betrays as disparaging an estimate of the British character, as respects the virtues of integrity and candour, as it does of the ingenuity of human nature, when its curiosity is excited on any particular subject. He says that, owing to the way in which the elector has voted being strictly secret, the questioner can feel no confidence in his reply. We have elsewhere met this objection: its recurrence here does not require a separate refutation. Intimidation and bribery, to stay away or pair off, Mr. Christie admits, might as easily be practised under the Ballot or secret system, as under that which at present exists. Where then does an antagonist power reside capable of resisting these evils? Hear Mr. Christie's explanation: "Public opinion," he says, "would be more likely to be arrested and turned against the intimidator, than when a voter is known to be anxious, yet afraid to go to the voting booth; than when, going and giving his vote under the influence of some superior, to whose sway he has long been accustomed, he may easily pass with his vote unobserved, and the reasons which have determined it uninquied into." But what is public opinion, we beg to ask, after the Ballot has become the law of the land? The very existence of public opinion

is an anomaly if individual opinions are to be concealed : as well might we speak of the existence of a material body in the aggregate, after the different atoms composing it had been dissolved.

Mr. Christie remarks, "that inasmuch as pairing off or staying away will "be a considerably less return for a bribe than a vote in accordance with "the briber's wishes, there will be a considerably less inducement to bribe "in this way under the Ballot, than under a system of open voting there "would be to purchase a vote." It is also clear that, under the open system, there is a less return for a bribe where the ultimate success of the briber is uncertain, than there would be if by the purchase of the vote his success were rendered sure ; and, doubtless, in the latter case he would be ready to disburse a larger sum than he does where his success is doubtful : but does this circumstance impede the traffic in votes ? not at all ; it lowers the market price of them, and such would be its sole effect in the cases above noticed by Mr. Christie.

We certainly are no advocates for politico-feudalism ; but, nevertheless, we are of opinion, that there is a certain amount of influence reasonably due to a landlord or master over his tenants or servants, which the Ballot would tend to subvert. Regarded as an abstract question, it is undoubtedly true that every member of a community possesses the right of expressing his opinions in the general council of that body, either personally or through his proxy ; but as this privilege is likely to be abused by some, it is withheld from them for the general good of the community. Now, what is it but to extend this principle a little farther, if we place under some slight restraint the power which the state has thought proper to confer upon many, to whose claims it cannot perhaps demur ; though it is highly probable, without some salutary guidance and control, they might use their privileges to the detriment both of themselves and of the community at large. In all sciences the uninitiated are contented to confide in the opinions and knowledge of those whose opportunities have enabled them to become conversant with those sciences : Is political science of such easy acquisition, that the professors of it should have their territory alone invaded by the sciolist ? Is the accumulated experience of ancient and modern times to be acquired by every rude and uninstructed mind without effort, and without a portion of leisure which can fall to the lot of comparatively a few ? For ourselves, we can perceive nothing repugnant to genuine liberty in a master or landlord exerting a wise and salutary control over those dependent upon him for support, pointing out to them the way in which they may exercise the immense power entrusted to them, for the welfare of themselves and also of their fellow-men.

We shall conclude these remarks by suggesting one consideration to the advocates of the Ballot, which, if all others should escape attention, ought never to be overlooked ; and that is, what moral tendency the measure may have in its operation over the minds of our countrymen. If legislative enactments are to be regarded as something more than the mere ephemeral contrivances of those by whose councils they are adopted ; if, while legislating for the present, we are not to avert our eyes from futurity ;—in a word, if the true end of all our social institutions be the progress of human improvement ; then certainly the moral effects of any measure, (we mean by this, its tendency to elevate or debase the moral character of our population,) is of the last importance. Vain are the most judicious plans of policy, if they be found to militate with this most important object. The inanity of all human enactments will speedily appear, when integrity and rectitude of disposition are wanting in the people to whom they are addressed. *Quid leges vanæ sine moribus proficiunt ?*

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Nov. 22.—Joseph Clark, B.A., was elected a Foundation Fellow of Christ's college; and on the 26th ult., Henry Brookland Mason, B.A., was elected a Fellow of the same college, on the foundation of Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baines. —The Rev. William Hurst, B.A., formerly of Pembroke college, late of Wakefield, has been instituted by the Bishop of Lichfield to the rectory of Boystone, in the county of Derby, on his own petition, as the patron. —A service of plate, value 90*l.*, was presented to the Rev. J. P. Simpson, formerly of Magdalene college, curate of Wakefield parish church. —William Gurdon, Esq., Fellow of Downing college, has been appointed recorder of Bury St. Edmunds, in the room of Mr. Baron Rolfe, who was formerly a Fellow of the same society.

Nov. 27.—The Rev. Rowland Ingram, M.A., of Trinity college, has been presented to the vicarage of Giggleswick, Yorkshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Thomas Clapham; patron, John N. Coulthurst, Esq. —The Rev. Jackson Delmar, B.A., of Corpus Christi college, has been instituted to the rectory of Swalcliffe, Kent, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Bouke. —The Rev. James Whitley Deans Dundas, M.A., of Magdalene college, has been instituted to the vicarage of Ramsbury, Wilts, void by the death of the Rev. Edward Graves Meyrick, D.D., of St. Mary Hall, Oxford. —The Rev. John Thomas Maine, M.A., of Trinity college, has been presented to the rectory of Harrington, Lincolnshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Henry Trollope.

Dec. 7.—The Norrisian Prize was adjudged to Daniel Moore, of Catharine hall.

Dec. 10.—Henry Bailey, B.A., of St. John's college, was elected an University Scholar on the Cross foundation. —The Rev. R. H. D. Barham, B.A., has been presented to the rectory of Lolworth, Cambridgeshire; patrons, Sir J. H. Hawley, of Leybourn Grange, Devon, Bart.; L. W. Birch, Esq., of Moreton, Devon; and G. S. Birch, Esq., of Hartland Abbey, Devon.

Dec. 11.—On this day the following Degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Medicine*.—Richard Wellesley Rothman, Fellow of Trinity college. —*Masters of Arts*.—Harman Hicks Lewis, Trinity college; William Henry Rough, Trinity college; Michael Hutton, Catharine hall; George Saunders Elwin, Catharine hall; Robert William Beauchamp, Christ's college; Robert Maulkin Lingwood, Christ's college; William Stoung Hore, Queens' college; James Abbott, Queens' college. —*Bachelor in the Civil Law*.—John Henry Prowett, Trinity hall. —*Bachelors of Arts*.—John Kitton, Queen's college; Richard Blanchard, Queen's college. —The following Grace also passed the Senate:—To purchase of Count Munster, from the Woodwardian Fund, a collection of Geological Specimens, about 20,000 in number, at the price of 500*l.*

Dec. 16.—The Very Rev. Professor Peacock, D.D., Dean of Ely, was elected a Senior Fellow of Trinity college, in the room of the Rev. R. H. Greenwood, deceased. —The Rev. Charles Smith Coxwell, of St. John's college, has been presented to the rectory of East Chinnock, Somersetshire, void by the death of the Rev. Henry Gould; patron, the Lord Chancellor. —The Rev. John Davie Eade, M.A., of Caius College, vicar of Aycliffe, Durham, has been appointed the Bishop of Durham's Official for the Archdeaconry of Durham, vacant by resignation. —The Rev. Charles Hatch, M.A., Fellow of King's college, has been presented by the Provost and Fellows of that society to the vicarage of Fordingbridge, Hampshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Joah Furey. —The Rev. Pelham Maitland, B.A., of St. Peter's college, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of St. Peter's church, Blackburn, Lancashire; patron, the Vicar of Blackburn. —The Rev. Robert Nowell Whittaker, B.A., of St. John's college, has been collated to the vicarage of Whalley, in the county of Lancaster, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, vacant by the death of the Rev. R. Noble.

Dec. 23.—Charles Thornton, B.A., of Clare hall, was elected a Bye Fellow of that Society. —The Rev. Charles Acland, M.A., of Caius college, has been presented to the living of Queenborough, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. William Howman; patrons, the Corporation of Queenborough. —The Rev. Edmund Bennett, M.A., late Scholar of St. John's college, and curate of Withiel, has been presented to the incumbency of the chapel of St. John, Chittlehamholt, on the nomination of Lord Rolle. —The Rev. Marcus G. Beresford, M.A., of Trinity college, vicar-general of

Kilmore, has been appointed to the archdeaconry of Ardagh, vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. C. Le Poer Trench.

Dec. 29.—Rev. J. G. Bellingham, M.A., of Trinity college, has been presented to the curacy of Aldsworth, Gloucestershire; patrons, Dean and Chapter of Christ church, Oxford.—Rev. F. Duncan, M.A., of Trinity college, has been presented to the rectory of West Cheborough, Dorset; patron, Lord Rolle.—Rev. F. N. Higmore, M.A., formerly of St. John's college, has been appointed head-master of the Free Grammar School at Burnley, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. S. Allen, vicar of Easingwold.—Rev. F. W. Kerr, formerly of St. John's college, has been instituted to the rectory of Marston Sicca, Gloucestershire.—Rev. J. B. Reade, M.A., formerly of Caius college, has been instituted to the vicarage of Stone, Buckinghamshire; patron, Dr. Lee, of Hartwell.—Rev. W. Hunt, formerly of Clare hall, has been instituted to the rectory of Boylston, Derbyshire.

Dec. 30.—The Rev. W. H. Mill, D.D., late Principal of the Bishop's college, Calcutta, was elected Hulsean lecturer for the ensuing year.

Dec. 31.—The Right Rev. Dr. James Bowstead, Bishop of Sodor and Man, was elected to the see of Lichfield, vacant by the death of Dr. Butler.—On this day died John Wordsworth, M.A., Fellow of Trinity college, eldest son of the Master of that college. He was born at Lambeth, on the 1st of July, 1805, and was educated at Winchester school. He removed to the University in October, 1824. In 1828 he took his degree, and in 1830 was elected Fellow of his college. He was interred in the ante-chapel of Trinity chapel, on January 6th, at the foot of Newton's statue, and near the graves of Porson and Dobree. He was an eminent classic, and had several valuable works, which he designed for publication, in a state of forwardness. His death will prove a great loss to classical literature.

1840.—The subject for the English Prize Poem for the Marquess Camden's gold medal, for the present year, is—"Richard the First in Palestine." And the subjects for the Latin Prose compositions for the Fifteen-guinea prizes of the Members of the University are, for the Bachelors—"In illâ Philosophiâ, in quâ de vitâ hominum et moribus disputatur, tractandâ, quibus principis quasi fundamento inniti, quibusque potissimum ex fontibus recte vivendi præcepta haurire oporteat?" For the Undergraduates—"Quid censes plausus et amici dona Quiritis?" For Sir William Browne's three gold medals, the subjects are, for the present year:—1. For the Greek Ode—"Eleusis." 2. For the Latin Ode—"Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti." 3. For the Greek Epigram—"Dulce periculum." 4. For the Latin Epigram—"Se sequiturque fugitque."—For the Porson Prize, the subject for the present year is—"Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida," (Act I. Scene 3.) beginning, "*The ample proposition that hope makes,*" and ending, "*make a toast for Neptune.*"—The subject for the Hulsean prize for the present year is,—"An Enquiry into the Principles of Prophetic Interpretation, and the practical results arising from them."

JAN. 1.—Rev. Yate Fosbrooke, M.A., formerly of Clare Hall, curate and lecturer of Enfield, Middlesex, has been instituted to the vicarage of St. Ives, Huntingdonshire.—John R. W. Hale, B.A., of Trinity hall, has been elected a fellow of that society.—The Rev. R. W. Evans, late tutor of Trinity college, and examining chaplain to the late Bishop of Lichfield, has placed in Dr. Kennedy's hands (to be completed by the boys of Shrewsbury school) a prize of 20 guineas, for the best Latin Elegiacs on the following subject—"Desiderium Samuelis Episcopi Lichfieldiensiis."—The Hulsean prize has been adjudged to Arthur Shelley Eddis, B.A., of Trinity college.—The Rev. James Coghlan, M.A., of Queens' college, has been appointed incumbent of one of the new churches in Bethnal Green.—The Rev. J. Nelson of Queens' College has been elected to the mastership of Rotherham Grammar school.

JAN. 7.—The Rev. Frederick Hildyard, M.A., fellow and tutor of Trinity hall, in this university, has been instituted by the Bishop of Norwich to the rectory of Swannington with Wood Dalling annexed, in the county of Norfolk, on the presentation of the master and fellows of the same society.—The Rev. St. John Wells Lucas, M.A., of Downing college, has been presented to the rectory of East Hatley and vicarage of Tadlow, both in this county, by the master, professors, fellows, and scholars of Downing college.—The Rev. J. W. Johns, B.A., of St. John's college, in this university, has been presented to the curacy of Falmouth.—The Rev. Thomas Massey, B.A., has been presented to the rectory of Hatcliffe, in Lincolnshire, by the chapter of the Collegiate Church of Southwell.

JAN. 15.—The Rev. Richard Newton Adams, D.D., Fellow of Sidney Sussex

college, has been presented to the rectory of Rempstone, Notts, void by the death of the Rev. Thos. Hoskins, B.D.; patron, the Rev. Dr. Chafy, Master of Sidney college.—The Bishop of Bath and Wells has instituted the Rev. Loftus Anthony Cliffe, B.A., of St. John's college, to the rectory of Thorn Falcon, Somersetshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Thomas Tomkins; patrons for this turn, Bedal Stamford, Esq. and others.—Rev. John Dunningham, M.A., of St. Peter's college, has been elected Master of the Free Grammar school, Colchester.—The Rev. John Rashdall, M.A., of Corpus Christi college, has been appointed to the ministry of the Episcopal Chapel, precinct of Bedford, Exeter.—The Rev. G. Wray, M.A., of St. John's college, to the rectory of Leven, Yorkshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. George Sampson; patron, the Rev. G. Wray.—William Fitzherbert, Esq. (Hanover-street, Hanover-square,) M.A., and licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London, was elected a Fellow of Queens' college, in this university, on the foundation of D. Edwards, Gent.

JAN. 24.—The Examiners adjudged the first of Dr. Smith's Prizes for the best proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy, to Ds. Ellis, of Trinity college, Senior Wrangler; and agreed that for the second prize Ds. Goodwin, of Caius college (2nd Wrangler), and Ds. Woolley, of St. John's college (3rd Wrangler), were so nearly equal that they should be subjected to re-examination on the 27th, when it was finally adjudged to Ds. Goodwin of Caius college.—*Clare hall*.—The two silver cups, left by Dr. Robert Green, of Tamworth, have been adjudged to Hervey and Green; the first as the reward of regularity of conduct, the second of general learning.—The Rev. Wm. Dusautoy, of St. John's college, lecturer of Bideford, has been appointed curate of Frome Selwood, Somersetshire.—The Rev. W. C. Twiss, M.A., of Caius College, has been presented to the vicarage of Eyeworth, Bedfordshire: patron, Lord Ongley.—The Rev. Peter John Watherston, M.A., Emmanuel college, Cambridge, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells to the vicarage of Charlton Horethorne, Somerset, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Peddle; patron, for this turn, Mrs. Anna Watherston.—The Rev. M. Wrightson, of Campsall, near Doncaster, has been presented to the vicarage of Hemsworth, Yorkshire, void by the death of the Rev. W. Vollans.

FEB. 4.—The Rev. Henry Pepys, B.D., of St. John's college, was appointed to the bishoprick of the Isle of Sodor and Man, void by the translation of the Right Rev. Dr. James Bowstead to the see of Lichfield.

FEB. 5.—The Rev. James Hassall, M.A., of Trinity college, has been appointed chaplain to the Earl of Sefton.—The Rev. John Thomas Maine, M.A., of Trinity college, has been instituted to the rectory of Brinkhill, Lincolnshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Trollope; patron, R. Cracroft, Esq.—The Rev. E. Shuttleworth, Curate of Kea, has been appointed to the perpetual curacy of Penzance, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. T. H. Vivyan.

FEB. 12.—The Rev. Robert Collyer, M.A., of Trinity college, has been instituted to the rectory of Gisleham, in the county of Suffolk, on the presentation of the Queen.—The Rev. John Dunningham, M.A., of St. Peter's college, has been licensed by the Lord Bishop of London to the head mastership of the Free Grammar School, Colchester, on the nomination of the town council.—The Rev. Thomas Cornfield Haddon, LL.B. of St. John's college, has been licensed to the perpetual curacy of Tunstall, in the gift of the Lord Bishop of Norwich.—The Rev. A. B. Power, M.A., of Catharine hall, curate of Keswick, Cumberland, has been appointed clerical Principal of the Norwich Diocesan Training Institution.—The Rev. J. Rawes, B.A., of Corpus Christi college, has been appointed a minor canon in the cathedral church of Bristol.—The Rev. George Thomas Turner, M.A., formerly of Jesus college, has been instituted to the rectory of Monewden, Suffolk, on the presentation of Andrew Arcedeckne, of Glevering hall, in the said county, Esq.—This day the following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*—Clement James Drage, Emmanuel college; Charles Sanderson, St. John's college; Alexander Annand, Jesus college.—*Bachelor of Arts*—Fitzhenry William Ellis, Trinity college.

FEB. 19.—The Rev. Henry Headly, M.A., of Gonville and Caius college, has been presented by the Lord Bishop of Hereford to the vicarage of Brinsop, near Hereford.—The Bishop of Bath and Wells having long contemplated the foundation of a Diocesan Collegiate Institution, in order to the training of candidates for holy orders, in conformity with the cherished desire of our reformers, that, between the academic degree and entrance into the Ministry, there should be a course of preparatory instruction, has decided on immediately commencing the execution of such a plan, in connection with his cathedral city, and has appointed the Rev. John

Hothersall Pinder, M.A., formerly of Caius college, in this University, and late Principal of Codrington college, Barbadoes, to be Professor of Theology, at Wells. To meet the cost of this excellent appointment (400*l.* per annum), the Lord Bishop and two gentlemen of the diocese have munificently subscribed 100*l.* each for ten years. A portion of the remaining 100*l.* per annum is yet to be provided.—The Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells has appointed the Rev. Professor Pinder to be one of his Lordship's domestic chaplains, in the room of the Rev. H. Pepys, elevated to the bishopric of Sodor and Man.—At a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, held on Monday, the 10th inst., Thomas John Main, Esq., Fellow of St. John's college, was elected a fellow of that society.

FEB. 26.—The Rev. Henry Freeland, formerly of Emmanuel college, rector of Hasketon, Cambridgeshire, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of London to the rectory of Ovington, together with the chapel of Albright; and on the same day to the rectory of Silbury (*juxta* Clare), in the county of Essex.—The Rev. Chas. E. Kennaway, M.A., formerly of St. John's college, has been presented to the incumbency of the New Church, called Christ Church, Lansdowne, Cheltenham.—The Rev. E. B. Shaw, M.A., formerly of Caius college, and rector of Narborough, Leicestershire, has been appointed rural dean of the northern part of the deanery of Guthlaxton.

MARCH 1.—Charles W. Goodwin, Esq., of Catharine hall, has been elected a fellow of that society.—At a late meeting of the Rðyal Society of Antiquarians, J. O. Halliwell, Esq., of Jesus college, communicated an impression of a seal recently found in Cambridge. It is of a small oval form. Its centre is occupied by a shield, changed with a cross ragul  e, surmounted by the instruments of the Passion, combined saltrewise; and below in a niche is a figure kneeling in prayer. The legend *S. Vitaris Custodis Cantabrigi  e*. The period of the workmanship is the latter part of the 14th century; but who the *Custos Cantabrigi  e* was, has not been ascertained.—The Earl of Bradford has given the benefice of Blymhill, in Staffordshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Thos. Pigot, to the Rev. H. Dickenson, M.A., of St. Peter's college, who had been curate of the parish more than twenty years. — On the 27th ult. the Rev. Henry Strahan Dickinson, of Trinity college, was instituted to the vicarage of Chattisham, in Suffolk, on the presentation of the Provost, Fellows, and Scholars of Eton college.—The Lord Bishop of Peterborough has instituted the Rev. John Clarke Jenkins, M.A., to the vicarage of Ashley St. Ledger's, Northamptonshire, vacant by the death of Dr. Benson, on the presentation of Mrs. Gaitskell and Mrs. Senhouse, the patronesses.—The Rev. Wilfred Lawson Jarrett, B.A., of St. John's college, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells to the rectory of Camerton, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Skinner: patron, John Jarrett, Esq., Camerton-court.—The Rev. Sir Geo. S. Robinson, Bart., M.A., of Trinity college, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Peterborough to the rectory of Cranford St. John, Northamptonshire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Daniel Baseley, on the presentation of the Bishop of Lincoln.

The following will be the subjects of examination in the last week of the Lent term, 1841:—

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| 1. The Gospel of St. Mark; | 3. The First Book of Herodotus; |
| 2. Paley's Evidences; | 4. Cicero de Senectute. |

MARCH 11.—Dr. Newcome's Prize, at St. John's college, for the best proficient in Moral Philosophy among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts whose names have appeared on the Tripos, was adjudged on Wednesday last to Dr. Calder. The subjects of examination were Paley's Moral Philosophy, Whewell's Foundation of Morals, and Nevile's Defence of Paley against the Objections of Whewell and Sedgwick.

The Rev. C. M. Arnold, B.A., of St. John's College, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Lower Darwen, Lancashire. Patron, the vicar of Blackburn.

Marmaduke Cockin, Esq. B.A. of Queens' College, has been unanimously elected to the third Mastership of the Collegiate school, Sheffield.

The Rev. Henry Browne, rector of Earnley with Almodington, has been appointed by the Lord Bishop of Chichester to the office of a Rural Dean in the Deanery of Chichester.

Edward Sleaf, Esq., the gentleman recently appointed to the Head Mastership of Heath School, having very unexpectedly resigned, the governors, on Monday the 24th ult., unanimously elected the Rev. John H. Gooch, M.A., Head Master in his place. Mr. Gooch was formerly scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was distinguished by a place in the first class at each of the three annual examinations.

BACHELORS' COMMENCEMENT,

JANUARY 18, 1840.

Examiners: { HENRY WILKINSON COOKSON, M.A., St. Peter's college.
 ARCHIBALD SMITH, M.A., Trinity college.
Moderators: { ALEXANDER THURTELL, M.A., Caius college.
 THOMAS GASKIN, M.A., Jesus college.

WRANGLERS.

1 ELLIS, R. L. Trin.	15 Haynes, Caius.	29 Pagan, Joh.
2 Goodwin, Caius.	16 Gibson, Jes.	30 Scott, Caius.
3 Woolley, Joh.	17 Calder, Joh.	31 Powell, Pemb.
4 Coombe, Joh.	18 Spurgin, Corpus.	32 Thompson, Christ's.
5 Ellis, Joh.	Birkett, } Jes.	33 Pyne, Pet.
6 Lewthwaite, Magd.	Rothery, } Joh.	34 Browne, Joh.
7 Wood, Joh.	21 Male, Caius.	Clifford, } Trin.
8 Croker, Caius.	22 Woodhouse, Caius.	Spencer, } Joh.
9 Hue, Caius.	23 Bownes, Jes.	37 Rogers, H. Trin.
Griffith, } Joh.	24 Harriss, Pemb.	38 Spinks, Magd.
Williams, } Joh.	25 Hurst, Trin.	39 Wheelwright, Pet.
12 Kirby, Joh.	Dingle, } Corp.	40 Newell, Clare.
13 Watt, Trin.	Hume, } Trin.	41 Elliot, Queens'.
14 Mate, Trin.	28 Wickes, Trin.	

SENIOR OPTIMES.

1 Richards, Sid.	25 Lloyd, Joh.	49 Hill, Jes.
2 Blenkiron, Trin.	26 Stevens, Magd.	50 D'Aguilar, Joh.
3 Andrew, Pemb.	27 Bright, Magd.	51 Hervey, Clare.
4 Meeres, Clare.	28 Darby, Joh.	52 Beckwith, Corpus.
5 Williamson, Joh.	29 Randolph, W. Joh.	53 Kennedy, Christ's.
6 Marsh, Trin.	30 Rogers, J. Trin.	54 Empson, Trin.
7 Cockburn, Trin.	Hodson, } Trin.	55 Thornton, Pemb.
8 Potter, Pet.	Spencer, } Pemb.	56 Atlay, Joh.
9 Stevenson, Christ's.	33 Maule, Joh.	Brett, } Emm.
10 Hodgson, Pet.	34 Chapman, Joh.	Green, } Clare.
11 Wright, Trin.	35 Law, Trin.	59 Bramah, Jes.
Allan, } Trin.	36 France, Joh.	60 Rogers, Joh.
M'Ewen, } Magd.	37 Randolph, F. Joh.	Morgan, } Trin.
14 Sandbach, Trin.	38 Lamb, Jes.	Swan, } Joh.
Ellis, F. H. } Trin.	39 Moore, Cath.	63 Chambers, Emm.
Powell, } Jes.	40 Pitman, Joh.	64 Smith, Joh.
17 Pownall, Joh.	41 Peach, Emm.	65 Montagu, Magd.
18 Broadwood, Trin.	42 Neville, Magd.	66 Boyce, Trin.
19 Garvey, Christ's.	Strettell, A. } Trin.	67 Fowke, Caius.
20 Kemp, Corpus.	Thomson, } Joh.	68 Maltby, Joh.
21 Middleton, Joh.	45 Child, Joh.	69 Gooden, Trin.
22 Hocken, Trin.	46 Fiske, Joh.	Shaw, } Joh.
23 Rhodes, Joh.	47 Ward, Joh.	Willan, } Christ's.
24 Oak, Joh.	48 Deacle, Joh.	

JUNIOR OPTIMES.

Drane, } Pet.	8 Heale, Queens'.	15 Marsland, Clare.
Woollaston, } Pet.	9 Gunning, Queens'.	16 Parker, Emm.
3 Downton, Trin.	10 Jennings, Joh.	Hales, } Magd.
Blackwell, } Corp.	11 Barker, Caius.	Taylor, } Trin.
Lukis, } Trin.	12 Shadwell, Joh.	19 Wale, Magd.
Dean, } Joh.	13 Jackson, Joh.	20 Fletcher, Christ's.
Moore, } Joh.	14 Wawn, Joh.	21 Davies, Queens'.

22 Drew,	Trin.	28 Hale,	Joh.	34 Irwin,	Pemb.
23 Dixie,	Emm.	29 M'Neill,	Trin.	35 Sandford,	Magd.
24 Lewthwaite,	Trin.	30 Haddon,	Trin.	•	•
Cockin,	Queens'.	Cahusac,	Joh.	Beckett,	Cath.
Davies,	Trin.	Drury,	Caius.	Claydon,	Caius.
27 King,	Trin.	33 Goulburn,	Trin.	Yorke,	Sid.

QUESTIONISTS, NOT CANDIDATES FOR HONORS.

Examiners :

JOSEPH PULLEN, M.A., Corpus Christi College.
 THOMAS LUND, B.D., St. John's College.
 WILLIAM H. STOKES, M.A., Caius College.
 JAMES GOODWIN, B.D., Corpus Christi College.
 MICHAEL GIBBS, M.A., Caius College.
 GEORGE JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., St. John's College.

1 ELLIOTT,	Cath.	44 Jennings,	Trin.	87 Everett,	Joh.
2 Jones,	Cath.	Smith, H. B. }	Trin.	88 Prickett,	Trin.
3 Collinson,	Trin.	Irby,	Joh.	Wilson,	Chr.
4 Ketley,	Queens'.	47 Prynne,	Cath.	Yerburgh,	Chr.
5 Ainslie,	Emm.	48 Thomas,	Trin.	91 Kemp,	Caius.
6 Robinson,	Jes.	Maltby,	Joh.	92 Gompertz,	Clare.
7 Barry,	Trin. H.	Rice, Spring }	Trin.	93 Cooper,	Corp.
Lloyd, H. }	Trin.	51 Vowler,	Trin.	94 Hulbert,	Joh.
Hawker, E. }	Trin.	52 Lloyd,	Emm.	95 Keane,	Emm.
10 Rate,	Cath.	53 Myddelton,	Sid.	96 Ellison,	Trin.
Birks, }	Cath.	54 Taylor,	Trin.	97 Shebbeare,	Queens'.
Nash, }	Cath.	55 Williams,	Corpus.	98 Harker,	Cath.
Harris,	Joh.	56 Brett,	Jes.	Noel,	Trin.
Ridge, }	Trin.	57 Newport, Visc.	Trin.	Richings,	Queens'.
15 Clive, Visc.	Joh.	58 Snooke,	Pet.	Higgs,	Corp.
16 Shearly,	Pet.	59 Buckworth,	Trin.	Baldock,	Joh.
Morton, }	Cath.	60 Buckner,	Joh.	Bagge,	Trin.
Rolleston, }	Joh.	61 Lawford,	Trin.	Wodsworth,	Pemb.
19 Elwes,	Pet.	62 Pope,	Queens'.	Foster,	Pemb.
20 Howard,	Caius.	63 Thorold,	Emm.	Quant,	Cath.
21 Sheldon,	Cath.	64 Molesworth,	Joh.	107 Johnstone,	Trin.
Bull, }	Caius.	65 Mickleburgh,	Cath.	108 Skipwith,	Trin.
Butler, }	Trin.	66 Wyatt, Penfold,	Magd.	109 Williams,	Trin.
24 Jackson, F.	Joh.	67 Fisher,	Joh.	110 Child,	Caius.
25 Owen,	Pet.	68 Burnside,	Joh.	111 Dennis,	Clare.
26 Uppleby,	Magd.	69 Neate,	Trin.	112 Rushton,	Trin.
27 Dyce,	Trin.	70 Wyatt,	Corpus.	113 Waller,	Cath.
28 Turner,	Emm.	Capel,	Queens'.	114 Carver,	Corp.
29 Wilmot,	Trin. H.	Edouart,	Joh.	115 Wistinghausen,	Chr.
30 Bell,	Corpus.	Griffith,	Queens'.	116 Thackeray,	Caius.
31 Fisher,	Magd.	74 Denys,	Corp.	117 Suart,	Sid.
32 Chirol,	Clare.	Foy,	Trin. H.	•	•
33 Fanshawe,	Corpus.	Curteis,	Trin.	Bradley,	Queens'.
34 Hawker, G.	Trin.	James,	Joh.	Bryant,	Emm.
35 Budd,	Magd.	78 Langdale,	Joh.	Christian,	Trin.
36 Cheadle,	Sid.	79 De Winton,	Joh.	Jebb,	Trin.
37 Beck,	Jes.	Reeves,	Chr.	Lloyd, A.	Trin.
Peck, }	Cath.	Grey,	Trin.	Macgregor,	Trin.
Lowder, }	Queens'.	82 Malcolm,	Trin.	Stickland,	Trin. H.
40 Edmundson,	Sid.	83 Brabant,	Joh.	Thorpe,	Queens'.
41 George,	Emman.	84 Massey,	Trin.	EGROTAT.	
42 Thornton,	Cath.	85 Nash,	Corp.	Crompton,	Trin.
43 Paris,	Corp.	86 Pughe,	Joh.	Pillans,	Jes.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

MARCH 12, 1840.

Examiners: { JOSEPH HENRY JERRARD, M.A., Caius college.
 GEORGE JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., St. John's college.
 RICHARD SHILLETO, M.A., Trinity college.
 BENJAMIN WRIGGLESWORTH BEATSON, M.A., Pembroke college.

FIRST CLASS.		SECOND CLASS.		THIRD CLASS.	
Ds France, }	Joh.	Ds Bright, }	Magd.	Ds Goulburn, }	Trin.
Gooden, }	Trin.	Sandford, }	Magd.	McNeill, }	Trin.
Hodson, }	Trin.	Irwin, }	Pemb.	Hill, }	Jesus.
Wood, }	Joh.	Dixie, }	Emm.	Wright, }	Trin.
Taylor, }	Trin.	Law, }	Trin.	Fletcher, }	Christ's.
King, }	Trin.	Allan, }	Trin.	Drew, }	Trin.
Jennings, }	Joh.	Griffith, }	Joh.	Green, }	Clare.
Pitman, }	Joh.	Shadwell, }	Joh.	Blenkiron, }	Trin.
Atlay, }	Joh.	Chapman, }	Joh.	Cockin, }	Queens'.
Drury, }	Caius.	Thomson, }	Joh.	Peach, }	Emm.
Clive, Via, }	Joh.	Chambers, }	Emm.	Harriss, }	Pemb.
Wollaston, }	Pet.	Rogers, }	Joh.	Morgan, }	Trin.
		Shaw, }	Joh.	Spencer, }	Pemb.

Ds Marsh, Trinity, having been taken ill during the examination, is not classed.

New Works Published.

Herodotus, Book IV., with English Notes.

Ciceronis Epist. ad Atticum, with English Notes.

Mathematical Journal, No. VIII.

Cicero de Senectute, with English Notes.

Senate-House Problems, for 1840.

Remarks on the Nature and Origin of Tithes in London, by the Rev. J. BLACKBURN, M.A.

The Norrisian Essay,—*The Divine Origin of the Holy Scriptures, inferred from their adaptation to the circumstances of Human Nature*, by D. MOORE, B.A., of St. Catharine's Hall.

Jewel's Apology of the Church of England, and his Letter to Scipio on the Council of Trent; dedicated, by permission, to the very Rev. the Dean of Peterborough,—with Notes, and an Index.

In the Press.

Herodotus, Book I., with English Notes.

Herodotus, complete in 1 vol., small 8vo.

Annotations on Herodotus, do.

Lexicon Herodoteum, do. do.

Chatterton's Poetical Works, with Notices of his Life, and Notes Illustrative of the Rowley Poems.

Ciceronis Epist. ad Fam., with English Notes.

Illustrations of Monumental Brasses, with descriptive Letter-press, by the CAMBRIDGE CAMDEN SOCIETY.

Arithmetic and Algebra, Second Edition, revised, by W. C. HOTSON, M.A. of Pembroke College.

Cicero de Senectute et de Amicitia, literal English Translation, with Notes.

Spanheim's Ecclesiastical Annals, Second Edition, revised, by the Rev. G. WRIGHT, Vicar of Nafferton.

SENATE-HOUSE EXAMINATIONS.

MONDAY. Jan. 6, 1840.....9 to 11½.

[*N.B.—The Differential Calculus is not to be employed.*]

1. CONSTRUCT a triangle the sides of which shall be equal to three given right lines, any two of which are together greater than the third. If the sides of the triangle be as the numbers 2, 4, 5, shew whether it will be acute or obtuse angled.

2. A segment of a circle being given, describe the circle of which it is the segment.

3. If five men can reap a field whose length is 800 feet and breadth 700 feet, in $3\frac{1}{2}$ days of 14 hours each, in how many days of 12 hours each can seven men reap a field whose length is 1800 feet and breadth 960 feet?

4. Define *present value*. Shew that if P be the present value of $A£$ due in n years, the amount of P accumulating at compound interest for t years will be equal to the amount of $A£$ accumulating for $t-n$ years. Shew that this is not true when simple interest is allowed.

Explain why the present value of an annuity calculated at simple interest, according to the ordinary process, is erroneous.

5. If a number be prime to each of two others, it is prime to their product; prove this; and shew that if a be prime to b , a^m will be prime to b^n .

6. Shew that the square root of $a + \sqrt{b}$ may be extracted in the form $\sqrt{a} + \sqrt{\beta}$, when $a^2 - b$ is a perfect square; and in the form $\sqrt[3]{a} + \sqrt[3]{\beta}$ when $1 - \frac{a^2}{b}$ is a perfect square.

7. Express the sine of an angle in terms of its tangent; and having given $\tan 135^\circ = -1$, find $\sin 135^\circ$.

Simplify the expression $\frac{\sin(a+b) + \sin(a-b)}{\cos(a+b) - \cos(a-b)}$.

8. Having given two sides of a plane triangle and the included angle solve the triangle, and adapt the results to logarithmic computation.

9. Find the equations to the tangent and normal at any point of a parabola. Draw a normal at the extremity of the latus rectum of a parabola whose equation is $y^2 = 4a(x-a)$; and find its distance from the origin of co-ordinates.

10. Shew that the focal distances at any point of an ellipse make equal angles with the tangent; and find at what point they make the greatest angle with each other.

11. Define conjugate diameters; having given the equation to one conjugate diameter in a hyperbola, find the equation to the other; and shew that the difference of the squares of any two conjugate diameters is constant.

12. Every equation whose roots are all impossible is of an even number of dimensions, and has its last term positive; and every equation has an even or an odd number of positive roots, according as its last term is positive or negative.

13. Shew that if the coefficients of the expression $f(x+e)$ arranged according to powers of x are all positive, e is a superior limit, and if alternately positive and negative, an inferior limit to all the roots of the equation $f(x) = 0$. Find the integer next greater than the greatest root of the equation

$$x^4 - 5x^3 + 11x - 20 = 0.$$

14. Prove that when n is an integer, the coefficients of the terms equidistant from the beginning and end of the expansion of $(a+x)^n$ are equal. Find the greatest term in the expansion of $(a-x)^{-n}$.

15. Expand a^x in a series ascending by powers of x . Find the coefficient of x^n in the expansion of $\frac{(1+x)^2}{e^x}$, where e is the base of the Napierian system of logarithms.

16. Find the area of a spherical triangle in terms of its angles and the radius of the sphere. What angular unit is employed?

If the angle C of the triangle ABC be a right angle, shew that the spherical excess $= 2 \tan^{-1} \left(\tan \frac{a}{2} \tan \frac{b}{2} \right)$.

MONDAY. Jan. 6.....1 to 4.

[N.B.—The Differential Calculus is not to be employed.]

1. SHEW how to graduate a steelyard in which the constant weight is fixed, and the fulcrum moveable.

2. Assuming the direction of the resultant of two forces acting on a point, to be that of the diagonal of a parallelogram whose sides represent the forces in magnitude and direction, shew that the diagonal of the parallelogram also represents the resultant in magnitude.

Explain how a vessel is enabled to sail in a direction nearly opposite to that of the wind.

3. Find the centre of gravity of a triangle; and thence that of the figure formed by cutting off one corner from a square by a line which bisects the sides.

4. Define force. State Newton's first law of motion, and shew that it is not an axiom depending on your definition of force. How are forces measured in Statics and in Dynamics? What is the relation between these measures?

5. A body slides from rest down a smooth sloping roof, and then falls to the ground; find

- (1) the time of sliding down the roof, and the velocity acquired;
- (2) the time of falling, and the point where it reaches the ground.

6. Shew that the surface of a fluid at rest in an open vessel is horizontal, and compare the pressure at a given depth with the atmospheric pressure at the surface.

7. Shew how to determine the specific gravity of a solid substance lighter than water.

8. Account for the phenomenon of dew, and shew that from an observation of the dew-point on a still evening, the minimum temperature of the succeeding night may be approximately predicted.

9. If a ray of light be reflected successively by two plane mirrors, in a plane perpendicular to their common intersection, the deviation of the ray from its original direction is double the angle of inclination of the mirrors. Prove this, and explain the construction of Hadley's sextant.

10. Upon what does the magnifying power of a lens, or of a combination of lenses, depend? At what distance from the eye must a concave lens be placed, that the apparent linear magnitude of a small distant object may be diminished one half?

11. Explain what is meant by saying that objects appear equally bright at all distances, and shew how it is accounted for. Why is the apparent brightness of a star increased by the use of a telescope, whilst that of a planet is not?

12. Prove an expression for the chord of curvature drawn in any direction from any point of a curve of continued curvature; and find the chord of curvature through the focus of an ellipse.

13. The velocity at any point of a curve described about a centre of force varies inversely as the perpendicular from the centre upon the tangent.

14. State the three laws of planetary motion discovered by Kepler. Prove that when the force varies as $\frac{1}{D^2}$, the squares of the periodic times vary as the cubes of the mean distances.

15. Explain the changes of day and night, and their variations throughout the year, at a place in the arctic regions.

Why are some stars visible only at particular seasons of the year?

16. Shew how to determine the position of the meridian at any place. When the latitude is known, find the Sun's azimuth from an observation of its altitude.

17. Describe the phenomena of magnetism observed at the Earth's surface. Explain what is meant by magnetic dip, variation, and intensity. Give some account of the instruments used for magnetic observations.

TUESDAY. Jan. 7.....9 to 11½.

1. A SOLID of revolution rests with its vertex upon a horizontal plane; shew when the equilibrium will be stable or unstable. Apply the result to a prolate spheroid resting with its smaller end on a horizontal plane.

2. Investigate expressions for the co-ordinates of the centre of gravity of a plane area. Find the locus of the centres of gravity of all sections of a given paraboloid, made by planes which are parallel to the axis and to each other.

3. A body is projected in a given direction with a velocity equal to that in a circle at the same distance, find the elements of the orbit described, the force varying as $\frac{1}{(\text{dist.})^2}$.

4. Prove the principle of Vis Viva in the case of a system of material particles acted on only by gravity and the reactions of the surfaces upon which the particles move. What additional considerations are requisite when the particles are rigidly connected?

Determine the angular motion of a heavy system moveable about a fixed horizontal axis.

5. Find the moment of inertia of a body about any axis, in terms of the moments about the principal axes.

Determine the moment of inertia of an ellipsoid about a diameter which makes equal angles with the principal diameters.

6. What are the conditions of equilibrium of a solid floating in a fluid? Find the depth to which a given right cone will sink, when floating in a fluid with its axis vertical and base downwards.

7. A small pencil of diverging rays is incident obliquely on a plane refracting surface, investigate the positions of the primary and secondary focal lines; and having given the axes of the elliptical section on the refracting surface, investigate the position of the circle of least confusion.

8. A pencil of diverging rays falls nearly perpendicularly upon a plate of glass quicksilvered at the back; determine the geometrical focus of the rays after one reflexion and two refractions; and shew that the effective reflecting surface is concave to the incident light.

9. Shew that the central disturbing force of the Sun upon the Moon when in quadratures, is proportional to the Moon's distance from the Earth. If the Moon's orbit be eccentric and the line of apsides in quadratures, explain the effect of the disturbing force upon the position of the apses.

10. Compare the periodic angular errors in one system of three bodies (as the Sun, Moon, and Earth), with the periodic angular errors in another system.

11. Shew how to determine the error of the line of collimation of a transit instrument, and find its effect upon the observed right ascension of a star.

12. When several altitudes of the Sun are taken at equal short intervals, find the error introduced in the time by supposing the mean altitude to correspond to the mean of the times of observation.

13. Find the correction in the right ascension of a given star for precession. Explain how the apparent place of a star, at any time, is calculated from its mean place at the beginning of the year.

TUESDAY. Jan. 7.....1 to 4.

1. A FRACTION whose denominator is less than ten, when reduced to the decimal form, cannot contain the figure 9 in its decimal part. Are any other digits excluded in particular cases?

2. Two circles intersect in A and B ; AD , AD' are diameters; AC , AC' are chords, each of which touches the circle of which it is not a chord; the line AEE' bisects the angle DAD' and cuts the circles in E and E' ; then the common tangent to the circles is a mean proportional between the chords DE , $D'E'$; and their common chord (AB) is a mean proportional between the chords BC , BC' .

3. Three indefinite straight lines intersect in A , B , and C ; any other straight line cuts AB in C' , BC in A' , and CA in B' ;

Then $AB' \cdot BC' \cdot CA' = A'B \cdot B'C \cdot CA$,

and the product of the areas of the triangles ABC , BCA' , CAB

$$= \frac{(A'B \cdot B'C \cdot CA' \sin A' \sin B' \sin C')^2}{8 \sin A \sin B \sin C}.$$

4. If a point (C') be taken in any one (as AB) of three indefinite straight lines that intersect in A , B , and C ; and lines (as $C'B'A'$) be drawn from C' cutting AC , BC (as in b' , a'); then all the intersections of each pair of lines (as BB' , AA') drawn from B and A to the points of sections (B' , A'), lie in a line that passes through C .

5. Two straight lines which coincide in their initial position, revolve uniformly with different angular velocities about two fixed points; find the locus of their points of intersection, and trace the curve when the angular velocity of one line is twice that of the other.

If these lines be one pair only of several, arranged like the spokes of a wheel about the fixed points, find, for any given position of the first pair, the curve passing through the simultaneous intersections of all the pairs, formed by taking lines that have any equal angular distances from the first.

6. If the axes of two equal cylinders of radius a , intersect at an angle α , the volume common to both is $= \frac{16}{3} \frac{a^3}{\sin \alpha}$, and the surface of each intercepted by the other is $= 16 \frac{a^2}{\sin \alpha}$.

7. A thin hemispherical bowl of given weight, partly filled with fluid, is placed with its axis vertical upon the highest point of a sphere: find the nature of its equilibrium as respects stability.

8. The highest point of the wheel of a carriage, rolling on a horizontal road, moves twice as fast as each of two points in the rim, whose distance from the ground is half the radius of the wheel.

Find the rate at which the carriage is travelling, when the dirt thrown from the rim of the wheel to the greatest height, reaches a given level. Explain the two roots given by the resulting equation. If the velocity of the carriage be less than that due to a height equal to half the radius of the wheel, what is the greatest height to which the dirt is thrown?

9. Demonstrate formulæ for calculating the time occupied by the disk of the Moon, in any position in the heavens, whilst crossing, first the vertical, and secondly the horizontal, wire of a telescope directed towards it.

10. Assuming the known theorem

$$a = b \cos(ab) + c \cos(ac) + d \cos(ad) + \&c.,$$

where a , b , c , &c. are the sides of a plane polygon (ab) the angle between a and b , &c., prove that the sum of the squares of all the sides, is equal to twice the sum of the products of every two sides and the cosine of the angle between them: *i.e.* $\Sigma a^2 = 2\Sigma ab \cos(ab)$.

11. If the instrument be perfect by which, in surveying, a series of points are laid down, from the observed angles which the distances

between three stations in the same plane, whose positions are accurately known, subtend at each point, shew how an error in one of the observed angles affects the position of the point to be laid down. Prove that the displacement cannot be very great in comparison with the error of observation, unless the difference between the distances of two of the fixed stations be very small. Point out how, in a given position, to estimate the displacement caused by an error in the position of one of the fixed stations.

12. The tangents to the interior of two concentric and similar curves of the second order whose axes are coincident, cut off from the exterior curve equal areas.

13. A uniform rough cylinder is supported, with its axis horizontal, equally upon each of two elastic strings whose weights are inconsiderable; the strings are equal in all respects, and attached to points of the same horizontal plane above the cylinder, so that they hang vertically, and each lies entirely in a plane perpendicular to the axis of the cylinder. Find how much the cylinder descends by the stretching of the strings.

14. If θ be the angle between any two lines in space which attract each other with forces varying as $\frac{1}{D^2}$, the whole attraction in the

direction of the shortest line between them, is $= \frac{2\pi}{\sin \theta}$; the mutual attraction of two units of length, collected in centres and separated by the unit of distance, being considered equal to unity.

15. A complete pyramidal pile of equal shot upon a square horizontal base, has four shot in each side of the lowest tier. Find the dimensions of the pyramid that envelopes and contains the whole pile. Determine also the forces to be counteracted, in order that each of the outside shot in the lowest tier may be kept in its place.

16. If α, β, γ be the angles which three diameters of a sphere make with each other, $\sigma = \frac{\alpha + \beta + \gamma}{2}$, and a be the radius of the sphere, then the volume of the parallelopiped formed by planes which touch the sphere at the extremities of the three diameters

$$= \frac{4a^3}{\sqrt{\sin \sigma \sin (\sigma - \alpha) \sin (\sigma - \beta) \sin (\sigma - \gamma)}}.$$

17. If tangent planes be drawn at the extremities of any chord to a surface of the second order, their intersection lies in the plane diametral to that chord; and if the chord be supposed always to pass through a given point, the locus of the intersections of the pairs of tangent planes will be a plane; also when the given point is external, this locus is the plane of contact of all tangent planes which pass through the point.

18. Prove that the Stereographic projection of the sphere gives a representation which is similar to the part represented, immediately about any assigned point, but that the scale, (*i.e.* the ratio of any small line on the sphere to its projection,) varies from point to point, and is $= \frac{1}{2} \sec^2 \frac{\theta}{2}$, where θ is the angle subtended at the centre of the

sphere, by the arc of a great circle drawn from the part represented to that pole of the primitive plane which is opposite to the eye.

Also shew that if ϕ be the angle made by a plane through each point to be represented and the axis, with a fixed plane through the axis, and if upon any plane a series of points be taken whose rectangular co-ordinates are

$$x = a \left(\tan \frac{\theta}{2} \right)^\lambda \cos \lambda \phi, \quad y = a \left(\tan \frac{\theta}{2} \right)^\lambda \sin \lambda \phi,$$

where a and λ are any constants, a projection will be made possessing

the above property, the scale being now $= \frac{a\lambda}{a} \frac{\left(\tan \frac{\theta}{2} \right)^\lambda}{\sin \theta}$, where a is the radius of the sphere.

19. A nearly spherical mass, whose surface is fluid, revolves permanently about one of the principal axes passing through its centre of gravity; r is the distance of any point at the surface of the fluid from the centre of gravity; θ the angle r makes with the axis of rotation, ω the angle which the projection of r , upon the plane through the other principal axes, makes with one of them. Prove that if r be expanded in a series of Laplace's coefficients, in the form

$$a (1 + a Y^{(0)} + a Y^{(1)} + a Y^{(2)} + a Y^{(3)} + \dots),$$

then $Y^{(1)} = 0$, and $Y^{(2)} = k (\cos^2 \theta - \frac{1}{3}) + k' \sin^2 \theta \cos 2\omega$, where k, k' are constants.

20. Adapt to the case of the Moon's motion, the equations for determining the rotatory motion of a body disturbed by the attraction of another distant body, by introducing other variables. Hence shew that, in order to explain the fact of the Moon's always presenting to the Earth the same hemisphere, it is not necessary to suppose the primitive velocity of the Moon's rotation exactly equal to the motion in its orbit.

WEDNESDAY. Jan. 8.....9 to 11½.

1. EQUIANGULAR parallelograms have to one another the ratio which is compounded of the ratios of their sides.

2. Every solid angle is contained by plane angles which are together less than four right angles.

3. If $\frac{p_1}{q_1}, \frac{p_2}{q_2}, \dots, \frac{p_n}{q_n}, \frac{p_{n+1}}{q_{n+1}}$ be a series of fractions converging to $\frac{P}{Q}$, shew that $\frac{P}{Q} \sim \frac{p_n}{q_n}$ is greater than $\frac{1}{q_n(q_n + q_{n+1})}$, and less than $\frac{1}{(q_n)^2}$.

4. What geometrical interpretation has been given to quantities affected with the sign $\cos \theta + \sqrt{-1} \sin \theta$, and for what reasons?

5. If a, b, c be the roots of the equation $x^3 + px^2 + qx + r = 0$, and α, β, γ the roots of the equation $x^3 - 1 = 0$, find the equation whose roots are all the symmetrical combinations of the form $a\alpha + b\beta + c\gamma$, and express, in terms of its roots, the roots of the original equation.

6. Express the tangent of half an angle of a plane triangle in terms of its sides. In what case is the formula unsuited for computation?

7. Prove that in a spherical triangle

$$\sin \frac{c}{2} \cdot \sin \frac{A-B}{2} = \cos \frac{C}{2} \cdot \sin \frac{a-b}{2},$$

$$\text{and } \sin \frac{c}{2} \cdot \cos \frac{A-B}{2} = \sin \frac{C}{2} \cdot \sin \frac{a+b}{2}.$$

8. Find the locus of the middle points of a system of parallel chords of the curve whose equation is

$$ax^2 + bxy + cy^2 + dx + ey + f = 0.$$

Hence shew that the curve has generally two diameters which bisect their ordinates at right angles. What exception is there to this?

9. Find the angle between two straight lines in space, whose equations are given.

Having given the equations to three straight lines passing through the same point, find the condition that they may lie in one plane.

10. If $u = \phi(y)$ and $y = f(x)$, shew that $\frac{du}{dx} = \frac{du}{dy} \frac{dy}{dx}$; and find $\frac{d^2u}{dx^2}$ in terms of $\frac{du}{dy}$, $\frac{d^2u}{dy^2}$, $\frac{dy}{dx}$, and $\frac{d^2y}{dx^2}$.

11. Find the value of $x^{\frac{1}{2}+a}$ when $x = 0$, and investigate the maximum and minimum values of $(1 + x^{\frac{2}{3}})(7 - x)^2$.

Inscribe the greatest cone in a given sphere.

12. How is a conjugate point distinguished from a multiple point? Determine the rectilinear and hyperbolic asymptotes of the curve whose equation is $y^4 - 4ay^2x + 4byx^2 - x^4 = 0$, and the directions of the branches at its multiple point.

13. Find the values of

$$\int_{-2rc}^{+2rc} \frac{2c^2 + x}{(r^2 + c^2 + x)^{\frac{3}{2}}} dx, \quad \int \frac{\sqrt{1-x^2}}{x^4} \sin^{-1} x dx, \quad \text{and} \quad \int_0^{\infty} \frac{\sin rx}{x} dx.$$

14. Show that, provided $f(x)$ does not become infinite while x increases from a to b , the definite integral $\int_a^b f(x) dx$ is equal to the sum of all the values of $f(x) dx$ taken between these limiting values of x , dx being the infinitesimal difference of two successive values of x .

WEDNESDAY. Jan. 8.....1 to 4.

1. (a) SHEW that $(a+b+c)^3 > 27abc < 9(a^3+b^3+c^3)$ unless a, b, c are all equal.

(b) If $P_r = (a_1 - a_r)(a_2 - a_r) \dots (a_{r-1} - a_r)(a_{r+1} - a_r) \dots (a_n - a_r)$,

and $S = \frac{a_1^m}{P_1} + \frac{a_2^m}{P_2} + \dots + \frac{a_n^m}{P_n}$, then $S = \frac{1}{a_1 a_2 \dots a_n}$ when $m = -1$;

$S = 0$ when m is any whole number from 0 to $n-2$; and $S = (-1)^{n-1}$ when $m = n-1$; prove this generally and when $n = 3$.

2. If PT, QT be two tangents at the points P and Q of a parabola, whose focus is S , then $SP \cdot SQ = ST^2$; and if SP, SQ

include a given angle α , the locus of T will be a hyperbola whose eccentricity $= \sec \frac{\alpha}{2}$.

3. Shew that

$$(\cos \theta)^m + \left\{ \cos \left(\frac{2\pi}{n} + \theta \right) \right\}^m + \left\{ \cos \left(\frac{4\pi}{n} + \theta \right) \right\}^m + \dots \\ + \left\{ \cos \left(\frac{2(n-1)\pi}{n} + \theta \right) \right\}^m$$

is independent of θ when m is less than n ; but if r be the greatest integer contained in $\frac{m}{n}$, the above series can be reduced to the form

$$A_0 + A_1 \cos n\theta + A_2 \cos 2n\theta + \dots + A_r \cos rn\theta,$$

where A_0, A_1, \dots, A_r are independent of θ .

Exs. $n = 3, m = 2$; $n = 3, m = 5$.

4. The foci of all those elliptical sections of a right cone, whose vertical angle is α , which have the same eccentricity e , will lie in two conical surfaces, the tangent of the sum of whose semivertical angles $= 2e \tan \frac{\alpha}{2}$. Prove this and find the vertical angle of each cone.

5. Two dice are placed together so as to form a parallelopiped; determine the chance that two or more contiguous faces of the dice will have the same marks.

6. When two pith balls repelling one another with forces varying as $\frac{1}{(\text{dist.})^2}$ are connected by a fine thread passing over a fixed point A , and are also acted on by gravity, all the possible positions of equilibrium of P and Q will pass through two ellipses having a common focus A , and major axes vertical.

7. Supposing the Earth a homogeneous spheroid of equilibrium, the time of descent, of a body let fall from any point P on the surface down a hole bored to the centre C , varies as CP , and the velocity at the centre is constant.

8. When an oblique cone upon an elliptical base (whose semiaxes are α, β and centre C) admits of a circular section, if D be the foot of the perpendicular drawn from the vertex upon the base, and $CD = a$, the centres of all the circles will lie in two straight lines which meet the base in two points the sum of the reciprocals of whose distances from $C = \frac{2a}{\alpha^2 - \beta^2}$.

9. Two weights P and Q are attached to a third weight W by means of two strings PAW, QAW , passing through a small ring A , below which W hangs freely; determine the nature of the curve on which P and Q will rest in all positions compatible with the conditions of the system, and deduce the particular case in which all the weights P, Q and W are equal.

10. Three stars whose differences of Right Ascension and distances are known, have the same azimuth at each of two observations taken after a given interval; determine the latitude.

11. Two radii SP , SQ of a curve are drawn so as to include a given angle; find its nature when the inclination of the tangents is constant; and shew from the result that a parabola having S for its focus is a particular case.

12. A sphere rests upon a string fastened at its extremities to two fixed points: shew that if the arc of contact of the string and sphere be not less than $2 \tan^{-1} \frac{48}{55}$, the sphere may be divided into two equal portions by means of a vertical plane without disturbing the equilibrium.

13. When the centre of gravity is at a proper depth in a fluid whose density varies as the depth, an uniform equilateral triangle will rest in any position: and a right-angled triangle may be kept with either side horizontal, by a couple whose moment will be the same whichever side, and whichever angle is uppermost.

14. There will always be an ellipse and hyperbola, whose major axes are at right angles, which have a contact of the third order with a curve at any proposed point, and whose eccentricities e , e' are connected by the equation

$$\frac{1}{e^2} - \frac{1}{e'^2} = 1.$$

15. A conical surface will intersect an ellipsoid in two plane curves or none; and when the vertex of the surface is fixed, the intersections of the two plane sections will all lie in one plane.

16. The Sun's spots when observed through a powerful telescope exhibit phenomena which occur in the following order. Immediately surrounding a dark spot is a light ring; next to this appears a darker, usually called the penumbra, which is bounded by a yet darker line; then again a light ring, brighter than the general body of the Sun into which the alternations of light and shade at length subside.

How does this appearance favour the hypothesis of actual eminences of the Sun's body exposed to view by fluctuations in a luminous atmosphere, and seem at variance with the supposition of a dark body surrounded by a cloudy as well as a luminous atmospherical stratum?

17. Prove the following formulæ:

$$\Delta_{r=0}^r x^n = r \Delta_{r=1}^{r-1} x^{n-1}; \quad -\int_0^\infty t^n e^{-t^2} dt = \frac{\sqrt{\pi}}{2^n} \Delta_{r=0}^n e^{t^2}.$$

Find $\int_0^\infty \frac{x^{m-1}}{(1+x^n)^r} dx$, and thence shew that

$$\left\{ \int_0^\infty x^{m-1} e^{-x^n} dx \right\} \left\{ \int_0^\infty x^{n-m-1} e^{-x^n} dx \right\} = \frac{\pi}{n^2 \sin \frac{m\pi}{n}}.$$

If $G(X) = \phi t$ represents the generating function of X , then

$$\frac{\phi t}{a - \log_e t} = G(e^{-ax} \int_0^a e^{ax} X), \quad \text{and} \quad \frac{t \phi t}{1 - at} = G\left(a^{x-1} \sum \frac{X}{a^x}\right).$$

Apply the last two formulæ to solve by the calculus of generating functions the linear differential equation or equation of differences of

the n^{th} order when all the coefficients are constant, and the second member of the equation $= X$.

18. Determine the motion of two weights connected by an elastic string, and moving along the convex surface of a cycloid having its axis vertical.

19. Find the nature of the curve in which every chord subtending a given angle α at a fixed point A shall also subtend a given angle β at a fixed point B .

Shew also that $\rho \cos m\theta = a \cos (m \pm 1) \theta$ is a particular solution, where $AB = a$, and m is a constant depending on the values of α and β .

20. A regular tetrahedron is moveable round a fixed vertical axis passing through two rings at the extremities of one of its edges; determine the least angular motion which will prevent the tetrahedron from sliding down the axis, and the coefficient of friction when the whole pressure upon the axis takes place at the upper ring.

21. The sum of the squares of the projections of any three conjugate diameters of an ellipsoid (whose semi-axes are a, b, c) upon a given principal diameter is constant; and the tangent planes at the extremities of three conjugate diameters intersect in an ellipsoid whose equation is

$$\frac{x^2}{a^2} + \frac{y^2}{b^2} + \frac{z^2}{c^2} = 3.$$

22. Two points A, B in a surface of the second order are joined and produced to C ; from any point P in the surface, draw AP meeting the plane of contact (of the enveloping cone whose vertex is C) in the point Q ; the locus of the intersection of CP, BQ will be a surface of the second order.

23. The axes of any three possible zones of a crystal which are not in one plane, may be employed as crystallographic axes.

24. A pencil of rays is incident parallel to the axis x of an ellipsoid whose greatest and least axes are a and c respectively; find the nature and limits of the two curvilinear boundaries of the portion of the plane xy through which all the rays will pass; and shew that if e, e', e'' be the eccentricities of the principal sections in the planes xy, xz, yz respectively, and $\mu = \frac{1}{e}$, the boundaries will be two ellipses whose semi-axes are ae''^2, be''^2 , and $\frac{cae}{b}, be''$: but if $\mu = \frac{1}{e'}$, all the rays will pass through a portion of the arc of an ellipse, whose semi-axes are ae', be'' , included between the vertex and a double ordinate at a distance $\frac{cae'}{b}$ from its centre.

FRIDAY. Jan. 10.....9 to 11½.

1. THE advance of the hour-hand of a watch beyond the minute-hand is measured by $15\frac{5}{8}$ of the minute divisions, and it is between nine and ten o'clock: find the exact time indicated by the watch.

2. Eliminate ϕ and i from the equations

$$A = \left(\frac{\sin^2 \phi}{a^2} + \frac{\cos^2 \phi}{b^2} \right) \cos^2 i + \frac{\sin^2 i}{c^2}, \quad B = \frac{\cos^2 \phi}{a^2} + \frac{\sin^2 \phi}{b^2},$$

$$\text{and } C = \left(\frac{1}{b^2} - \frac{1}{a^2} \right) \sin \phi \cos \phi \cos i.$$

3. A given quantity of mercury is taken out of the tube of a wheel-barometer; find the corresponding error of the index.

4. An inextensible string binds tightly together two smooth cylinders whose radii are given; find the length of the string, and the ratio of the mutual pressure between the cylinders to the tension by which it is produced.

5. If θ be the angle which the focal distance to any point of an ellipse makes with the tangent, and ϕ the angle between the lines drawn from that point to the extremities of the axis major, then

$$2 \tan \theta = e \tan \phi.$$

6. If $c^{n-1}y^2 = (x-a_1)(x-a_2)\dots(x-a_n)$ be the equation to a curve, it cannot have maxima and minima ordinates for more than $\frac{n}{2}$ values

of x , if n be even, nor for more than $\frac{n-1}{2}$ values, if n be odd.

7. Two imperfectly elastic spheres attract one another with forces varying as $\frac{1}{D^2}$; find the greatest separation of their centres after n impacts, their original distance being given.

8. If ρ, ρ' be the radii of curvature at the extremities of two conjugate diameters of an ellipse, $\rho^{\frac{2}{3}} + \rho'^{\frac{2}{3}}$ is constant. Also if c, c' be the curvatures at two points at which the tangents are at right angles, $c^{\frac{2}{3}} + c'^{\frac{2}{3}}$ is constant.

9. Shew that the coefficient of x^p in the expansion of

$$[1 - 2 \cos \phi \cdot x + x^2]^{-n}$$

$$= 2 \{ a_p \cos p\phi + a_1 a_{p-1} \cos (p-2)\phi + a_2 a_{p-2} \cos (p-4)\phi + \&c. \},$$

where a_m generally equals the coefficient of x^m in the expansion of $(1-x)^{-n}$.

10. Find the equation to the surface generated by a line which always passes through each of two given lines in space, and also through the circumference of a circle whose plane is parallel to them both, and whose centre bisects the shortest distance between them.

11. If r be the radius of the small circle inscribed in a spherical triangle, R the radius of the circumscribed circle, r_1, r_2, r_3 the radii of the three circles, each of which touches one side of the triangle and the other two sides produced, then

$$\cot r_1 + \cot r_2 + \cot r_3 - \cot r = 2 \tan R.$$

Prove this, and deduce the corresponding expression for a plane triangle.

12. A hollow cube, filled with heavy fluid, is held with one diagonal vertical; find the centre of pressure of one of the lower faces.

13. A body is placed within a hollow cube, and attracted to its angular points by given forces varying as the distance; determine the motion.

14. Shew that

$$\int_x \frac{(a + \beta \cos x)^n}{(a + b \cos x)^m} dx = (-1)^{m-1} \frac{2}{1.2.3..(m-1)} \frac{a^{m-1}}{b} \left\{ \frac{ab - a\beta}{\sqrt{a^2 - b^2}} \tan^{-1} \left(\sqrt{\frac{a-b}{a+b}} \tan \frac{x}{2} \right) \right\}.$$

Deduce by this method $\int_x \frac{1}{(a + b \cos x)^2} dx$.

Also shew that

$$\int_x \frac{x^{m-1}}{(a + bx^p)^p} dx = \frac{(-1)^r}{(p-1)(p-2) \dots (p-r)} a^r \int_x \frac{x^{m-1}}{(a + bx^p)^{p-r}} dx.$$

15. A plane passing through the centre of an ellipsoid is inclined to the plane of xy at an angle i , and its trace on the plane of xy is inclined to the axis of x at an angle ϕ ; $2a', 2b'$ are the axes of the elliptic section, and α the angle which its axis major makes with the trace of the cutting plane on the plane of xy . Prove that $\tan 2\alpha = \frac{2C}{A-B}$,

$$\frac{1}{a'^2} = \frac{A+B-\sqrt{(A-B)^2+4C^2}}{2}, \text{ and } \frac{1}{b'^2} = \frac{A+B+\sqrt{(A-B)^2+4C^2}}{2},$$

where A, B, C have the values given in problem (2).

16. Two semicircular self-luminous plates are placed with their diameters upon a plane, and with their planes perpendicular to the line which joins their centres A and B ; find the position of that point in the line AB , where the illumination of the plane upon which the semicircles are placed is least.

17. In a general declining dial the style is bent in its own plane through a given angle α ; determine when the angular motion of the Sun's shadow on the dial-plate is a maximum.

FRIDAY. Jan. 10.....1 to 4.

1. FIND the general term in the expansion of $(a+bx+cx^2+\&c.)^n$, and determine the coefficient of x^4 in $(1+x+x^2)^{-5}$.

2. If n be a prime number, and x a number not divisible by n , $x^{n-1} - 1$ is divisible by n .

3. Expand $(\sin \theta)^{2n+1}$ in terms of the sines of multiples of θ .

Ex. $(\sin \theta)^7$.

4. Investigate formulæ for transforming the equation to a plane curve from one system of rectangular co-ordinates to another. Apply them to find the position and magnitude of the parabola whose equation is $\sqrt{\frac{x}{a}} + \sqrt{\frac{y}{b}} = 1$.

5. Shew that at a point of maximum or minimum curvature, the circle of curvature has a contact of a higher order than the second with the curve.

6. Find $\int \frac{dx}{x^3 - a^3}$; $\int_0^1 \left(\log \frac{1}{x}\right)^n dx$.

Integrate the equation $\frac{d^2y}{dx^2} - 4m \frac{dy}{dx} + 4m^2y = \sin \pi x$.

Eliminate z from the equations $\frac{d^2x}{dz^2} = \phi(x, y)$; $\frac{d^2y}{dz^2} = \psi(x, y)$.

7. In a surface of the second order find the equation to a plane which is conjugate to a given system of parallel chords; and shew that there is always at least one plane at right angles to the chords to which it is conjugate.

8. Find the condition of equilibrium of forces acting in one plane upon a rigid body.

A hemisphere is supported by friction with its curved surface resting upon a horizontal and in contact with a vertical plane; find the limiting position of equilibrium.

9. Investigate the equation to the curve, from every point of which a body acted upon by gravity will descend to a given point in half a second of time.

10. What are the principal defects in eye-pieces, arising from spherical aberration? Which of them are corrected in the eye-pieces in common use? In Ramsden's eye-piece, two lenses of equal focal length $3l$ are placed at a distance $2l$ from each other, required the forms of the lenses so as to throw the best possible image of a plane object on a distant plane surface, the pencils being defined by a diaphragm placed in the focus of the compound lens.

Having given

$$V = \frac{1}{3(a - \beta)^3} \{28x^2 - 20(a + \beta)x + 10a\beta + 3\beta^2 + 27\}.$$

11. Shew fully how to determine the longitude of a place on the Earth's surface from observations of transits of the Moon and Moon-culminating stars? What are the advantages of this method? What elements are furnished in the Nautical Almanac for the calculation?

12. Demonstrate the principle of least action, and apply it to find the path of a projectile, and that of a body acted upon by no forces and constrained to move on a given surface.

13. Explain the nature and use of the method of least squares.

If x, y, z be quantities given by observation and connected theoretically by the equation $z = a + bx + cy$, determine a, b, c so that the sum of the squares of the differences, between the observed values of z and those which are calculated by this formula from corresponding observations of x and y , may be a minimum.

What is meant by assigning *weights* to the different observations, and how are the resulting values altered by so doing?

SATURDAY. Jan. 11.....9 to 11½.

1. UPON what principles are trigonometrical functions affected with particular algebraical signs. Trace the change in the sign and magnitude of the secant through the first four quadrants.

2. Find the logarithm of a number, in a rapidly converging series, when the logarithms of the two preceding numbers are known; and explain the use of a table of proportional parts.

3. Find the equation to the section of a right cone made by any plane; and shew that a given hyperbola cannot be cut from a cone whose vertical angle is less than the angle between the asymptotes.

4. Determine the form of equilibrium of a chain of uniform density, when acted on at every point by given forces in the same plane. Integrate the resulting equations when the force is constant and acts in parallel lines.

5. A pencil of rays passes eccentrically through two thin lenses, composed of the same substance and separated by a given interval; find the condition of achromatism. What are the advantages and defects of this combination when used as an eye-piece?

6. Find the horary variation of the inclination of the Moon's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic at any time.

7. Shew how the attraction of an ellipsoid upon an external point may be made to depend upon the attraction of another ellipsoid upon an internal point. Apply this method to determine the attraction of a sphere upon a point without it, the force varying inversely as the square of the distance.

8. Find the time of oscillation of a pendulum in a circular arc. Express the result by means of an elliptic function, and shew that if $2a$ be the arc of vibration, the time

$$= 2 \sqrt{\frac{l}{g}} \sec^2 \frac{\alpha}{4} \int_0^{\frac{\pi}{2}} \frac{d\phi}{\sqrt{1 - \tan^4 \frac{\alpha}{4} \sin^2 \phi}}.$$

9. Shew how to change the independent variables in the expression $\iint f(x, y) dx dy$ into two others u and v which are any functions of x and y , and illustrate geometrically the meaning of the steps of the process. Apply the result to change rectangular into polar co-ordinates in the differential expression for the area of a plane curve.

10. Solve the partial differential equation of the second order

$$Rr + Ss + Tt = V, \text{ in which } R, S, T, \text{ and } V \text{ are functions of}$$

$$x, y, z, p, q;$$

and determine the complete solution when all the coefficients are constant.

SATURDAY. Jan. 11.....1 to 4.

1. FIND the value of the polar subtangent in terms of r and θ ; and shew that the locus of the extremities of all the polar subtangents to any conic section, the focus being the pole, is a straight line perpendicular to the axis major.

2. Assuming that the friction upon a railroad is $\frac{1}{200}$ th of the weight, and that on a level part the wheels of the engine-carriage will not slide, so long as the power requisite for drawing the train does not

exceed $\frac{1}{20}$ th of the weight of the engine, determine the greatest inclination up which the train can move.

3. Having given the general equation of equilibrium of a fluid acted upon by any forces, shew that surfaces of equal pressure are also surfaces of equal density, and that the resultant of the forces at any point acts in the direction of a normal to the surface of equal pressure passing through that point.

4. A body is projected in a medium whose resistance $= kv$ (velocity)", and is acted on by no extraneous force; find the whole space described and the whole time of motion, for all values of n .

5. Shew that $u_{x+n\Delta x} = u_x + n\Delta u_x + \frac{n(n-1)}{1 \cdot 2} \Delta^2 u_x + \&c.$, where h is the increment of x , and thence deduce Taylor's theorem.

Obtain the coefficient of x^{2n-1} in the series for $\operatorname{cosec} x$ by means of Bernoulli's numbers.

6. Having given

$$\theta = u + e \left(1 + \frac{e^2}{4} \right) \sin u + \frac{e^2}{4} \sin 2u + \frac{e^3}{12} \sin 3u, \text{ and } u = nt + e \sin u,$$

apply Lagrange's theorem to find θ in terms of nt as far as terms involving e^3 .

7. In the Lunar Theory, having given the force upon the Moon in the direction of the projection of the radius vector drawn from the Earth to the Moon, and the force in the direction perpendicular to it, find the differential equation to the projection of the Moon's path on the plane of the ecliptic. Explain why, in integrating it to a second approximation, some of the terms which involve small quantities of the third order must be included.

8. The surface touching at any instant all the spherical waves into which the small portions of a principal wave, whose front is plane, diverge when refracted at a plane surface, is a plane. Prove this, and shew clearly what becomes of the waves when the angle of incidence exceeds the critical angle.

9. A rectangular parallelepiped whose base is a square, oscillates about one of its edges which is supported at its extremities in a horizontal position; find the pressures at the points of support, when the body is in a given position, the centre of gravity, at the beginning of the motion being supposed in the horizontal plane which passes through the axis of rotation.

10. Having given that the equation $f''(x) = 0$ has no root between a and b , $f'(x) = 0$ has one and only one, and that $f(x) = 0$ may either have two or none, shew that $f(x) = 0$ has no real root between a and b , unless $a \sim b$ be greater than the sum of the quantities $\frac{f(b)}{f'(b)}, \frac{f(a)}{f'(a)}$, taken without regard to sign.

Find the number of real roots of the equation

$$x^5 - 10x^3 + 45x^2 - 440 = 0.$$

11. Explain the effect, upon the velocity of sound, of the heat developed in the air in the act of compression; and shew that the

square of the velocity is thereby altered in the ratio of the specific heat of air under a constant pressure to the specific heat under a constant volume. Hence explain the propagation of sound in steam at the greatest density that corresponds to its temperature.

12. If $Y^{(i)}$, $Z^{(i)}$ be any rational and integral functions of μ , $\sqrt{1-\mu^2} \sin \pi$, and $\sqrt{1-\mu^2} \cos \pi$, which satisfy the equations

$$\frac{d}{d\mu} \left\{ (1-\mu^2) \frac{dY^{(i)}}{d\mu} \right\} + \frac{1}{1-\mu^2} \frac{d^2 Y^{(i)}}{d\mu^2} + i(i+1) Y^{(i)} = 0,$$

$$\frac{d}{d\mu} \left\{ (1-\mu^2) \frac{dZ^{(i)}}{d\mu} \right\} + \frac{1}{1-\mu^2} \frac{d^2 Z^{(i)}}{d\mu^2} + i(i+1) Z^{(i)} = 0,$$

$$\text{then } \int_{-1}^{+1} \int_0^{2\pi} Y^{(i)} Z^{(i)} d\mu d\pi = 0.$$

MONDAY. Jan. 13.....9 to 11½.

1. ASSUMING the resolution of any number of forces acting upon a rigid body in any direction into a resultant force and a resultant couple, shew that they can always be resolved into a force and a couple whose plane is perpendicular to the direction of the force.

2. Integrate the following equations:

$$(1) (y+z) dx + (z-x) dy - (x+y) dz = 0.$$

$$(2) ydx - xdy - dz = 0.$$

$$(3) xzp + yzq = xy.$$

$$(4) 1 + mp^2 + nq^2 = 0.$$

$$(5) u_{x+3} - 3u_{x+1} - 2u_x = ca^x.$$

3. Shew that, on the equilibrium theory, in north latitude the day tides are higher than the night tides during summer, and lower during winter.

If h be the greatest height of the tide produced by the Moon or the Sun above the mean level of the sea, and ϕ the angle between the radii of the tide spheroid at the highest point and at any other, then the height of the tide at the latter point above the mean level

$$= \frac{3h}{2} (\cos^2 \phi - \frac{1}{3}) \text{ nearly. Prove this, and determine the amount of}$$

the diurnal inequality above mentioned, produced by the joint action of the Sun and Moon.

4. Investigate the changes in the position of the first point of Aries, and in the obliquity of the ecliptic, produced by the Sun's action upon the Earth.

5. From the general equations for the motion of fluids deduce equations for determining the small motions of a mass of air whose temperature and density, when in a state of equilibrium, are constant. Hence determine the propagation of sound in such a medium, when the original disturbance at a fixed point is the same in all directions. How will the intensity of sound, so propagated, vary with the distance from the centre of disturbance?

6. Find the variations of the inclination and the longitude of the node of the orbit of a disturbed planet.

7. What is Clairault's theorem? State distinctly all the steps followed in its demonstration, and explain its use in determining the figure of the Earth.

8. Shew that the intensity of light at the centre of the geometrical shadow of a small circular disk is sensibly the same as if the light had not been intercepted.

In what cases respectively can phenomena of interference and of coloured rays in general be seen, when received on a screen, or when viewed by the eye directly, through a lens, or through a telescope?

9. Find the general equation of the propagation of heat in the interior of solids, and the general condition relative to the surface.

MONDAY. *Jun.* 13.....1 to 4.

1. FIND the correction for solar and lunar nutation in the right ascension of a star. Having given

$$\Delta l = -16''.78332 \sin \Omega - 1''.33589 \sin 2\Omega,$$

$$\Delta \omega = 8''.97707 \cos \Omega + 0''.57990 \cos 2\Omega,$$

$$\sin \omega = .398192, \cos \omega = .9173019.$$

2. The equation for the Moon's longitude is

$$\begin{aligned} \theta = & pt + 2e \sin(cpt - a) + \frac{5e^2}{4} \sin(2cpt - 2a) \\ & - \frac{k^2}{4} \sin(2gpt - 2\gamma) + \frac{11m^2}{8} \sin\{(2-2m)pt - 2\beta\} \\ & + \frac{15me}{4} \sin\{(2-2m-c)pt - 2\beta + \alpha\} - 3me' \sin(mpt + \beta - \zeta). \end{aligned}$$

Explain the effect of the several terms, and shew that $\frac{k^2}{4} \sin(2gpt - 2\gamma)$

is nearly equal to the difference between the Moon's longitude measured in her orbit and the longitude measured on the ecliptic.

3. Shew that the principal part of a term of the form $\cos\{(pn - qn')t + Q\}$ in the expansions of $R, rd, R, d_a R, d_e R, d_\pi R$, and in the longitude and radius vector of a planet's orbit is of $p - q$ dimensions.

How does this theorem assist us in discovering the most important inequalities in a planet's motion?

4. Find the distribution of free electricity on the surface of an ellipsoid; and thence determine the law of distribution on the surface of a thin circular plate.

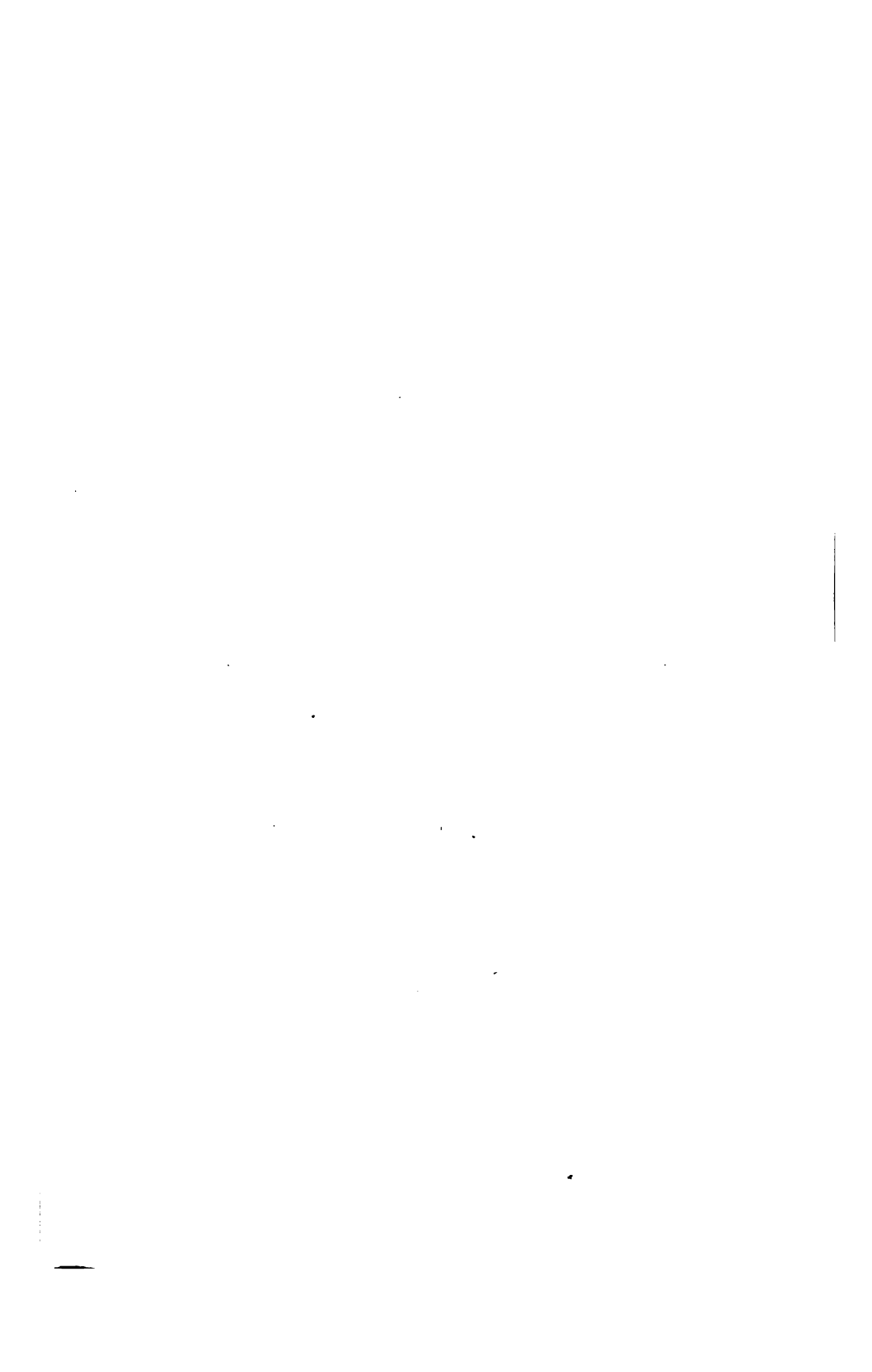
5. Find $\delta \int V$ where V is given by a differential equation $d_r V + U = 0$; U involving V, x, y, p, q , &c., and apply the result to determine the curve down which a body falling between two given curves, in a medium whose resistance varies as the square of the velocity, shall acquire the greatest velocity; and shew that the tangents at the points of intersection of the curve with the two limiting curves are parallel to each other.

6. Supposing an urn to contain an equal number of white and black balls, find the probability that in drawing an even number of balls, there will be an equal number of each colour; the probability of drawing any even number whatever of balls being the same.

7. Find the directions of the lines of curvature at any point of a surface, and shew that they are at right angles to each other. Determine also their radii of curvature at the proposed point, in terms of the co-ordinates of that point.

8. A body acted upon by no forces revolves about its centre of gravity, investigate the equations for finding the angular velocities about each of the three principal axes. Shew that if the axis of rotation at the beginning of the motion be not a principal axis, the instantaneous axis will describe in the body an elliptic cone about the axis of greatest or of least inertia.

9. Plane polarized light is incident nearly perpendicularly upon a plate of uniaxal crystal bounded by planes perpendicular to the axis; find the retardation of the ordinary and extraordinary rays after emergence. Determine also the intensity of the light at any point of the image after reflexion from an analyzing plate.



LETTERS ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

LETTER I.

ON REQUIRING A MATHEMATICAL DEGREE FROM CANDIDATES
FOR THE CLASSICAL TRIPOS EXAMINATION.

"Whatever is taught in this University ought to be taught profoundly: for superficial information is not merely of little value, but is a sure proof of bad training."—SEDGWICK on *University Studies*, p. 36.

THE following letter will naturally be attributed by the reader (especially if he be mathematical) to some hapless and discontented individual who has been a sufferer by the existence of a regulation, the expediency of which he for that very reason undertakes to impugn. Under such circumstances, but one construction can be put upon the motives which actuate a writer to protest against any measure, on the assumed or pretended grounds of its being unjust and detrimental to the interests of the community. For instance, an *Essay on the practical inefficiency of Transportation, by a Returned Convict*, would not be very likely to attract the serious attention of the Government to the subject, however extensive a circulation it might obtain among such of the light-fingered fraternity as could contrive to read it. And with this impression, we have not presumed to appeal to the legislative *procures* of the University (whom, indeed, it would ill become us to address), but rather to the rising generation who will one day become such, and many of whom, we are certain, perfectly concur in the sentiments which we have now published, rather as their representatives and in their name, than from any desire to excite a literary rebellion by foisting revolutionary opinions of our own upon our loyal brethren of the toga.

To those, then, of the opposite party, (for there is almost as much party-feeling on the subject of University education as on politics or religion,) who may deign to take up the following pages, we must beg distinctly to state, *in limine*, that we do *not* write either from pique, or disappointment, or from constitutional love of change, or from the slightest wish to depreciate and show disrespect towards their own honourable and useful labours; but solely from firm, though possibly mistaken, conviction. We trust that this disavowal of any such malicious intention will ensure us a patient hearing, and preclude all such prejudices on the part of the reader, as may be incompatible with the dispassionate consideration of the arguments which we are about to adduce. We shall endeavour to reason without acrimony, and expostulate

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without abuse. Whether we shall succeed in this attempt or not, we are confident that the great importance of the subject which we propose, however inadequately, to discuss, and the acknowledged prevalence of feelings decidedly unfavourable to the continuance of the system to which we object, will command at least some portion of interest, and prevent the outcry so generally raised against all who venture to question the expediency of any of our revered Collegiate Institutions.

The subject to which we have just alluded, and which it is full time to introduce to the reader, is the present system of requiring from all students a certain mathematical degree, to qualify them for competition in the Classical Tripos,—a system which we have very seldom heard advocated, and never satisfactorily defended. It appears to be regarded by most in the light of an experiment, wisely made, but unsuccessful in its operation. And though it has lately found strenuous supporters in writers of the first talent and celebrity, these have, we think, confined themselves so exclusively to the *theoretical* view of the matter, as to omit all reference to its *practical effects*, upon which much yet remains to be said. Adhering, then, as closely as possible, to *facts*, and insisting on *experience* alone, we shall proceed at once to explain the grounds upon which this regulation appears to us objectionable.

The studies chiefly pursued by the undergraduates of this University are of two kinds,—in their natures so essentially different, that, so far from any affinity existing between them, they may almost be said to be directly opposed to each other. This appears to be the case, because (with a few noble exceptions) the same mind is usually found to exhibit not only an incapability, but a disinclination in prosecuting both to any great extent, which, were they in any way related, would hardly be the case; and because the rigid discipline and uncompromising severity of the one in themselves present the strongest contrast to the uncontrolled and airy flights of the imagination, which impart so great a charm to the other; so that they would rather seem to act as mutual correctives, than coincide as congenial pursuits. We need not say that we are speaking of classics and mathematics. Now the principal objects of a University education are two-fold: to inform the mind, and to strengthen the understanding. But to these we may add a third, which cannot, in strict propriety, be associated with either of the above, though it is considered by some to be in a certain degree the basis of both, namely, to improve, and at the same time correct, the imaginative powers; that is, on the one hand to nurture and invigorate that inventive energy which engenders ideas, and on the other, to impart that chastened judgment upon such ideas which constitutes what is usually called *taste*. If any one study will, when properly pursued, effect all these objects, it is sufficient in itself for the purposes of a liberal education; if not, that which will effect the most of them should be combined with

that which will supply the deficiency ; and if no such combination can be successfully made, we must acquiesce in that which in itself promises the most beneficial results.

Very celebrated writers on University education have maintained, that no single study will, under ordinary circumstances, answer the above desirable purposes of a general or unprofessional education : and that, therefore, the two main branches of academical tuition, classics and mathematics, should be intertwined with each other, and the more so from the very fact of their naturally verging in opposite directions ; because by such an union, however forced, the one will counteract, by its antagonistic tendencies, whatever is calculated to produce a perverse bent of mind in the other.

Accordingly, the question immediately arises, How then can these be united ? and the answer as immediately follows :—by requiring a certain knowledge of both from every student, and by attaching certain penalties to an accidental or wilful default in either. Unfortunately, it has not been added, And a deficiency in that which is the more generally useful, shall receive greater punishment than a similar deficiency in that which admits of more limited application and uses : but exactly the contrary principle was acted upon ; and herein, in great measure, consists the injustice of the regulation of which we speak.

When, therefore, it was determined by the University to institute a second Tripos for Classics only, it was resolved, in accordance with these views, that none should be allowed to become candidates for places in any of its classes, without having previously obtained an honour in the Mathematical Tripos. And this resolution, which is still in force, is defended on the grounds of *justice* and *expediency*. As to the justice of imposing such a restriction, it is alleged, with great appearance of plausibility, that as (independently of College Examinations) a certain modicum of classics is now required from all at the Previous Examination, so a certain knowledge of mathematics may fairly be demanded from those, whose talents or inclinations lead them to cultivate classical literature in preference to that science. That in a professedly mathematical University, it was not to be expected that any should be exempted through mere caprice from the prescribed course of education. That the exercises and examinations for many University prizes and scholarships, as well as for fellowships, &c., in individual colleges, are exclusively classical : and that as classics are required of all mathematicians, it is no hardship if mathematics are required from some classics. Respecting the expediency of the measure, it is urged, that either of these two studies is too important to be entirely omitted : that as the unrestrained and uncounteracted study of classics might have a tendency to generate vague, imaginative, or superficial views upon general subjects, the requisition of some knowledge in mathema-

tical science is likely to operate as an alternative, and restore the tone of the mind when thus enervated by a too free indulgence in a captivating and engrossing pursuit. It is said, "that to separate these two branches of study, and to allow students to neglect one of them, because some persons have a taste for one and some persons for the other, is to abdicate the functions of education altogether; that colleges do not exist merely for the purpose of enabling men to do what they best like to do, or for the purpose of offering and awarding prizes for trials of strength, in modes selected by the combatants; but for the general cultivation of all the best faculties of those who are committed to their charge."*

This may be called a *theoretical defence* of the institution; *i. e.* such were the reasons assigned for originating it, and such the beneficial results which the originators contemplated, and which it undoubtedly might have produced had it worked successfully. And to question the success of a law enacted on such specious grounds, will appear to those who have devoted little thought and attention to the matter, to be sheer infatuation. These, however, must be apprised, that our object is not to deny all the alleged advantages of the system, but rather to inquire whether the evil accruing from it does not so far outweigh the good, as to justify its abolition. We are bound to admit, that nothing but a firm conviction of its practical inefficiency, and of the baneful influence which it exerts on the literary character of the University, could have induced us to take up arms, thus openly and avowedly, against any one of Alma Mater's hallowed institutions, with the prospect of entailing upon ourselves no little abuse, enmity, and ridicule, for such unwarrantable presumption.

When we consider—

1. The extreme disgust generally manifested by classical scholars towards the compulsory study of mathematics;
2. The imperfect and slovenly manner in which such a study is sure to be prosecuted, and the little mental discipline which it consequently affords;
3. The evanescent nature of mathematics in a mind naturally averse to them;
4. The number of undergraduates who will read *classics* or *nothing*, and who are now driven into idleness and perhaps debauchery;†
5. The great weight which the present regulation lays upon the head of classical literature in this University, seriously tending to depress and crush it;
6. That the same regulation gives discouragement to one study in a vastly greater proportion than encouragement to the other;
7. The really unimportant amount which will usually secure a low mathematical honour;

* Whewell on University Education, p. 39.

† This consideration is one of deep importance.

8. The fact that this amount does not appear practically to produce in the learner any beneficial effects;

9. The great waste of time, which, if this be the case, would be otherwise better employed;

10. The circumstance that some of the best scholars are, by enforcing this regulation, almost every year debarred from all reward of their studies;

11. The numbers who are, from the same cause, deterred from entering at all at Cambridge;

12. The permanent and irreparable consequences of a single failure in obtaining a mathematical honour, and the disgrace undeservedly entailed upon the defaulter;

13. The unjustifiable frustration and loss, by mere accident or ill luck, of the vast labour and expense of a good classical education;—

When, we repeat, we consider these facts, and reflect that all these disadvantages may, and often do, result from insisting upon a mathematical honour as a *sine quâ non* qualification for the Classical Tripos; the most partial reader will at once perceive the semblance at least of some real grounds of complaint to be brought against such a requirement, and that either these ought to be explained away, or the regulation itself abolished. The above allegations we shall now proceed to consider more at length; and we hope to shew that these are by no means the *only* objections which may be urged against the system which we have undertaken to impugn.

The point which we are most anxious first to establish is, that such a restriction is *unfair, unnecessary, and ineffectual* in attaining its end.

I. It is *unfair*, because the proficiency respectively required for obtaining the lowest honour in each Tripos is disproportionate

1. In amount;

2. In actual utility.

And first:—the *amount* of mathematical knowledge bears no proportion to that of classical learning necessary for the above purposes. The actual proficiency made in any two studies must be *appreciated*, if not *measured*, by the relative time usually spent in acquiring a corresponding acquaintance with both. That is (to be more explicit), if a person has prosecuted with equal diligence one of these studies for a year, and the other for a month, his progress in the former must be estimated at a higher rate than his progress in the latter, even though he be still further from a perfect knowledge of the former, than he is from that of the latter subject. But it may probably be safely asserted, however reluctantly admitted, that as many months will (or at all events till very lately would) ensure a degree in mathematics, as years will a similar one in classics; in other words, while a long and tedious course of school education will rarely impart more than a moderate

knowledge of the latter, a very brief acquaintance with the former will, in most cases, realise a sufficiency for University demands. Can it then be just, that the labour of years should be weighed in the scale against the study of months? That all reward of superiority in the one pursuit, though so much more difficult of acquirement, should be lost from a trifling inadequacy in the amount of the other? Surely on this principle an employer might say to his labourers, "You who have earned twelve shillings, and you who have earned one, by the length of time you have respectively worked, shall be liable to the same risk of losing your wages if you omit to fulfil certain and the same conditions;" that is, an unequal penalty shall punish the same negligence in both. The real statement, however, of the case before us is, that a *greater* penalty attaches to a deficiency in a *minor* (we shall not be misunderstood) study, and a *less* to a corresponding default in a far *more* laborious one. Of course, if any one chooses to dispute the statement we have given of the relative time required in attaining the same amount of mathematical and of classical knowledge, our argument falls to the ground. We only state our own conviction, derived from observation, upon the subject.

But it will be urged, that, admitting the time spent in acquiring a like proficiency in these two studies to be very unequal, that very inequality is nicely adjusted by the present system: thus, one who has read classics six years at school, is only required to devote as many months at College to the attainment of a different branch of education to enable him to display and reap the fruits of his classical learning; while another, of six months' reading in mathematics, cannot apply *them* without having devoted the longer time to the other study required in the Previous Examination. Now this is plausible in principle; but it is in *cases of failure* that the real injustice becomes manifest. It is by no means uncommon (perhaps usual) for a Freshman to have made no advancement in mathematics beyond his Euclid and simple equations; yet such an one has before this eventually turned out Senior-wrangler, or at least taken a very high mathematical honour. It should also be borne in mind, that though there are but few candidates for the classical, compared with the number of those for the mathematical Tripos; still the former are for the most part *picked men*; while the latter *chiefly* consist of such as, considering their school progress in classics not sufficient to encourage them to proceed, betake themselves to another comparatively new study, in which the progress made is quicker, more perceptible, and more definite. The one party, in short, *continue*, the other *begin*, to read as soon as they enter the University. That mathematics are not more generally read at schools, is, we are aware, a very general, and possibly a very just complaint; still the fact at present is, that they are much neglected,—perhaps because it is taken for granted that three years are sufficient for reading

through the whole course of the mathematical subjects required at Cambridge, which indeed the present scheme of college lectures seems to presuppose. It is absurd to imagine that, under ordinary circumstances, any one who should begin the Greek alphabet upon entering his University career, would, in three years, attain anything like a competent knowledge of so vast a language, even if he were to prosecute it exclusively and uninterruptedly for that time. Perhaps the labour and study required in mastering Thucydides alone are equal to those necessary for the attainment of any six mathematical *subjects*, as they are called. This is a bold assertion, but experience will prove it to be generally the case. Yet we only speak of *one* author in *one* language. In Cambridge, it were easy to produce twenty mathematicians for every single classic: which paucity on the part of classical men strongly corroborates the truth of what we are maintaining, viz. that classics are a greater, more laborious, and more rarely attained study, even though a school education is almost entirely classical; and that, as such, they ought not to be ruthlessly quashed by the nefarious demand of a wretched smattering in the more ephemeral and transient pursuit in which all are now compelled to engage, *invita Minerva*.

II. The discussion of the next question,—the comparative utility of the lowest available amount of classics and mathematics,—involves considerable difficulty;* partly because it is dangerous to generalise in a case where so much depends upon the constitution of individual minds and faculties; and partly because it is hardly possible for either reader or writer so completely to divest himself of the bias of favouritism, as to decide between the merits of the two with perfect impartiality. As we propose to consider this question at some length, it may be necessary to remind the reader that we shall state, not the theoretical benefits, but what we believe to be the practical results, of prosecuting these studies to a certain limited extent. We have no intention whatever of disparaging mathematics as a mental discipline, if rationally pursued and competently attained; but only of denying the advantages which are rashly alleged to accrue from compelling the classical student to acquire a slight and slovenly knowledge of them, to the interruption of those studies which alone his mind is capable of prosecuting beneficially.

In *utility*, then, (by which we mean value as a part of a liberal education,) it will hardly be contended, that what is called a *smat-*

* So much has been written and said on the uses of these studies, that any further remarks upon them may appear superfluous. We have already observed, however, that writers are apt to state rather what mathematics ought, than what they are practically found, to effect. It is to *fact* that we entirely appeal. Some will think that we have said too much on a subject which but indirectly affects the argument: but it must be remembered, that if mathematics can be proved inefficient in cultivating some minds, the inexpediency of enforcing them upon such will be manifest.

tering of mathematics—for, be it observed, we are speaking only of the lowest amount which will insure an “honour” in the first Tripos—is equal to a smattering of classics, difficult as it may be to define what must be considered as a precisely equivalent quantity of each. Does any one suppose that a student who *crams* (generally on the principle of speculation) a little Euclid and a little algebra, with a few odd chapters in mechanics, trigonometry, conic sections, Newton, &c. &c. *because they are sure to be set*, either really knows or cares one tittle what he is learning, or why? Probably the above bear the same ratio to the immense science of mathematics, which the most trivial acquaintance with the first principles of the Greek and Latin languages does to a thorough knowledge of classics, supposing a limit could be assigned to both, and computing the labour which the perfect attainment of both would require from their earliest commencement. Certainly, such a knowledge of the one is only as elementary, in point of application, as such a knowledge of the other, and probably as readily acquired—a very few months being generally sufficient for making so small a progress in either. They are both tiny specks in the wide field of philosophy. To say that such a very trifling amount of classical, and such of mathematical learning as we have described, are disproportionate in practical utility, would perhaps be to assert a paradox. The question before us is, whether the real amount of the one required for the lowest degree in the first Tripos, be of equal value with the knowledge demanded of the other for a similar purpose in the second? Now classics appear to admit of application in a much more imperfect state of attainment than mathematics do. Almost every new word, every new idiom, acquired in the learned languages, illustrates the origin, force, or true meaning of some corresponding word or idiom, not only in our own, but in almost every other modern language. A very little advancement in languages which form the basis of so many others, must give a proportionate insight into the general theory of the expression of human thought,—a comprehension of the nature, principles, and analogies of universal language. It must conduce much towards correctness of diction and perspicuity of expression in writing and conversation; it must impart a taste and judgment in all cognate literary matters, as well as materially facilitate our study of the sacred Scriptures and of divinity,—objects for which the Universities were mainly founded, but which are most seriously retarded and discouraged by the unwarrantable encroachment which mathematics have made upon their province.

Now we submit, that the same advantages do not attend a very slight and elementary knowledge of mathematics, which result from even the partial attainment of classics. In its very nature, an imperfect perception of the former is infinitely more transient and evanescent than a moderate acquaintance with the latter. It

is a notorious fact, attested not only by common observation, but by the voluntary confession of the parties themselves, that three weeks after the examination for B.A., scarcely one out of fifty of the *οἱ πολλοί* and low honour men could write out again, with any thing like accuracy, the mathematical formulæ and technicalities which they so lately transferred from memory to paper. They undoubtedly are haunted for a month or two afterwards by the ghosts of certain tortured cosines and mangled equations; but even this shadow of a shade soon flits away, never to return to the uncongenial soul which has rejected its beauties, and despised its admonitions. Where, then, is the good which has resulted to such from this most unnatural and generally detested violence done to the intellect? We are told, that it has imperceptibly improved his reasoning powers, it has developed his intellectual faculties, it has imparted a habit of abstraction, concentration, of close and logical reasoning, of severe and scrutinizing attention,—all which blessings the unconscious student is obliged to take on trust. Heaven help us! these are, to the last degree, vague and questionable assertions. The intellect is not developed by studies from which it recoils with disgust, and which it consequently never attempts to grasp with the vigorous apprehension and searching power which attend the progressive attainment of a congenial pursuit. It is food which the mind relishes and can digest, that best strengthens it, as in the analogous case of the physical constitution. And as this ideal strengthening tendency is the great advantage supposed to accrue from mathematical studies, the inferiority of them, should that supposition be unfounded or only partially true, to classical acquirements, which always admit of other ends, applications, and uses, is manifest.

The unqualified assertion, that mathematics *necessarily* improve the mind, directly or indirectly, is a vague, unfounded, illogical, equivocal assumption, utterly unworthy of men who profess to admit nothing without proof. What never takes hold of the mind, can have little tendency to develope its powers. The practical results of dabbling in the science are manifest to the most casual observer; for nineteen out of every twenty “honour men” are mere dabblers, and never display any marked superiority in intellectual or conversational powers over those who are innocent of tangents, curves, and spheroids. This is a plain matter of experience and observation. To say that mathematical science *must* improve the reason because that science *is* reason in its purest form, is no doubt a very pleasant theory, and highly gratifying to those who are groping in the dark, and do not exactly see wherein the boasted use of the studies they are prosecuting really lies. There is something satisfactory in believing that your mind is imperceptibly strengthened by every new equation you solve: the idea encourages you in a study however dry and uncongenial to your taste,

especially if there be no other which you prosecute in preference to it. But assume the following case. A student is devotedly and enthusiastically attached to the study of classics. In them are centered all his hopes of academical distinction and mental improvement. They are *his* philosophy. He *feels* himself unquestionably benefitted by them. He is convinced that his talents are not competent to ensure him distinction in two different pursuits, and therefore naturally *and wisely* prefers excellence in one to mediocrity in both. He finds, however, that he is compelled to acquire a certain knowledge of the other. He neither knows nor cares one iota about the uses, or beauties, or value of trigonometry or conic sections; but is assured they are perfectly indispensable in building bridges and studying astronomy. As both these are rather beyond his ambition, this satisfactory assurance does not exactly succeed in imparting the necessary *gusto* for the science. He commences it with sufficient dislike, greatly aggravated by feeling that every hour he devotes to it is so much subtracted from his now precious time. He is condemned to work at an intellectual treadmill, instead of breathing the pure air and enjoying the light of his academical heaven. He leaves Æschylus for the steelyard, shuts up Aristophanes to discuss carriage-wheels, and abandons Plautus for the equation to the hyperbola. In consequence of his preconceived aversion, he makes slow and tedious progress. He is compelled to relinquish classics altogether, and trust to a short period of three weeks to rub off the rust which may have grown upon them from half-a-year's total neglect. His aversion now rises into the most intense and unmitigated disgust. In distraction, he either flies to Oxford, degrades to an ordinary degree, shuts up all books whatever, falls in love, writes poetry, commits suicide, learns the flute, or (if of sufficient resolution to persevere) gets plucked for his pains, and called a fool by way of alleviation!

In discussing our second point, the relative value of a certain amount of classical and of mathematical knowledge, we do not take either study into consideration in respect of any *particular* profession into which a university student may hereafter enter, and for which he may design his academical career as a preparation. We merely state the apparent advantages which both present in point of *general mental cultivation*. Were we, however, to dwell upon this head, we might claim a great superiority in this respect also for classical learning.

One great office of Alma Mater is to nurse for the Church. Perhaps a dozen students are destined for Holy Orders, where one is intended for an engineer, architect, or practical mechanician. Now a man may not preach a better sermon for understanding spherical trigonometry; but he is likely to preach a sounder one from understanding his Bible in the original language. The same may, of course, be predicated inversely of the engineer.

Yet, as matters now stand, more compulsion is imposed upon the clergyman than upon the engineer, in attaining the extraneous acquirement which bears less directly upon his profession. It is, indeed, to be feared that the Cambridge Mathematics are producing a visible, though far from beneficial, effect in the Church. Of the law we say nothing, because a smattering of classics is about as useful as the same amount of mathematics, except that the former may be of some assistance in decyphering that mysterious tongue called *dog-Latin*. A *knowledge* of mathematics is unquestionably an invaluable acquisition to the lawyer.

The following opinion of the utility of mathematics as a general and unprofessional study, is extracted from the *Edinburgh Review*.*

“In regard to business, for men in general, no study is more utterly worthless than that of mathematics. No academical pursuit has so few extra-academical votaries. The reasons are manifest. In the first place, mathematics, to be spontaneously loved, require a more peculiar constitution of mind and temperament than any other intellectual pursuit. In the second, as observed by Plato, no study forced in the school is ever voluntarily cultivated in life—(ψυχῇ βίαιον οὐδὲν ἐμμενὲς μάθημα). In the third, to use the words of Seneca, ‘some things, once known, stick fast; others, it is not enough to have learnt, our knowledge of them perishing when we cease to learn.’ Such are mathematics.”

To take a more extended comparative view of these two intellectual pursuits, without limiting either, as we have hitherto done, to the minimum progress made in them which is required for obtaining the lowest honour in either tripos:—If mathematical science really has so decided a tendency to improve the mind as it is represented to have, ought we not clearly to perceive some distinctive result of its influence—some great and marked superiority displayed by its votaries over those who have exclusively pursued other studies? Do we certainly find, practically, and generally speaking, every one who claims the name of a mathematician *particularly* remarkable for his logical powers of argument, his accurate perception of truths, or his ready detection of fallacies? We say, *generally*; and thereby mean to ask, whether the ordinary routine of mathematical subjects read in the university has, perceptibly, this improving tendency; for that a *great* mathematician is in all these respects improved we do not of course deny, any more than we do that every mind is strengthened by a *congenial* study. The great question is this:—Does even a moderate (not to speak of a very slight and

* Jan. 1836, p. 454. The reader is particularly requested to peruse this most interesting article, where he will find a startling list of high authorities who have recorded their opinions against mathematical study.

elementary) knowledge of mathematics so infallibly improve the reasoning powers, as to render it expedient that none should enjoy the fruits of another, more tedious, if not more difficult study, without having attained such a knowledge of the former?

This question must be answered in a most unequivocal affirmative, to establish the justice of the system we are impugning: yet we think that a close and candid observer, not hopelessly biassed in favour of the study in which he excels, will answer it in an equally unequivocal negative.

The fact is, that as a preparation for the successful conduct of the common, tangible, matter-of-fact business which devolves upon men of the world, mathematics would seem to be, in their nature, singularly ill-adapted for imparting those habits of practical activity and prompt decision, on the bare view of a case, which are generally considered such indispensable requisites for the man of business. Mathematics have to deal exclusively with ideal objects—with notions of things, and with imaginary existence. They profess not to grapple with sudden casualties and startling realities. They are a cold, calculating, cautious, study. They engage solely with certainties and proofs, and eschew probabilities; for which reason they do not school the mind to meet the unforeseen and unregulated contingencies of fortune. They reject generally inferences from analogy. They employ the understanding only, while the memory, the sense, the imagination, the inventive faculties, the knowledge of human life and human manners, are things upon which they have no bearing, and exert no influence. In short, the demonstrative character of the science incapacitates the mind for perceiving and reasoning upon more palpable truths, or those confirmed by anything short of positive evidence.

Professor Sedgwick says: the study of mathematics “gives the mind a habit of abstraction, most difficult to acquire by ordinary means, and a power of concentration of inestimable value in the business of life. *I need not attempt to prove what no one is prepared to deny.*” Perhaps he should have said, *what no one in Cambridge will dare to deny.* If pigmies might contend with giants, we would e’en throw down the gauntlet on the question.

Again:—To hear some men talk, one would imagine that the study of classics was incapable of producing anything more than a literary polish, a superficial gloss of the mind, a fine taste, a vivacity and facility in conversation, &c.; but that for anything of a deep, subtle, or esoteric nature, recourse must be had to “philosophy”—meaning mathematics. Perhaps many persons may be surprised to learn that there is just as great a scope for philosophical speculation in classical, as there is in any other kind of learning. The inquiring and contemplative mind will find in the classical *languages*—to say nothing of the classical

writings, matter requiring the profoundest reasoning and nicest consideration. They will lead him to study the earliest development of speech; the primary efforts of the human mind to express its sentiments. He will have to unravel all the mysteries of subtle structure and minute distinctions; to analyze a great and complicated scheme of causes and effects; of general principles variously affected by collateral circumstances, latent tendencies, or apparently unaccountable caprice. He will have to trace the gradual formation of a vast language from the bare roots to the rich and well-matured vocabulary which springs from them in such boundless luxuriance; to develop, combine, and classify the apparently incongruous meanings of cognate words; and to comprehend, verify, and reason upon the huge undigested mass of rules and canons, which both the acuteness and stupidity of ages have indiscriminately bequeathed to the bewildered student. All these subjects for contemplation are the best possible discipline of the mind. They cannot, indeed, be worked out by the cunning adaptation of symbols on sheets of paper; but they can be discussed and arranged in the tablets of the memory, to the equal edification of the mental powers.

Professor Sedgwick, in questioning the utility of sacrificing so much time to the attainment of critical and formal accuracy in classics, thinks it probable that the *imagination* and *taste* might be more wisely cultivated by other means. What these means are, he does not inform us; but he unaccountably overlooks the vast intellectual discipline which the philosophical scholar derives from his pursuit, and which far surpasses in value the improvement in taste or imagination which he acquires by the same means.

To read classics is to read human life, as it appears in all its good and bad realities. And a knowledge of mankind is practically a more valuable acquisition than a knowledge of the stars, however humbly the former may sound when compared with so lofty a science.

Many classical scholars of first-rate acquirements profess great obligations to mathematics, particularly after they have secured a degree. How far a natural reluctance to admit so much time to have been utterly thrown away, may induce them to believe this; how far they can accurately estimate the benefits they may have derived from them; how far, or how justly, they have attributed the undoubted improvement of their minds to the wrong causes; or what they would have been without ever having studied the science, are questions which neither we, nor probably they, can satisfactorily answer. Still, allowing them to have derived the highest possible benefit from the admixture of mathematical study, it by no means follows that every mind, however averse to mathematics, should necessarily derive proportionate advantage from a mere elementary and imperfectly

attained knowledge of them, enforced under the heaviest possible penalties. Now, from one or the other of these two convictions must have originated the present compulsory system; either that a classical mind requires in a peculiar degree, and more than any other mind, the corrective of mathematical learning—for from the classic alone is so much of it *demand*ed; or that if such a check were not interposed, mathematical studies would be less in vogue than it was wished that they should be. If the regulation was meant as a check, the injustice is apparent; if the former opinion was entertained, the truth of it ought to have been incontrovertibly established before it was acted upon. But we have little hesitation in asserting that the chief motive for instituting this law, was to ensure the supremacy of mathematical studies in the University; and to establish the usurper in permanent security upon his throne.

We cannot dismiss the subject without a few additional remarks upon the intrinsic value of mathematics, compared with that of classics, so far as the uses of both may be estimated from a consideration of their nature. An elementary knowledge of the former is certainly calculated, in an eminent degree, to develop *one* faculty—that of numbers, or computation. When this faculty is joined with that of constructiveness, you have your analytical mathematician at once. Hence we observe, that mere boys will frequently attain great proficiency and facility even in the higher branches of mathematics; while a sound knowledge of classics is, as far as we are aware, never attained but by students of a more advanced age and maturer powers of mind. Again; the analyst *reasons on paper*. Deprive him of writing materials, and he is a workman without tools, unless he has advanced so far in the science as to have attained a comprehensive intellectual view of its great fundamental principles,—a point which the mere dabbler never reaches. He is, in fact, (we hope we shall not give offence,) a mere symbol-monger, and becomes, when without the walls of Cambridge, a cypher in society, as far as any brilliancy of wit or conversation is concerned, to both of which mathematics are singularly inimical. And when we consider the difficulties (if they may be so called) which the student is required to surmount in studying elementary mathematics, we cannot help observing, that they are not generally such as call into action much mental power for their solution. They arise, for the most part, from not perceiving some petty link in a chain, or from a perplexity in the adaptation of symbols; they are a *bewilderment* rather than the subjects of intellectual exertion. Now this is a point in which the superiority of classical studies is eminently manifested.*

* So different an opinion is usually entertained on this and the above points, that we are bound, in candour, to admit that we speak chiefly from the effects which an attempt to acquire a little mathematical knowledge had upon our own mind, and

If a reader is at a loss to comprehend fully a principle in language, or even the meaning of a passage in Plato or Cicero, he considers it strictly *in his mind*, and not on paper; or he can, without any detriment, or the necessity of leaving unfastened any link in a chain of reasoning, leave it for maturer consideration, and resume it when better prepared for determining it. You cannot, on the other hand, pass over any step in mathematics without injury to the deductions subsequently made from it: and the student who has made but little advancement in the science, usually proceeds ambiguously and obscurely from only half understanding, in reality, steps of which he fancies he has a thorough comprehension. Classics invite and encourage speculative thought, in the highest degree. Indeed, anything like a good knowledge of them can only be realised by that salutary process of mental digestion, which the usages, principles, and peculiarities of language imperatively require. And surely the *exercise of thought* is, after all, the true way to develop the understanding; and the study which most encourages this exercise, the best culture.

But there are yet two points in which the compulsory system is *unfair* to competitors for honours in the Classical Tripos. By this oppressive enactment, the successful display of classical talent is made to depend materially upon the accidental possession of another and totally different kind of talent. Two students come up to the University from one school, in which they have, perhaps, long been considered as equally matched in classical proficiency. Both are equally ignorant of mathematics, and both defer the study of them till the last year of their academical career. Here, for the first time, one outstrips the other; not because he is a greater classical genius, but because he happens to possess a better mathematical capacity, and can acquire in three months, more than the other can attain in a year. This is, in reality, an *unfair* advantage on the side of the more fortunate student, because he thereby has a clear gain of nine months' additional classical reading.

Secondly, a very serious expense is frequently incurred by parents in providing their sons with classical private tutors, in the vain expectation that the said sons will be enabled, by this assistance, to make some display in the latter Tripos. Yet how constantly do we see—there are many instances annually—the student ultimately make a quiet and unpretending exit among the *οἱ πολλοί*, and thus throw to the dogs all chances of classical distinction, just because he feels sure that he does not know sufficient mathematics to secure the ignoble degree of Junior Optime! Thus money is expended, wishes are frustrated, hopes disappointed, by the existence of a restriction from which the student would probably not

from the assurances of several who have made the same experiment, that they view the matter in precisely the same light.

have received the slightest benefit, had he complied with its requisitions ever so cheerfully. This is surely a serious evil. We will, however, for the present, suspend any further remarks upon the subject, and commence our second letter with the next number of this Magazine.

(To be continued.)

I KNOW NOT WHY IN CHILDHOOD'S HOUR.

I know not why in Childhood's hour
Life seems so free from care,
Or why the sunshine and the shower
In childhood seem more fair.

I know not why the hues of heaven
Should seem less lovely now,
Or why less glory should be given
To grass and flower and bough.

Perhaps a presence, love, may pass,
From cloud and sun and sky,
A beauty, love, may leave the grass,
Yet beauty cannot die.

Ah no ! it is the human mind
That undergoes a change,
And, oh ! our nature is so blind,
Men know not when they range.

But we will never cease to love,
Our hearts no change can know,
While radiant is our sky above,
And green our earth below.

Then waste we not the silver hours,
In thought and grief and fear,
But cull life's sweetest, fairest flowers,
While they are blooming here.

THE POETS OF ENGLAND WHO HAVE DIED YOUNG.

No. IV.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

" The mount to which the Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
Beneath the broad beech and the chesnut shade."

Sowrites Ben Jonson, of Penshurst, the renowned birth-place of the Poet of the Arcadia. Nigh to the glancing waters of the Medway—surrounded and shaded by the ancient foliage of the forest—with meadows and lawns, beechy alcoves, and chesnut avenues interspersed among the adjoining scenery—was the family mansion of the Sidneys reared. It was the very spot in which, of all others, a young poet would choose to be born; for the Muses love to be wooed, and are rarely coy of their favours, in solitude.

Spenser calls Sidney the "gentle shepherd born in Arcady;" and he indulges in an imaginative description of the youthful poet's mode of life:—

" From the time that first the nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed;
A slender swain, excelling far each other
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
And doubly fair waxed both in mind and face.

His sports were fair, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sour, and honey without gall;
And he himself seemed made for merriment,
Merrily masking both in bower and hall.

For he would pipe and dance and carol sweet,
Amongst the shepherds in their shearing feast;
As summer's lark that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth coming from the east.

And many a nymph both of the wood and brook,
Soon as his oaken pipe began to shrill,
Both chrystal wells and shady groves forsook
To hear the charms of his enchanting skill;
And brought him presents—flowers if it were prime;
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time."

When Sidney was born, there was an acorn planted in the park at Penshurst. It grew to be a spreading oak, and for upwards of two hundred years defied the storm, and escaped the general doom of forest-trees. It was regarded, like the mulberry-trees of Shakespeare and Milton, with reverence. It was the theme of many an

encomium, and the burden of many a song. Ben Jonson, in the poem already quoted, speaks of

“ That taller tree, which of a nut was set
At his great birth, where all the Muses met ;”

and Waller, during the short time that he lingered in this delightful haunt, wrote of

“ Yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth.”

But Zouch says that it was cut down—we know not by whose orders, or for what reason—in 1768 : destined, however, to be handed down by traditionary fame to posterity, and for ages to “ live in description, and look green in song.”

The young Sidney did not spend many years of his life at Penshurst. When he was little more than a child, he was sent to school at Shrewsbury. He afterwards studied at Oxford, and subsequently at Cambridge, at either Trinity College, or that of Christ's. His appetite for knowledge—the prodigious extent of his learning—are known to all. “ He cultivated,” says one of his encomiasts, “ not one art, or one science, but the whole circle of arts and sciences ; his capacious and comprehensive mind aspiring to preeminence in every part of knowledge attainable by human genius or industry.” Equal renown did he obtain in whatever sphere he moved. A warrior in the camp ;—at court, a gentleman and a scholar ;—and a poet among the groves and pastures ;—the matchless paragon to whom his contemporaries looked up as to the burning of some luminous star ;—with whose exploits no rival could compete ;—and yet, amidst his martial dignity, and honoured by the companionship of the Muses, wearing on his shoulder the lover's knot—the graceful gift of beauty ; for poetry is ever loyal to passion, though it is recompensed too often with an indifferent reward.

Nor was there an exception in the instance of Sidney. He was still at College, when he was attracted by the charms of the daughter of Sir William Cecil. Young and beautiful was his ladye-love, fair, and of high descent. It was a first and ardent passion,—kindled and cherished in a poet's breast. From some cause or other, which does not now appear, the match was broken off ; and Anne Cecil became the bride of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. But her marriage was unhappy. So had Dante his Beatrice, Petrarch his Laura, Waller his Sacharissa, and Byron his Mary Chaworth.

Hear how Sidney sings :—

STANZAS TO LOVE.

Ab, poor Love ! why dost thou live
Thus to see thy service lost ?
If she will no comfort give,
Make an end—yield up the ghost !

That she may, at length, approve
That she hardly long believed,
That the heart will die for love
That is not in time relieved.

Oh, that ever I was born!
Service so to be refused;
Faithful love to be foreborn!
Never love was so abused.

But, sweet Love, be still awhile;
She that hurt thee, Love, may heal thee;
Sweet! I see within her smile
More than reason can reveal thee.

And again, when want of success had taught him the vanity of earthly passion:—

“Leave me, O Love! which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.”

Yet in a different temper he writes the following, which he quaintly terms

WOOING STUFF.

Faint amorist, what! dost thou think
To taste Love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge?—a lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.
He that loves, and fears to try,
Seems his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee? 'tis to show it.
That thy coldness makes her do it:
Is she silent? is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit:
Doth she pout and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come:
Is she sick? why then be sure
She invites thee to the cure.” &c.

During his travels abroad, our author contracted a friendship with the celebrated Hubert Languet, the intimate companion of Melancthon. The alliance thus formed between them, has been compared to that of Socrates and Alcibiades,—with more elegance than truth; for if Sidney found in Languet the wisdom and integrity of the Athenian teacher, he proved in his own person a more docile disciple than Alcibiades, without being wanting in those embellishments of parts and person which gained renown for the

Greek patrician. More just was the likeness drawn between him and Telemachus, with Languet, as his reverend Mentor, glowing towards him with all a father's love.

Tasso was living at this time, and with him he became acquainted at Padua. We have no account left us of the manner of their meeting. But the English scholar was capable of appreciating the merits of him who wrote the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*;" nor could Sidney's elegant deportment and refined address escape the notice of the Neapolitan: kindred spirits, and actuated and inspired by a kindred genius, their conversation, to those around them, must have partaken of the nature of two rills, which, flowing together, and mingling into one continuous stream, irrigate the neighbouring banks, and nourish the adjoining meadows with the refreshment of their overflow.

Amongst much that is healthful and beautiful, the pages of our old poets present a great deal that is barren and deformed: extravagant similes, and far-fetched conceits, tinsel sentences, ludicrous—yet wearisome—bombast. They were deficient in the grace and elegance which characterise the productions of our modern bards; but they possessed—what may too often be looked for in vain, in the poetry of the 19th century—strength and nervousness—a regard for nature, which amounted to adoration, and expressed with no mawkish sentimentality, no straining for originality and effect. They have much, it is true, that is superfluous: in the very exuberance of their rich imagination, they suffered their fancy to run riot amongst the labyrinths of reverie; and the reader, as he follows in their wake, should possess a skilful hand to enable him to lop off all that is redundant.

These defects must be laid at Sidney's door; not that they originated with him, but that in many instances he is doubly chargeable with them. In fact, it is not to his poetry alone—nor even in any considerable degree—that his fame, as an author, is to be attributed. There are in his verses sparkling sentences, and mines of deep and treasured thought;—rough they are, too frequently, and unhewn, like the stone ere it has been polished at the wheel, or the native metal before the refiner has purified it in his furnace.

Sidney's sonnets are amatory. Charles Lamb, speaking of the best of them, says, that they are "among the very best of their sort. They are stuck full," he continues, "of amorous fancies, far-fetched conceits, befitting his occupation; for true love thinks no labour to send out thoughts upon the vast and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, outlandish wealth, gums, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-depreciating similitudes, as shadows of true amiabilities in the beloved."

Here are two of the sonnets with which Elia chooses to illustrate his remarks:—

I.

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies ;
 How silently, and with how wan a face !
 What ! may it be, that even in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's ease ;
 I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state decries.
 Then, even of fellowship, O moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Do they alone love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
 Do they call virtue there—ungratefulness ?*

II.

I never drank of Aganippe's well,
 Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
 And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell ;
 Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit.
 Some do I hear of Poet's fury tell,
 But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it ;
 And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
 I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
 How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease
 My thoughts I speak, and what I speak doth flow
 In verse,—and that my verse best wits doth please ?
 Guess me the cause,—what is it thus ? fye, no.
 Or so ? much less. How then ? sure thus it is,
 My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

Sidney, in his boyhood, had fallen in love with Anne Cecil. In the prime of his youth he became enamoured of a second lady, Penelope Devereux, the daughter of the Earl of Essex. She was his Laura : he beheld her snatched from him, and given to another. Not by the waters of Vaucluse—not in the still meditation of retirement, but amidst the display of royalty, and within the precincts of a court,—did he pour forth that series of sonnets which has immortalized the memory of his innamorata.

These poems are not in everybody's hands. We will cull a few verses from them at hazard.

I.

Who will in fairest book of nature know
 How virtue may best lodged in beauty be,
 Let him but learn of love to read in thee,
 Stella, those fair lines which true goodness show :
 There shall we find all vices overthrow,
 Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
 Of reason, from whose light those night-birds fly ;
 That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.

* The last line of this poem is a little obscured by transposition. He means, Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue ?—*Essays of Elia.*

II.

Soul's joy, bend not those morning stars from me,
 Where virtue is made strong by beauty's might ;
 Where love is chasteness, pain doth learn delight,
And humbleness grows one with majesty :
 Whatever may ensue, O let me be
 Copartner of the riches of that sight :
 Let not mine eyes be hell-driv'n from that light ;
 O look ! O shine ! O let me die, and see !
 For though I oft myself of them bemoan,
 That through my heart their beamy darts be gone,
 Whose cureless wounds, e'en now, most freshly bleed ;
 Yet, since my death-wound is already got,
 Dear killer, spare not thy sweet cruel shot,
 A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

III.

While favour fed my hope, delight with hope is brought ;
 Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow thought ;
 Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory :
I thought all words were lost that were not spent of thee ;
I thought each place was dark, but where thy lights would be,
 And all ears worse than deaf, that heard not out thy story.
 I said thou wert most fair, and so indeed thou art ;
 I said thou art most sweet, sweet poison to my heart ;
 I said my soul was thine,—O that I then had lied !
 I said thine eyes were stars, thy breasts the milken way,
 Thy fingers Cupid's shafts, thy voice the angels' lay ;
 And all I said so well, as no man it denied.
 But now that hope is lost, unkindness kills delight,
 Yet thought and speech do live, though metamorphosed quite,—
 For rage now rules the reins, which guided were by pleasure :
 I think now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise ;
 That speech falls now to blame, which did thy honour raise ;
 The same key open can, which can lock up a treasure.
 Thou then, whom partial heav'n's conspired in one to frame
 The proof of beauty's worth, th' inheretrix of fame,
 The mansion seat of bliss, and just excuse of lovers ;
 See now those feathers pluck'd wherewith thou flew most high ;
 See what clouds of reproach shall dark thy honour's sky :
Whose own faults cast him down, hardly high seat recovers.

The reader must bear in mind that these are all addressed to the ladye-love of Sidney.

There are passages of peculiar beauty and felicity scattered among his verses.

I.

— Sweet pillows, sweetest bed—
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head.

II.

Love, still a boy, and oft a wanton is,
 School'd only by his mother's tender eye.

III.

If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Nor so ambitious am I as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree :
In truth I swear, I wish not there should be
Grav'd in my epitaph a poet's name.

IV.

Stella! food of my thoughts, heart of my heart;
Stella! whose eyes make all my tempests clear.

V.

— Reason, princess high,
Whose throne is in the mind.

Speaking of two lovers, he says :

The one is beautiful and fair
As orient pearls and rubies are ;
And sweet as, after gentle showers,
The breath is of some thousand flowers.

And this description of his beloved :

An humble pride, a scorn that favour stains ;
A woman's mould, but like an angel graced ;
An angel's mind, but in a woman cast.

Sir Philip Sidney has been called the “ Bayard of England—*‘ sans pure et sans reproche ;’*”—“ the glass of fashion, and the mould of form ;”—“ the cynosure of all neighbouring eyes.” And to the mind that loves to dwell devotedly upon the past ages of chivalry—to whom the pageants of the tournament and the paraphernalia of the lists, the pomp, the splendour of that noon-day dream (for such it seems to us) which the fair and noble beauty, dames of gentle and of high degree, were wont to grace with their presence, and encourage with their applause, and with whose smile came at once the trophy and the renown—are as a spell and mantle of romance, remembered with the recollections of childhood, because it was interwoven with the state of being in which we were then held ;—to such a mind, how perfect and glorious must he seem who was the high-priest of chivalry itself—the paragon of all that was honourable and great—the warrior upon whose valour no tongue could fix a stain—the poet whose melodies were eternal, for their theme was love—the gentleman whose elegance was unsurpassed—the lover whose devotion was unrivalled ! For he knelt at the altar of Beauty, and at his own shrine the Graces sacrificed. He was the model of all that is perfect and divine in man.

This is high praise ; but we are conscious that it is scarcely exaggerated. Camden says of him, that “ he is his own monument whose memory is eternized in his writings, and who was born into

the world to show unto our age a sample of ancient virtues ;" and Spenser, whose *Mecænas* he was, laments for that

" ——— most noble spirit,
To whom all beauty and all virtuous love
Appeared in their native properties,
And did enrich that noble soul of his
With treasure passing all this world's worth,—
Worthy of heaven itself, which brought it forth."

Some misunderstanding which arose between him and the Earl of Oxford, occasioned his retirement from the court of Elizabeth, to Wilton, a beautiful seat belonging to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke. We are now come to the period of the *Arcadia*, which was composed during his residence at Wilton.

The fictions which, previous to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had engrossed the attention of readers, were of a nature the most wonderful and extravagant. They dealt in adventures, which exceeded the utmost limits of credibility, even in those credulous ages,—far surpassing in absurdity the creations of the Arabian story-teller, peopled only with magicians, giants, and fiery dragons; or, if they so far forgot their loftiness as to descend into the regions of this less subtle earth, their mortals were so far immortal as to be invincible in prowess, and invulnerable, though hemmed in on every side by danger. Poetry alone was calm: prose had wanted so familiarly with the supernatural, that men were afraid of their own shadows. It is true that it taught one lesson, which mankind could never learn:—its heroes were perfect in every virtue, generous, religious, enthusiastic, brave;—its heroines were chaste, modest, delicate, and refined. This was the first era of the novel.

In 1504, the *Arcadia* of the Italian poet, Sanazzarius, was published at Milan. It is a mixed production of verse and prose, descriptive of pastoral life, the characters being chiefly shepherds and shepherdesses, and such as in classic time worshipped Pan upon the mountains. From this "*arcadia*," it is supposed that Sir Philip Sidney derived the idea of his own romance. About this time, too, the compositions of D'Urfe and Madame Scuderi became popular; the "*Grand Cyrus*" of the latter was especially so. In these productions one step further was advanced towards the novel of the present day. Still was chivalry, with its attendant heroism, the leading theme of their voluminous and almost interminable pages; but the supernatural and the incredible ceased to form their most attractive and preponderating feature. This was the era of the *Arcadia*.

No small merit is due to Sir Philip Sidney for his refinement of our English tongue. To him we owe its purification from the most obnoxious curse with which the language was ever visited—Euphuism. He was born in an age when this species of writing was in the seventh heaven of its popularity, and when there was

every temptation to a young writer to fall in with the stream, and follow in the wake of Lyly. But not so with Sidney. His true genius struck out for itself a path, untrodden by the desecrating feet of the unconverted ; he darted his lightnings amidst unscathed rocks, or, to pursue a more suitable metaphor, he discovered in the bowels of the earth new and untasted springs, and led them forth, crystal and pure-gushing, into the light of day. It was not written for the public eye. It never underwent even the author's revision. Hear how modestly he dedicates it to his sister :

" Here now have you this idle work of mine ; which I fear, like the spider's web, will be thought fitter to be swept away than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth (as the cruel fathers among the Greeks were wont to do to the babes they would not foster) I could well find in my heart to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child which I am loth to father. It is only done for you, only to you ; for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence ; the rest, by sheets, sent unto you as fast as they were done. Read it then at your idle times, and the follies your good judgment will find in it, blame not, but laugh at."

Alas ! who now reads the *Arcadia* ? and yet are there not many beautiful things—many delicious sentences,

" Ambient pearls at random strung,"

scattered thickly through it ? Let us open it at hazard ; here is a passage from the first page :

" As her breath is more sweet *than a gentle south-west-wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer*, and yet is nothing, compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry ; no more all that our eyes can see of her is to be matched with *the flocks of unspeakable virtues, laid up delightfully in that best builded fold*. But indeed, as we better consider the sun's beauty by marking how he gilds these waters and mountains, than by looking upon his own face, too glorious for our weak eyes, so it may be that our conceits (not able to bear her sun-staining excellence) will better weigh it by her works upon some meaner subject employed."

What a description of a mistress ! Now listen to his picture of a landscape.

" And thus with some other words of entertaining was my staying concluded, and I led among them to the lodge, truly a place for pleasantness, not unfit to flatter solitariness ; for it being set upon such an unsensible rising of the ground, as you are come to a pretty height before almost you perceive that you ascend, it gives the eye lordship over a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the country being diversified between hills and dales, woods and plains, one place more clear, another more darksome, it seems a pleasant picture of nature, with *lovely lightsomeness and artificial shadows*."

He speaks, too, of " the huntsmen handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of summer."

The poetry of the *Arcadia* is the least pleasing walk of Sir Philip Sidney's genius. There are few of the many pieces inter-

persed which reach mediocrity,—none which excel it. The following, however, is worth preservation:—

“ Why dost thou haste away,
O Titan fair ! the giver of the day ?
Is it to carry news
To western wights, what stars in east appear ;
Or dost thou think that here
Is left a sun whose beams thy place may use?—
Yet stay, and well peruse
What be her gifts that make her equal thee :
Bend all thy light to see
In earthly clothes enclosed a heavenly spark :
Thy running course cannot such beauties mark.
No, no, thy motions be
Hastened from us with bar of shadow dark,
Because that thou, the author of our sight,
Disdain'st we see thee stain'd with other's light.”

After such fashion were compliments paid to the fair sex in the days of pastoral romance.

Lamartine has written on the Destinies of poetry, and Shelley has written eloquently its defence. Shelley was a lineal descendant of the Sidneys—Sir Philip and Algernon—and he prided himself not a little on his illustrious ancestry. True nobility is not traced alone in blood : to be numbered in the genealogy of the gifted is to be advanced in the scale of creation. Sidney and Shelley were each of them poets ; each was endued with a highly-wrought imagination ; and each died young, leaving a name behind him which shall not soon pass away from the remembrance of the Muses. But their lives are not included in their mutual resemblance, for the chivalry of the one finds slight counterpart in the melancholy aspect of the other—

“ The cold fire-side and alienated home.”

In the 19th century, Shelley stood forward as the champion of poetry. Sir Philip Sidney had already achieved his triumph.

“ LOOK IN THY HEART AND WRITE,” is our author's golden precept, communicated to him as the favourite of the Nine. But he did not, says a modern novelist, referring to this axiom, always practise what he taught. In the instance, at least, of his *Defence of Poesie*, the remark fails to apply. Never was language used to better purpose,—never with so great an effect. We read, and wonder as we read : Orpheus is pleading for his lyre ; we own its master-spell. All that poesy and music, her twin sister of happy birth, are said to have performed,—we are no longer incredulous—we believe it all. Yea, the walls of Thebes might have stood erect at the witching of Amphion's harp ; and dolphins, attracted by the sweetness of his music, might have borne Arion to the friendly shore.

“ Nature,” says Sir Philip, “ never set forth the earth in so

rich tapestry as divers poets have done ; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers,—nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely.”

But, notwithstanding that this treatise is perfect in itself, it is difficult to make selections from its pages, that will do justice to the eloquence of its author. It is good that the reader peruse it for himself,—it is better that he make it his study. If he be friendly to the Muses’ skill, he will look even more complacently on their votaries ; and if he have ever been soothed by the “ Eternal Melodies,” he will love to linger with the Arcadian teacher among the rocks and pines—the springs and fountains, which are their unchanging home.

To look upon the reverse of the picture is not unfair. Let us use Sir Philip Sidney’s words :—

“ If you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry ; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry,—or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome, as to be a Momus of poetry ; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass’s ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet’s verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself ; nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland ; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets ; that *while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a sonnet ; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.*”

Ye who would avert such doom, read Spenser and Milton, and Burns and Wordsworth !

While upon the subject of this most meritorious essay, we must remark upon a passage which ever seemed to us to bear a strong affinity to another in the Phædo :—

“ This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed ; the final end is, to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls made worse, by their clay lodgings, can be capable of.”

Thus Sir Philip Sidney, and similarly Plato :—

μη γάρ οὐχ αὕτη ἢ ἡ ὀρθὴ πρὸς ἀρετὴν ἀλλαγὴ, ἥδονας πρὸς ἥδονας καὶ λύπας πρὸς λύπας καὶ φόβον πρὸς φόβον καταλλάττεσθαι, καὶ μείζω πρὸς ἐλάττω, ὥσπερ νομίσματα, ἀλλ’ ἢ ἐκεῖνο μόνον τὸ νόμισμα ὀρθόν, ἀνθ’ οὗ δεῖ ἅπαντα ταῦτα καταλλάττεσθαι, φρόνησις.

Sir Philip Sidney was one of those men who are born, not for their own generation, but for all time. To the age in which he lived, and to the mode of writing which was then prevalent, must we ascribe the many faults which are to be discovered in the works which he has bequeathed—as a warrior’s legacy—to posterity. His poetry is deformed by conceits and extravagancies, but there is much of the beautiful to redeem them. His Arcadia, partaking of the puerility of the imported school which equally

distinguished and disfigured the prose-writers of the Elizabethan era, is not doomed to remain for ever on the shelves of our great libraries. For there are many exquisite things to be found in it, and many a wreath to be twined by those who would garland its pages. As the pearl-fisher rescues the precious gem from the uncomely shell of the oyster, and sets it to the adorning of some peerless brow, so shall some intellect, gifted with taste and adequate discernment, snatch from amidst ponderous and dusty tomes, this blossom of an all-poetic soil.

We are writing of Sir Philip Sidney—the flower of chivalry—the warrior-bard of England. On such a subject it is almost impossible to be calm. We behold him fastened with the silken cords of love, and longing to repose as in the lap of some fair Dalilah. And the Muses are his companions, and Venus in her dove-drawn chariot, more stately than Juno with her snow-flaked swans. Anon, he is active on the field of battle, mighty like the son of Thetis; but, generous in the arms of death, slaking the thirst of the wounded soldier, with the draught which should have bubbled at his own parched lips.

And Penshurst still remains; though Philip fell upon the plain of Zutphen, and the blood of Algernon flowed upon the scaffold. The oak which was planted at the birth of the former, is *not* destroyed. We were wrong in our affirmation; for the stately tree still flourishes. Howitt, in his interesting "Visits to Remarkable Places," has substantiated the fact.

"————— tread,

As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,

The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born."—SOUTHEY.

Among those groves—haunts of the woodland choir—was the classic muse of Spenser fostered; and Ben Jonson, with his adoration of Grecian Poesy,—meet associate of the accomplished Sidney. And in a later day, Waller pined there for his Sacharissa,—wailing the lot of unrequited love, and hopeless for the charms of a proud beauty.

"Phyllisides is dead. O luckless age!
O widow world; O brookes and fountains cleere!
O hills, O dales, O woods, that oft have rung
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of tygre or of beare:
Ye nymphs and nayades with golden haire,
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To hearken to his lays, that coulden wipe
Away all griefe and sorrow from your hearts,—
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
Unhappie flock, that wander scattred now,
What marvel if through griefe ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne?
For such a shepherd never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weal bereft you clean."

So sang Edmund Spenser,—and so Sir Philip Sidney died, whose greatest praise might have been inscribed on his monument, that, when wounded on the field of battle, as he was being borne to his tent, he resigned to another the draught proffered to himself, with the memorable sentence—

“THY NECESSITIES ARE YET GREATER THAN MINE.”

A PICTURE OF CONSTANCY.

'Tis true our sex are known as rovers,
And schoolboys are inconstant lovers.
Amongst my sweethearts there was one,
An orphan girl,—and all alone,
With melancholy smile that sate,
Like wint'ry sun-beam on her brow,
Making the cheek more desolate
That wasted in the shade below.
She pined for his remembered love,—
The sire that lapped her infant head,
And ceaselessly she paced above
His grave with fairy tread :
She pined for her maternal breast
Whom sadly they had laid to rest.

She was a fair and cherub child—
A lovely angel, meek and mild :
The winds that Heav'n permits to blow,
The flowers that open to the sun,
And streams that sparkle as they flow,
Mingling their channels into one,—
She loved them for the inward stir
Of feelings they revealed to her.

An airy form that scarce would press
To earth the grass on which she trod ;
A gentle girl, who well might bless
Some lover in his lone abode—
I know not :—Time has chilled my brow,
I do not love that maiden now.

C. B. W.

A ROMANCE FROM WESTMINSTER-HALL.

A strong and attractive interest is sometimes thrown about that usually most dry and barren of all proceedings—a judicial contest for disputed property. Generally, it is only the rival claimants who, for the tedious progress of the wearying suit, feel aught beyond an instinctive disgust: and the mass of mankind are too much engrossed in the multifarious pursuits of individual enterprise, to look but with cold indifference on struggles for the issue of which they have no personal concern. Yet, when (as rarely indeed is the case) peculiar circumstances give an air of romance to the contest for an inheritance, the strength of human sympathy—which is never more likely to be roused, or more powerfully enlisted, than in a combat for the *right*—will be found strikingly exemplified even in the ordinarily chilling precincts of a civil court.

By nothing is our interest more often excited, than by the melancholy retrospection so commonly associated with the emphatic monosyllable “last;” and if it be applied to some venerable vestige of antiquity,—above all, to some valued memento of a nation’s early days,—fondly do we attach ourselves to the relic, and reluctantly bid it adieu. That reverential regard for antiquity—which we love to think of as a fine feature in the national character—is most remarkably manifested in the forms of our law, which from age to age are preserved, as though in a shrine, consecrated to the past;—longest unaffected by centuries of vicissitude;—the most enduring of those links by which, in common customs and ordinary observances, far distant generations are united;—they stand by themselves—*alone*—like monuments bearing the aspect, and speaking the language of times long since gone by. And certainly, if in anything this tenacious regard for what is ancient and prescriptive should be sacredly maintained, it is in these legal institutions, on the stability of which their value mainly depends, and upon the integrity of which alone the great social fabric securely rests. Still, the mutability which works on all things human, at last does reach even to these strong fortresses of antiquity; and one after another, they slowly, but surely, moulder away. With the successive epochs in a nation’s history, the nation’s character changes; the national *forms*, which ever must eventually index the national *spirit*, alter too: in the citadel of the law, the alteration, though more tardy, is not less inevitable; and even there, the precedents of the past are to the improvements of posterity ultimately sacrificed.

Few of those even perhaps not unversed in legal technicalities, will know what the “Writ of Right” once was, and whence it was derived. To many at least it may be interesting to learn, that among the oldest institutions of our law, there existed a proceeding—introduced into this country by the Norman conqueror, but descended from an age so remote, that of its origin, historic research has discovered no memorial—for the discussion (among others) of questions relative to real property; and the manner in which these “Writs of Right,” as they were termed, were tried, was by “battle,” according to the following description, furnished by the old chroniclers of the times.

The "tenant," that is, the holder of the disputed property, and the "demandant," or the rival claimant, selected champions, who, on a certain day, came into a piece of ground sixty feet square, enclosed with lists; on one side being a court erected for the Judges of the Common Pleas, who attended in their scarlet robes, and a Bar for the learned Sergeants in the law. The court sat at sun-rise; and proclamation being made for the parties, their champions were introduced (by two knights in coats of armour), with red sandals, bare-legged from the knee downwards, bare-headed, and with arms bare to the elbow. The weapons allowed were batons, or staves "of an ell long," and a four-cornered leather target; so that death rarely ensued in these combats. They each swore to the truth of the cause they undertook, and took this oath against sorcery and enchantment:—"Hear this, ye Justices, that I have this day neither eat, drunk, nor have upon me bone, stone, *ne* grass, *ne* any enchantment, sorcery, *ne* witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abused, or the law of the devil exalted.—So help me God and his saints." The "battle" then began; and the combatants were bound to fight "till the stars appeared in the evening;" and if the champion of the tenant could keep his ground till then, he had supported his cause; if either party yielded, and uttered "craven," with that fatal word he lost his right, and was for ever disgraced. The piety and wisdom of our ancient legislators displaced this remnant of Gothic barbarism in the reign of Henry II., by the substitution—as an *alternative*, however, only—of the "Grand Assize" for the "Trial by Battle," which so lately as the reign of Elizabeth — indeed we are not sure if not much later—was demanded, and granted; and which certainly was abolished by law at comparatively a recent period. By the Grand Assize, the Sheriff summoned four knights, who chose twelve others; and these together formed the "Recognitors" by whom the cause was tried. Even this became, in the progress of centuries, too "clumsy" and "inconvenient" to keep pace with the "march of intellect;" and the session before last, the improving spirit of our legislature swept away this relic of old English law, without a dissentient voice,—for none heard of the measure, and, amidst the contests of political partisans, few would have cared about it; but not without some regretful thoughts from such as loved the harmless remnants of antiquity, and would preserve them, as useless and venerable Gothic ruins, if only for antiquity's sake. What would be thought of a man who would throw away a heirloom, which had been for many a generation in his line, because it grew old and *useless*? Would he not be thought of somewhat as a wretch who had cast from him an old and faithful friend that could no longer serve him? Is less respect due to national than to individual ancestors? We say, *No*! and we went sorrowfully to witness the trial of the last "Writ of Right."

Gladly did we find that the circumstances of the trial itself invested it with no ordinary interests,—they were really romantic. The possessor of an immense estate; the lord of a princely revenue, which from father to son had for three generations been transmitted through the uninterrupted line of inheritance, was suddenly disturbed by a rival claim,—urged within a few *hours* only of the expiration of the

sixty years beyond which the law barred any such pretension, and by a poor unknown mariner! The strange novelty of the case excited interest, and enlisted on the side of the claimant, a host of eager allies, who enabled him to carry on the process of litigation for several years, till at last the solemn appeal was made to this ancient form of trial, which afforded for such arduous attempts peculiar facilities: and in the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster was the "Grand Assize" to be held. Throngs of spectators flocked to behold the curious contest; and, as though to do honour to the obsequies of this antique vestige of the olden time, there was an almost unparalleled array of legal talent engaged in the struggle, and a spectacle of intellectual championship never surpassed. There were to advocate the tenant's right, the authority, the learning, the experience of the Attorney-General—the boldness, sagacity, and dexterity of Wilde—the acuteness and lynx-eyed vigilance of Kelly; and to support the demandant's claim were the persuasive eloquence of Talfourd, and the varied and splendid abilities of that fine model of an English advocate—"in himself a host"—Sir William Follett. What mind could be so dull as not then to cast a retrospective glance over the lapse of gone-by centuries?—with a slight effort of the imagination to picture—on that very spot perhaps, some five hundred years back—the crowded lists, surrounded by curious spectators of the fierce encounters by which the "right" was then decided; and contrasting with them the eager listeners to this illustrious combat of superior minds, reflect for a moment on the strange alteration which time had worked in the nation's character. Appropriately, too, were the champions selected,—for who better fitted to defend a long-established and remotely-resting possession, than Sir John Campbell's steady, cautious perseverance, his dogged, immoveable tenacity, his grasp of memory, and reach of foresight? Where could be found a more trying test to the validity of a new and complicated claim, than Kelly's never-sleeping watchfulness; and on points of legal practice, what so formidable to an antagonist as the severe scrutiny and eager energy of Wilde? While, on the other hand, could a poor and obscure claimant have a more attractive, a more prepossessing, a more seductive advocacy, than the ready rhetoric and mellifluous oratory of the author of "*Ion*?" or could he secure, in the person of one man, so powerful a combination of qualities, valuable in a pleader, as Sir William Follett's depth of legal research, his astute and penetrating intellect, his artfully woven and closely connected reasoning, his skill in the eliciting or sifting of evidence, and his imposing dignity of manner?

For the case of the tenant, deeds and other unquestionable documents were put in, which clearly traced the history of the estate, from the first owner, a learned Sergeant of the law, in the reign of Charles II. to his grandson, who, not knowing his heir-at-law, bequeathed it to a friend, on condition of the heir being allowed to claim it whenever he should appear. The heir did not appear; and the lineal descendant of the legatee now held the estate.

Every one looked with intense anxiety for the demandant's case, curious to hear how through the long lapse of years he could trace his connexion with the original possessor. His case was opened by Tal-

fourd, who, in those musical tones in which he pours forth the enthusiastic poetry of his eloquence, first "paid the passing tribute of a sigh" to the memory of that ancient relic of the old English jurisprudence which had ruthlessly been consigned to destruction, and having skilfully employed the charm, which none could more beautifully raise from the recollections that hung around this ancient and venerable form of trial—to create a kind of prepossessing sympathy in favour of his client, who was last to have recourse to it; he proceeded to detail the intricate and lengthened genealogy;—from *his* lips windingsmoothly and pleasingly along,—whereby the claimant's ancestry was traced up to a time contemporaneous with the original owner's possession of the estate—then carried in the ascending line, till it reached the common forefathers of both, among the obscure shepherds of North Wales,—and lastly descended to the founder of the disputed inheritance.

Numerous were the links required to fill up this long and complicated chain of ancestry, the absence of any one of which would have broken the connexion, and of course destroyed the efficiency of the whole. Never was the slow progress of legal demonstration watched with keener vigilance, or subjected to severer scrutiny. There were aged, but hale and hearty men, venerable grey-haired patriarchs, who had been brought from the rural retirement of a century, to tax their feeble memories for incidents which by-gone generations had witnessed. And there were deeds ransacked from dusty receptacles of ancient records almost illegible from antiquity; and there were parish registers—"the short and simple annals of the poor"—eagerly sought after, and joyfully discovered amidst the long-undisturbed memorials of village churches; and many, too, of those interminable pedigrees whereon the tenacious "pride of birth" (so characteristic of the ancient Britons) delights to track out and to emblazon an illustrious descent—through the Lloyds and Llewellyns of many generations, by means of the faint glimmering of traditionary light, or the scattered scraps of imperfect information—sedulously gleaned from forgotten monuments or obscure inscriptions—even from periods where the fabulous mingles with and veils the historical. Innumerable were the objections which forensic acuteness started to the admission of particular evidence, and many were the points of law raised and argued on both sides with most persevering pertinacity. And it was not till the "stars had appeared" on the evening of the second day of protracted investigation, that there was constructed, from such multifarious sources, and despite such constant obstructions, a foundation on which to base the demandant's claim.

But then did the counsel of the tenant resolve to strike a sudden and fatal blow at one of the principal links in the lengthened chain of genealogical evidence; and they impeached the credibility of the most important of those silent testimonials which had been gathered from the muniments of a remote hamlet, bringing forward witnesses who declared a deed on which hung the whole line of ancestral descent to have been *forged*.

Now was the time for the display of those high and varied abilities which are essential in a leading counsel, and of which Sir William Follett presents the finest living combination. These are the moments

in which genius is tested, the crises in which battles, or causes, are lost and won—on the decision, the skill, the energy of a single effort. We purposely coupled terms legal and warlike; for we believe the comparison is the fittest that could be made, to set in the true light the high nature of those attributes which form a perfect advocate; and the glorious fields which are open for their exercise. Loudly are his praises sung, who like Napoleon could win a battle on the impulse of an instant: and certainly, when the clash and clamour of warfare, and the thunder of cannon, and the roar of musketry, and all those fearful elements of excitement which mingle in wild confusion on a battle-field, are considered,—his must be a great mind which can, amidst it all, decide with calmness immovable, and act with skill and energy irresistible. Yet who that attentively considers the arena on which the contests of an English advocate take place, will not confess that moments must often arise when his genius is put to a still severer trial, and when that genius must be of a still nobler order? Moments like the present, for example—when Sir William, in the course of a few minutes, found the whole weight of the cause, and the valuable interests and the intense anxiety which hung upon it—trembling in the balance already declining fearfully against him; and that on the next movement which he made, depended whether that weight should finally be lost to him, or turned triumphantly in his favour. Mere hardihood, or, to use the highest term, mere courage, may suffice to give an inferior mind self-possession enough upon the battle-field to decide calmly:—we wish not to derogate from the skill displayed by a general in thus momentarily coming to a decision which gives victory into his grasp; but at the utmost it is but the triumph of mind over *force*, often aided by the veriest accidents, and far inferior to the infinitely more arduous victory of mind over *mind*—a victory gained on far more equal terms, a victory achieved in a contest between master intellects. Such is the triumph of the advocate, who, over and above those varied and difficult acquirements which all of his order, to be *anything*, must possess, has a grasp and range of genius in which he finds a resource in emergencies the most unexpected and most perilous, by which,—when beset on every side by intellects fully his equals, perhaps in particular attainments his superiors, he is able to meet and vanquish them in the mental encounter,—from which, in circumstances the most perplexing and trying, he is enabled to preserve unimpaired the acuteness and clearness of his perceptions, the correctness and soundness of his judgment, the promptitude and skill of his manœuvres, and through which, in moments when a trial, on which hang property, liberty, life, age, and that which is far paramount to all, because it may involve all—*principle*—grand, vital, public principle—depends solely on the risking of a certain question, or the parrying of a single answer,—instantaneously strikes out the course to an illustrious victory in which perhaps the liberties of his country may be established.

In a moment equally perilous for the interests involved, did Sir William Follett rise on the present occasion, with the perfect consciousness that in all human probability his cross-examination of the witnesses produced by the other side in *reply*, would decide the fate

of his persevering and hitherto unsuccessful client. Yet along with this sense of responsibility, there was upon his brow a calm confidence in "superior" powers of intellect, and a gathering of them up to a certain though a hard-fought triumph. The witness, a gentleman of talents and education, was first engaged in a series of searching and scrutinizing questions, on the grounds for the judgment he had so confidently given as to the forgery of the will. He was then drawn into a close contest with his acute antagonist on all those nice shades of probability and inference, and those numerous components to belief, which evidence as to mere opinion or judgment is naturally subject to; and here the advocate speedily manifested the vast superiority of his powerful and well-disciplined mind: the witness, overwhelmed by his subtle interrogatories, lost his self-possession, and committed himself to a positive assertion, that a certain qualification which he knew to be wanting in the will referred to, was an essential evidence of authenticity in a document professing to be of the specified period. Again entrapped into bewildering discussions, he was suddenly, when his attention had been sufficiently diverted, led to admit that a certain deed was genuine, which was found to want the qualification in question: it was instantly exhibited by Sir William with a proud smile of exultation, and never was the effect of hostile testimony more effectually and triumphantly destroyed.

The music of Talfourd's fascinating oratory again was heard in all its melody, and in rich and fervid strains, excited by the strange and stirring interest that now was thrown over the cause, and delighted to find in the singular and antiquated testimonies on which his client's claim had rested, a theme to which he could not fail to respond; the sweetest and most thrilling tone of an eloquence always kindled to enthusiasm by aught that brought along with it *the poetry of the past*; he strove to weave around these weak and time-worn evidences, the rich veil of an enchantment that might hide their feebleness, and long and earnestly pleaded on their behalf, in the hope that he might thereby counteract the cold sarcasms which already had been liberally thrown out, and which he knew would, in the closing reply of the Attorney-General, be carefully and chillingly uttered against "Welsh pedigrees" and "mouldering monuments."

The sun rose next morning on the third and last day of this rare struggle, and for *five* hours did Sir John Campbell labour with that untiring and plodding perseverance, that unwearied and *wearying* industry, and that inflexible and *indurated* gravity, for which he is so remarkable, accumulating every fact, every argument, every inference, every supposition, which *memory* or *sagacity* could suggest in favour of his cause.

Then came the summing up. And it was a splendid study of judicial intellect. The Judge was the Lord Chief Justice Tindal,—of all others the fittest to preside on such an occasion: in his calm, tranquil, thoughtful countenance, his old English heartiness, and unfashionable *ruggedness* of appearance, we seem to behold the very impersonation of venerable *black-letter* law, and cannot avoid thinking of Fortescue, and Hale, and Littleton. He, without the delay of a single second, proceeded to cast upon the accumulation of three days' minute and intricate in-

vestigation, the light of a clear and vigorous understanding; and it was marvellous to observe how plain and palpable a path it tracked out for itself, through the vast labyrinth of contradictory testimonies, how quietly it threw out of its way all those legal perplexities which forensic sophistry had started, how unerringly it darted upon the point where the secret of the case really lay, and how accurately it detected every flaw in the rival claims, how easily it cast aside the great body of irrelevant matter which served but to darken and cloud the subject; how lucidly it arranged the few simple questions to which the minds of the "Knights Recognitors" were to be applied, and how powerfully and impartially it brought to bear upon them the collected force of all those disconnected particles of important evidence, which in the progress of the case had been elicited.

A few moments elapsed ere the "Knights" returned the verdict—

"That the tenant had the more right to hold the lands in question."

We have too much respect for English juries to say how far the prejudices of country land-owners, in favour of a long undisturbed *possession*, might not have influenced their verdict.

W. F. C.

MY LASSIE WITH THE NUT-BROWN HAIR.

O DID you meet in yonder glen
A maiden sweet, a maiden fair?—
Another such you ne'er might ken,
My lassie with the nut-brown hair!

Her eyes are brighter than the sparks
That glitter on the dewy thorn;
Her voice is sweeter than the lark's
First welcome to the rising morn.

Of sylvan maids she walks the queen,
This lass that holds my heart in thrall;
Of all the lassies on the green,
I love her better than them all.

The fairest flower that decks the grove,
And lends its sweetness to the air,
In beauty yields to her I love,—
My lassie with the nut-brown hair!

A.

GOLDONI.

It is astonishing that the surpassing merits of Goldoni are known only to so few, ranking as he certainly does among the greatest comic writers, not only of his own era, but of all preceding and subsequent periods; distinguished, too, not only as a great composer, but as the reformer of that species of composition in which he excelled. This is the more remarkable, if we reflect that his *Memoirs*, written by himself, form one of the most instructive and delightful *romances* which was ever penned. To give a brief account of Goldoni, and to notice a few of his compositions, is the object of the present essay.

In the year 1707, in the fairy city of Venice, the Gran Goldoni, as the Italians love to call him, first saw the light of day. His family were originally from Modena. His grandfather, Charles Goldoni, was a student in the college of Parma, where he was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance with two noble Venetians, through whose agency he obtained a lucrative and honourable appointment in their own country. Charles Goldoni was twice married. His second wife was of the Salvieni family. Her sister was united to his son, Julius Goldoni, and became the mother of the comedian.

Brought up, by his grandfather, in gaiety and pleasure of every description,—moving in scenes of the most regal luxury,—living in a world of artificial splendour, and surrounded with all the enchantments of sound, sense, and sight,—no wonder that the young Goldoni so early learnt to sympathize with “the heart of smiles,” and became so passionately enamoured of “the glittering shew.”

On the death of his grandfather, the family affairs became so deeply deranged, that Julius Goldoni was compelled to apply himself to the profession of medicine, in order to meet his pecuniary difficulties. Accordingly he studied in the College de la Sapienza, and served his apprenticeship in the Hospital del Santo Spirito, and subsequently became an excellent and fashionable physician.

Meanwhile, Carlo was left entirely to himself. The usual sports of children had no attractions for him. He passed most of his time in his father's library; and as comedy was his favourite reading, he employed all his leisure moments in the perusal of the works of such comic authors as it contained. Among these, Acognini had the preference. At eight years of age, Goldoni wrote his first comedy. None are so unwilling to believe in a man's genius, as his own friends and relations. Accordingly, a god-father, “a lawyer richer in gold than in knowledge,” positively refused to believe in the authorship. However, it was proved, beyond all doubt, that Goldoni had really written it; and then, of course, every body was astonished, every body was delighted.

Goldoni, after studying “humanity,” under the Jesuits, at Perugia, was next placed under the care of the Dominicans, at Rimini, where he had to devote his time to the study of philosophy.—Philosophy, in the eyes of Goldoni, was neither “charming nor divine,” but, on the contrary, remarkably “harsh and crabbed.” On the first opportunity,

as may be supposed, he left Rimini, with a company of actors, with whom he had made acquaintance. They were going to Chiozza. His mother lived at Chiozza; what an excellent excuse for leaving Rimini! An escape was accordingly effected, Goldoni having first written to M. Battaglini, a friend of his father's, to inform him of the measure he was about to take. He easily reconciled his mother to this step, but anticipated a more formidable meeting with his father. Their interview, however, proved quite the reverse: but Goldoni shall speak for himself:—

"I came forward, trembling: 'Ah, father!' 'How, sir! How do you happen to be here?' 'Father, — you have been told.' 'Yes, I have been told that, in spite of remonstrances and good advice, and in opposition to every one, you have had the insolence to quit Rimini abruptly.' 'What should I have done at Rimini, father? It was lost time for me.' 'How lost time? Is the study of philosophy lost time?' 'Ah! the *scholastic philosophy, the syllogisms, the enthymemas, the sophisms, the negos, propos, and concedos*,—do you remember them, father?' (He could not avoid displaying a slight movement of the lips, which indicated his desire to laugh; I was shrewd enough to perceive it, and I took courage.) 'Ah, father,' I added, 'teach me the philosophy of man, — sound moral philosophy, and experimental natural philosophy.' 'Come, come; how did you arrive here?' 'By sea.' 'With whom?' 'With a company of players.' 'Players!' 'They are very respectable people, father.' 'What is the name of the manager?' 'He is Florindo on the stage, and they call him Florindo de Maccaroni —' 'Oh, I know him; he is a worthy man: he acted Don Giovanni, in the Festino di Pietra; he thought proper to eat the macaroni belonging to harlequin, and that's the way he came by that surname.' 'I assure you, father, that this company —' 'Where is the company gone to?' 'It is here.' 'Here!' 'Yes, father.' 'Do they act here?' 'Yes, father.' 'I shall go to see them.' 'And I also, father.' 'You rascal! what is the name of the principal actress?' 'Clarice.' 'Oh, Clarice! excellent—ugly, but very clever.' 'Father —' 'I must go to thank them.' 'And I, father?' 'Wretch!' 'I beg your pardon.' 'Well, well, for this time.'"

About this time, the Marquis Goldoni expressed a wish to take the poet under his protection. Accordingly, after a brief period devoted to the law under M. Indrie, he became a collegian in Pavia. In his third year he was expelled. The friendship of the marquis excited the envy of his comrades, and they determined to effect his ruin. "The town" in Pavia were sworn enemies to "the gown." During the vacation, the townsmen had agreed, that any lady who received visits from a student, should never have proposals made to her by a townsman. The collegians vowed vengeance, and those to whom Goldoni was principally obnoxious, "got up a row," in the hope of implicating him in it, and so compassing their object. Goldoni, however, was too wary. They next persuaded him to write a satire on the people of Pavia, and were mean enough to disclose the authorship. Twelve families cried for vengeance, and the poet was sacrificed. Poor Goldoni! he was terribly mortified, but like a wise man he soon

got over it. The petty tyranny of the "budge doctors of the Stoic fur" could have but little influence on his glorious spirit. Poor fools! they thought to mortify him, and he laughed at them.

After this, our hero obtained an appointment at Chiozza, as Adjunct to the Coadjutor of the criminal Chancellor, an officer ranking next to the Podestà or Governour, and employed in the administration of the criminal law. There was more of honour than of profit in this situation, and more of pleasure than either. On leaving Chiozza, he proceeded to Padua, in order to take a doctor's degree. In the examination, he acquitted himself with the greatest *eclat*, and very shortly practised as advocate in Venice. Here his usual ill-luck attended him. An unfortunate amour obliged him to leave his country, and to "quit his friends, his love, his hopes, and his profession." From Venice he proceeded to Bergamo, where he was kindly received by Bonfadini, the late Podestà of Chiozza. On leaving Bergamo, he was furnished by the Governour's lady with a letter of introduction and recommendation to Bartolini, the Venetian Envoy at Milan. It was the time of the Carnival. There was an opera at Milan; the principal actor was Caffariello; the principal *danseuse*, Madame Grossatesta, the wife of the Director of the Ballets. Goldoni was acquainted with them. All impatience to present his "Amalasonte," a lyrical drama which he had composed at Venice, and from which he hoped to reap both honour and profit, he waited one evening on Madame Grossatesta, who kept open house. She, as well as her husband, were enchanted with the project, and congratulated him on its certain success. The drama was to be read that evening. Poor Goldoni! another disappointment awaited him. But again he shall speak for himself:—

"The company continued to increase: Caffariello made his appearance, saw and recognised me; saluted me with the tone of Alexander, and took his place beside the mistress of the house. A few minutes afterwards, Count Prata, one of the directors of the theatre, the most skilled in every thing relative to the drama, was announced. Madame Grossatesta introduced me to the Count, and spoke to him of my opera, and he undertook to propose me to the Assembly of Directors; but it would afford him infinite pleasure, he said, to know something of the work,—a wish in which he was joined by my country woman. I wanted nothing so much as an opportunity of reading it. A small table and a candle were brought towards us, round which we all seated ourselves, and I began to read. I announced the title of 'Amalasonte.' Caffariello sung the word 'Amalasonte;' it was long, and seemed ridiculous to him. Every body laughed but myself: the lady scolded, and the nightingale was silent. I read over the names of the characters, of which there were nine in the piece. Here a small, shrill voice, which proceeded from an old castrato, who sung in the chorusses, and who mewed like a cat, cried out, 'Too many, too many; there are at least two characters too many.' I saw that I was by no means at my ease, and wished to give over reading. M. Prata imposed silence on this insolent fellow, who had not the merit of Caffariello to excuse him, and turning to me, observed, 'It is true, sir, there are not usually more than six or seven characters in a drama; but when a work is deserving of it, we willingly put ourselves to the expense of

two actors. Have the goodness,' he added, 'to continue the reading, if you please.' I resumed my reading. Act first, scene first.—Clodesile and Arpagon. Here M. Caffariello again asked me the name of the first soprano in my opera. 'Sir,' said I, 'it is Clodesile.' 'What!' said he, 'you open the scene with the principal actor, and make him appear while the audience enter, seat themselves, and make a noise! Truly, sir, I am not your man.' (What patience!) M. Prata here interposed. 'Let us see,' said he, 'whether the scene is interesting.' I read the first scene, and while I was repeating my verses, a little insignificant wretch drew a paper from his pocket, and went to the harpsichord to recite an air in his part. The mistress of the house was obliged to make me excuses without intermission. M. Prata took me by the hand, and conducted me into a dressing-closet at a considerable distance from the room.

"The Count, having requested me to seat myself, sat down beside me, and endeavoured to pacify me, telling me not to mind the misconduct of a set of giddy fools. He requested me to read my drama to himself alone, that he might be able to form a judgment of it, and to give me his sincere opinion. I was very well pleased with this act of complaisance, for which I returned him my thanks, and began the reading of my piece. He listened with attention and patience; and on the conclusion of the reading, gave me the result of his attention and judgment, nearly in the following words:—

" 'It appears to me that you have tolerably well studied the poetics of Aristotle and Horace, and that you have written your piece according to the principles of tragedy. You do not seem to be aware, that a musical drama is an imperfect work, subject to rules and customs; destitute of common sense, I am willing to allow, but which still require to be literally followed. Were you in France, you might take more pains to please the public, but here you must begin by pleasing the actors and actresses; you must satisfy the musical composer; you must consult the scene-painter:—every department has its rules, and it would be treason against the drama to dare to infringe on them.

" 'Listen, then,' he continued; 'I shall point out to you a few of those rules which are immutable, and with which you do not seem to be acquainted. The three principal personages of the drama ought to sing five airs each; two in the first act, two in the second, and one in the third. The second actress and the second soprano can only have three, and the inferior characters must be satisfied with a single air each, or two at the most. The author of the words must furnish the musician with the different shades which form the chiaroscuro of music; and take care that two pathetic airs do not succeed one another. He must distribute, with the same precaution, the bravura airs, the airs of action, the inferior airs, and the minuets and rondeaus. He must, above all things, avoid giving impassioned airs or rondeaus to inferior characters; these poor devils must be satisfied with what they get, and every opportunity of distinguishing themselves is denied them.'

"M. Prata would have gone on, but I interrupted him. 'You have told me enough, sir,' said I to him; 'do not take the trouble of enlarging farther on the subject.' I again returned him my thanks, and took leave."

Goldoni was somewhat melancholy at first, but he soon recovered his spirits. On returning to his hotel, he burnt his drama, ordered a good supper—ate and drank—went to bed, and enjoyed a sound sleep.

The next morning he called on Barsolini, and told him the result of the preceding evening. The minister laughed, and after a short conversation, offered Goldoni the office of Gentleman of his Chamber, which he accepted. The theatre was now opened through his endeavours, and his first published production was represented here with considerable success. It is an interlude for two voices, with the title of the "*Venetian Gondolier*."

The war of Don Carlos now broke out, A.D. 1733. The king of Sardinia, who favoured the cause of Carlos, had united his forces with those of France and Spain against the house of Austria. One morning the Savoyards surprised the city; and Milan being incapable of defence, the keys were delivered over to the general. The minister in consequence was ordered to Crema, and Goldoni was directed to proceed thither. The Envoy took advantage of this opportunity to dismiss his secretary, whom he greatly disliked, and conferred the office which he had held on Goldoni.

At Crema, Goldoni was of infinite service, but in consequence of a misunderstanding with the minister, he tendered his resignation, which was accepted. After a series of adventures, he arrived at Verona, where his "*Belissarius*" was first represented, and with signal success. Here too he composed "*Rosimonda*," a tragedy, "*La Birba*," an interlude, "*La Pupilla*," also an interlude, and "*Griseeda*," a tragedy. We next find him at Genoa, where he married the daughter of M. Cenio, a notary of the College, and one of the four notaries of the Bank of St. George. She was pretty, gentle, fascinating, and prudent, and Goldoni declares himself fully indemnified, in possessing her, for all that he had suffered at the hands of other women. He now returned to Venice with his wife, whom he introduced to his mother and aunt. In the paradise of home, he found ample recompense for years of toil and disappointment and change. "It was a charming family," he says; "all was peace and harmony, and I was the happiest man in the world." In truth, he might well be so; with a beautiful and fond wife, a gentle and affectionate mother, health and competence, how could it be otherwise? All dear and holy compliances were his; all the pieties and sweetnesss of love,—all the hues and colours of kindness. Happy, happy Goldoni!

About this time died Count Tuo, the Genoese Consul at Venice; and, through the successful application of his wife's relations, Goldoni was appointed to succeed him. He continued, notwithstanding, to compose for the theatre, and was pre-eminently fortunate in all that he undertook. An exception, however, to this general good luck soon occurred. A Ragusan, who had deceived his brother by fair, but false promises, was introduced by him to Goldoni, and, under the pretext of levying forces for some foreign service, prevailed on him to advance him a large sum of money. The Ragusan escaped: pursuit was useless. Sad and heavy-hearted, Goldoni with his wife embarked for Bologna, Sept. 8, 1741. From Bologna he proceeded to Rimini, and

thence to Pesaro. His goods had been left at Catholica, a distance of ten miles. This town had been taken by the Austrian Hussars, and word was brought that all was lost. Goldoni hired a post-chaise, and started for Catholica with his wife. A ruined castle lay on the roadside. He ordered the driver to stop, and they alighted. No sooner were they out of sight, than the rascal turned the horses' heads, and set off at a gallop for Pesaro. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the following passage from the autobiography:—

"Not a living soul was to be seen. Not a peasant on the fields, not a single inhabitant in any of the houses; every body dreaded the approach of the two armies: my wife wept; I raised my eyes to heaven, and felt myself inspired. 'Courage,' said I, 'my dear friend! we are but six miles from Catholica: we are young enough and strong enough to walk that distance; we must not return,—we must have nothing to reproach ourselves with.' She complied with the best grace in the world, and we continued our journey on foot. After an hour's walk, we came to a rivulet, too broad to be leaped, and too deep to be forded by my wife. There was a small wooden bridge for the convenience of foot-passengers, but the planks were all broken. This did not disconcert me: I stooped down, my wife put her arms round my neck: I rose smiling, crossed over the stream, with inexpressible joy; and I said to myself, '*omnia bona mecum porto.*' My feet and legs were wet, but it did not signify. We continued our journey, and after some time, came to another stream like that we had passed. The depth was similar, and the bridge was equally ruinous. This was no obstacle; we passed it as we did the former, and with the same gaiety. But it was a very different matter when, close upon Catholica, we came to a torrent, of considerable breadth, which rushed along with great fury. We sat down at the foot of a tree, till Providence should afford us the means of crossing it without danger. I rose, for the purpose of looking about me. 'This torrent,' said I, 'must necessarily enter the sea. If we descend its banks, we shall at last come to the mouth of it.' We proceeded accordingly down the stream, instigated by distress, and supported by hope; and we began to discover sails, which were an indication of the proximity of the sea. This infused courage into us, and we quickened our pace. As we proceeded, we observed the torrent became less and less agitated; and our joy was not to be contained, when at length our eyes were blest with the sight of a boat. It belonged to some fishermen, from whom we met with a very kind reception. They carried us over to the opposite bank, and returned us a thousand thanks for a paoli which I gave them."

After obtaining refreshments at an inn, they were conducted to the advanced posts of the Austrian Hussars. The name of Goldoni was not unknown to them. It now stood him in stead. He recovered his goods. He obtained a lucrative theatrical commission at Rimini, and resigned his Genoese consulate. After visiting Florence, Treviso, Volterra, and Peccioli, he reached Pisa. Here he had a pleasant adventure with La Colonia Alfeu, and was admitted into the society of the Arcadi of Rome, under the name of Polisseno Fegeio, and hailed by the whole assembly as a brother shepherd. Here also he gained

two causes, which greatly contributed to his popularity; and here, too, at the request of Sacchi, the famous comic actor, he produced his comedies of the "Valet of two Masters," and "Harlequin's Child Lost and Found," which became the instrument of his good fortune at Paris. In 1747, the war terminated. The Infant Don Philip was left in possession of the Duchies of Parma Piacenza and Guastalla. The Duke of Modena had returned to his dominions; the ducal Bank proposed an arrangement with the annuitants, of which Goldoni gladly availed himself, and after the lapse of five years, returned once more to his beloved Venice. Here he occupied himself in the composition of numerous comedies, most of which met with the most flattering reception. One alone proved an utter failure. This was the "Fortunate Heiress." Goldoni was piqued with the public, and in a momentary fit of spleen, undertook to furnish sixteen comedies within the year. His foes laughed: his friends trembled: Goldoni triumphed.

Goldoni continued to compose for the theatres at Venice, Bologna, and Parma. In 1755, he was presented with letters-patent of Poet and actual Servant of the Infant Don Philip, and with a considerable annual pension. After this, he was invited to take charge of the Tordinona Theatra in Rome, but met with no success, in consequence of the deficiencies of the company employed there. He was, however, universally welcomed, and treated with great honour by the nobles and princes of the Eternal city. Clement XIII. gave him a most gracious reception, and loaded him with presents.

Goldoni was now far advanced in years, and, apprehensive lest old age should impair his faculties, and prevent him from obtaining an honourable livelihood, he resolved to accept an invitation to Paris, in order to secure himself from want. It is said, however, that he withdrew from Italy, in consequence of the success of his rival, Count Charles Gozzi, of whose rising fame he was jealous. It is but justice to Goldoni to state, that this report has but little foundation. In 1764, he crossed the bar which separates France from Italy. Here "he reiterated his farewell to his own country, and invoked the shade of Moliere to be his guide in that of his."

Goldoni was an universal favourite in France. He was introduced to all the leading characters of the day, and lived on terms of friendship and intimacy with most of them. He received an annual pension of 4000 livres for teaching the French princesses the Italian language; another pension of 1200, during the life of himself and his nephew, from the French king, and an extraordinary gratuity of 6000 from the same royal source. He composed many pieces for the French theatres, which were generally approved. In particular, "*La Boura Bienfaisant*," written in the language of his adopted country, met with the most brilliant success. He also wrote an opera for the London theatre, which was deservedly approved.

In declining age, Goldoni seems to have suffered much from fits of hypochondriasis, to which he had always been subject, as well as from undue action of the heart. He still, however, remained the same amiable character he had ever been; his gentle and urbane qualities rendered him generally beloved, and his society was eagerly sought by all whose praise is honour.

On the marriage of his niece, he signed over all his Italian property to her, and lived on his pension, and the profits of his literary labours. He survived the period at which his autobiography closes, about five years; the two last of which were passed in great indigence, owing to the disturbances of the Revolution. The French rulers, however, were on the eve of making provision for him, when death precluded the necessity. Goldoni died at Paris 1792, at the advanced age of eighty-five. His plays amount to 150, and are published in thirty-five volumes. So fertile a genius was perhaps never known.

Goldoni found the Italian stage disgraced by exhibitions at once the most absurd and demoralising, and determined to correct this abuse: with what success the attempt was made, we have fully shown.

For rapidity of execution, beauty of design, and powers of invention, Goldoni is almost without a rival. His wit is of the most brilliant order, though less keen than that of Moliere, to whom he has been frequently compared. His plots are, for the most part, admirable; and the moral lessons which they inculcate, shew the uprightness and purity of his mind. His anecdotes are as remarkable for their point and humour as for their number. His dialogues are always full of life and spirit, are true to nature, and ever to the point. He possessed a thorough knowledge of the manners of his countrymen, and was eminently successful in depicting them on the stage. The Italians consider Goldoni to have carried the dramatic art to the highest point of excellence of which it is susceptible.

W. M. W. C.

TO ———

I GAZED upon thee, and thine eye
 Was not withdrawn:—our glances met;
 I marked thee well,—nor blush nor sigh
 Betray'd confusion or regret.
 If thou canst bid me thus depart,
 I go, and will not e'en repine:
 But once estranged, my wounded heart
 Will seek no more to link with thine.

Yet, musing, when in western heav'n,
 The fire-eyed planet glows afar,
 How shall I deem that thou wert giv'n
 To my frail bark a guiding star!
 Though absent, present to my sight,
 By ling'ring streams when I recline,
 From day's decline to morning's light,
 From morning's light to day's decline.

C. B. W.

THE RELIGION OF POETS.

It has been generally believed, and frequently asserted, and that in the most direct and positive manner, that poets are, from the very nature of their organization, opposed to the love of virtue and religion, and that their repugnancy is manifest from the scope and tenor of their writings. That some have written "many loose lays" is undeniable. The effusions of the amorous Mr. Little, are, it must be conceded, as tolerable specimens of the immoral tendency of the writings of the "genus irritabile," as could well be indicated by the most rancorous enemy of poets and poetry. All poets, however, are not Littles; nor is it necessary that he who sings of love, should sing of it in impure and voluptuous strains. It may be questioned, however, whether even the volume of poems to which allusion has just been made, has occasioned a tithe of the mischief imputed to it. To the pure, all things are pure, and to the impure, even virtue itself would appear but another form of vice; even as the sun, which matures and gives odour and colour to the expanding bud, only withers and renders noisome the gathered flower.

But it is not now my intention to speculate on this subject. What I wish to demonstrate is, that, in spite of occasional passages of objectionable tendency in their works, and of many and grievous errors in their lives, poets are themselves the subjects of deep religious feeling, and of the most fervent aspirations after the true and holy, after the good and beautiful. To some, this proposition will appear strange and unintelligible; but these are they to whom the volume of nature is a sealed book, the history of the generations of the heaven and earth a neglected study, and by whom religion is recognised only in the utterance of certain forms of prayer, and the compliance with certain ceremonies as by law or custom established. With such I have no concern. They have no sympathy with poetry,—no love for nature,—no trust in the beautiful. But there are others who will readily accord with my views, and who, understanding the true aim and purposes of poetry, and "living with their muses in their heart," will be disposed to acknowledge the correctness of my proposition, and be ready to uphold it against all gainsayers: for such I will attempt a development of my sentiments on this subject.

Poetry is the loftiest and most sacred of arts. It is the blossom and odour of all human knowledge. It is the impassioned utterance of the most subtle and hidden feelings of the heart,—of the most glorious aspirations of the mind. It is the portraiture of all our passions and affections,—of our joys and griefs,—of our hopes and fears. Its sphere is not bounded. It sings of earth and heaven; of good and evil; of God and man; of time and of eternity. All nature, external and internal, is its subject; and wherever the beautiful or the good is to be found, there also, of necessity, co-essential with them, has poetry an existence and a home.

Since such are the characteristics of sacred song, it must be allowed,

that in whatever degree a love of the good and beautiful, of the true and holy, exists in the mind of a poet, in the same degree must he be considered as the subject of religious impressions, and the worshipper of Him who inhabiteth eternity. If to give great and ennobling ideas of the greatest and most ennobling subjects,—if to communicate to a listening world the most solemn and sublime truths,—if to show man the end and aim of his being,—if to teach him to march forward towards the goal of perfection;—if this be the office of the poet, then must the poet's mind be steeped in the dazzling light of religion.

I do not say that his religion will assume the same external form which that of the generality of his fellow-men assumes. I do not say that the flesh may not obtain the mastery over the spirit, or that the poet may not frequently betray his privileges, and sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. Fierce and fiery passions; temptations hard to be resisted; circumstances over which he has no controul; "solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty," have too often been drawn up in battle array against the poet, and have too often succeeded, to a certain extent, in their efforts to darken the bright sanctuary of his mind, and to expel the angel that ministers there,—with folded wings and obscured glory, it is true, but who, notwithstanding, ministers and will minister. I do not say that the poet may not often desert the narrow path that leads to the shining gate of perfection, and that both in conduct and in song; but I do say, that, in spite of all his errors, in spite of all his wanderings, the love of truth and of religion,—the aspiration after God, the absolute type of beauty and of holiness,—remain unchanged and unchangeable in his soul. He cannot, if he would, extinguish the light which at his birth was kindled in his mind. He must love truth, because the Creator willed it. He must act in conformity with the dictates of his nature, and they would teach him to promote the welfare of his brethren. He must delineate the forms of the good and the beautiful, for thereto is he impelled by the irresistible agencies of his moral and intellectual nature.

Some there are, who would fain have us believe that we are entitled to demand from the children of genius, a degree of moral excellence commensurate with the vastness of their intellectual endowments. Some there are who dwell delightedly on every error of a great and glorious spirit, and take a peculiar species of pride in indicating and magnifying every fault into which the gifted may be at times betrayed. To throw down the altar raised to Genius,—to desolate the fane where his worshippers assemble,—to degrade the kings of thought to their own level; this is their object—this their glory. For this they strive, as for some noble end: wise men are they, and worthy, right worthy of our esteem and imitation! But when the altar is overthrown, when the fane is desolated, and when genius is humbled to the dust,—what then? They have gained their object. They have sung their hymn of triumph. What then? Are they wiser? Are they better? Oh no! But they are satisfied,—they have recovered their self-esteem. Genius, after all, is nothing so very great. Oh, fools and blind! Suppose ye, then, that the creators of ideas can be exempt from even the stain of evil? Suppose ye that, living in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, with the stormy passions of beings like yourselves

embattled against them, that they can be pure and holy, and calm and just? Are they never to make a single false step? Are they to be very puritans in virtue? Will nothing less than absolute perfection content you? Oh, fools and blind!

Let me not be misunderstood. Let it not be for a moment imagined that I would underrate the religion of the humble-minded, simple-hearted christian. In truth, I could not sufficiently praise him who, in lowliness of heart and sincerity of purpose, is walking in the narrow road which leadeth unto life. He has truth with him, and, above all, he has God with him. But still, genius is eminently the child of God, and woe be to him who slights the mission of genius! woe be to him who disregards the summons of God's herald, "when he commands him to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous, a thrilling blast."

Never let it be forgotten, that God made man in his own image;—never let it be forgotten, that God is not only infinite goodness, but infinite beauty; not only infinite justice, but infinite wisdom. Now goodness is beauty. The soul therefore that loves the good, and worships God in spirit and in truth, is aspiring after the sublimest beauty—the beauty of holiness. Goodness is also wisdom. He then who seeks more and more to model his conduct after the laws of the highest wisdom, most nearly approximates to the similitude of his Father which is in heaven. But let us never believe that the Divinity loves only the poor in spirit; never let us trust that creed which would teach us, that ignorance alone is beloved by the Creator, and that for men to fulfil the whole law of their being, it is sufficient to love and to worship and to bless God,—to cherish the affections, and to cultivate all the gentle impulses and kindly feelings of the heart. No! to commune with the Infinite of Days, something more than this is requisite. We must look to the mind as well as to the heart. We must be great as well as good, that we may be perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect. Shall we, then, disregard the majestic voice of those great beings, whose spirit overflows with the light of genius, as heaven with the light of day? Shall we dare to turn away from those who, as creators of the good and beautiful, approximate more nearly than we all to the great Father, and who enjoy, by reason of their ability to evoke new worlds of unimagined grandeur from the abysmal waters of mind, some faint degree of that happiness which the Arch-Creator may be supposed to have felt, when he called into being the heaven and the earth, and all the hosts of them; and when, on the birthday of creation, the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy.

I would remind those who are most eager to attach blame to the conduct of the poet, that they are themselves, in some degree, responsible for each deed that they so fiercely criminate. The poet is the representative of his age. His soul is one gigantic mirror, wherein are reflected the peculiar idiosyncracies of his time,—wherein may be seen the thoughts and the passions, the wisdom and the folly, the virtue and the vice, of the men of his generation. He can no more prevent the peculiarities of his fellow-men from influencing him, than they can prevent his thoughts from influencing them. The poet

would act upon the age, and the age acts upon him. "He thinks to impel, and is himself impelled." Beware then lest, in censuring the poet, you pass sentence of condemnation on yourselves. Every evil action that you commit will plead trumpet-tongued against you; and if you are a man in authority, and can by your actions mould, in the most remote degree, the spirit of the age, recollect that you are responsible for the image of evil which is by your instrumentality reflected on the mirror of the poet's mind.

All poets are lovers of nature; and the love of nature purifies, and exalts, and tranquillises. There is to a poet something infinitely solemn and mysterious in the various forms in which nature appears to us. In the solitude and deep silence, he hears a voice,—still and small, but eloquent and convincing. In the forest is "the awful shadow of some unseen power," visible not indeed to his bodily eye, but to his spiritual gaze. On the mountain a presence seems to brood, and in the valley a vision to float; and the poet feels the presence, and his soul acknowledges the burthen, of the vision. In the deep waters he hears the voice of the Lord; and when the clouds utter their thunders, he must needs recognise the agency of the great God who made the heaven and the earth and the sea. Who, then, will deny that the poet who dwells much with nature, must also dwell with God? Nature is but an expression of God's power; and he who looks abroad on nature, and beholds how fearfully and wonderfully she is made, cannot but turn his thoughts from finite beauty and finite good to the infinite beauty and the infinite good—even God. To be alone with nature, is to be alone with God, and therefore it is that the poet so often talks a language which the men of this world understand not;—therefore it is that he is to the children of this generation, as a very lovely song in a strange land.

Be it understood, that I never intend to assert the sufficiency of this natural religion. I know that another path must be trodden, another doctrine taught, ere men can become "wise unto salvation." But this I say, that nature will reveal the most sublime truths to the pure and lowly in mind; that nature will teach a man to do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly with his God; and therefore it is that my spirit burns within me when I hear the little-souled and passionless automaton of morality complacently sitting in judgment on the greatest intellects, the mysteries of which he affects to fathom, while utterly ignorant of the operations of even his own dwarfish mind.

Furthermore; it is the poet's office to declare to the universe the glories of creation.—God hath set the world in his heart; in it, as in a mirror, is the visible beauty reflected. Nature is glassed there in her glory and her power, in her strength and in her weakness. The heavens, co-expanded with the earth, the green fields and still waters, the stars which are for ever, and the unenduring clouds,—all are there portrayed with an unerring skill. And there, too, are pictured the fiery passions of our common heart, — its hate and its love, — its joy and its grief, — its pride and its humility, — its patience and its meekness, and its gentleness, — and its cruelty and its wrath, and its tyranny. The poet, then, embodies that which is within him; and in proportion to his wisdom, and the excellency of his art, he gives no beautiful and

correct images of the realities which dwell in his heart and brain. He teaches us to love the good, to hate the evil; to be gentle and kind to all, for that we are all brethren; he appeals to our sympathies, and to our hopes and fears; and by his eloquence he persuades men to virtue, and by his earnestness he confirms them in virtue; and by his most gentle and most loving spirit he sanctifies their hearts, and beautifies their minds; and the nobleness of his sentiments, and the transparent loveliness of his thoughts, and the grandeur of his intellect, build up the temple of their spirits in beauty and in love and in holiness. Yet the poet is but a man,—subject, alas! to the same frailties as we all; and sometimes his heart and his flesh faint, and he forgets the country from whence he came, and the music which his soul learnt when it soared up to its own heaven, in the high season of its fancies, with its garland and its singing-robcs about it;* and it teaches another music which is not of God, and his lyre vibrates with strains which are not in harmony with the inner and unheard music of his heart. And here is his penance, and here his sorrow. Is not this enough—that the music which is without, should give the lie to the melody which is within? And wilt thou, O blind Pharisee!—wilt thou add yet to his punishment, by denying his genius,—by denying its heavenly origin,—by dwelling on every error,—by magnifying every fault? Thou knowest his failings—thou seest his backslidings, but thou knowest not his bitter repentance; his tears by night,—his sorrows by day; his self-abasement,—his broken and contrite heart. How he turns aside to evil, thou canst discern; but his yearnings for the good and beautiful,—his aspirations after spiritual excellence,—these thou canst not discern. O fool, and blind!

It is pleasant to hear men dogmatise on the subject of a poet's vices. They forget that, by reason of the sin originant, we are all, in some measure, the creatures of circumstance—the slaves of time. They forget that it is not possible for any one to attain unto perfection at once, and as it were by instinct; much less for a poet, whose passions are always stronger than other men's, in proportion as his intellect is greater than theirs. They look through the glass of prejudice or self-esteem, at the faults of the creator of the beautiful, as they would look through a magnifying-glass on a drop of water, only to discover the impurities which otherwise would have been unobserved. Every failing is revealed to the vulgar gaze; errors, which are entirely created by circumstance, are subject to their most searching scrutiny,—the very sanctities of private life are violated,—the household gods are broken on the holy hearth,—the delicate feelings, and mysterious impulses, and exquisite sensibilities, of a poet's heart, are made to assume the guise of sin; and his whole character, misunderstood, falsified, and new-modelled by hypocrisy, is exposed, in the broad insolent light of day, to the vulgar stare of those who are utterly ignorant of the miraculous beauty of his mind, and who have never shewed his passions, his trials, his sorrows, and his wrongs. How this has been done, in our own day, we all know. Witness the fate of "the Pilgrim of Eternity." He had faults,—great and glaring faults: but

* Milton.

should not the circumstances which in great part caused them, and over which he had no controul, be admitted as some extenuation of them?—should we not look on the other side of the portrait? Should we only hold up the sin to scorn and detestation, and not regard the virtue whose serene light made beautiful his soul. Look at his generosity,—his noble and affectionate spirit,—his devotion to the cause of mankind,—the steadfastness and sincerity of his friendship,—his open heart,—his ready hand,—his ardent yearning after the true and beautiful,—his enduring love,—his lofty heroism. Is there nothing here to venerate,—nothing here to admire,—nothing worthy our imitation,—nothing worthy our praise,—nothing worthy our love? Who shall say that this mighty spirit, had time been given, would not have fully awakened to a sense of his own surpassing powers, and framed his life in unison with the eternal laws of truth and faith? As it was, his sun went down at noonday. He of the lyre and sword—at the very moment when he was about to devote all his gigantic energies to the most noble of causes—perished; and we, in the blindness and unbelievingness of our hearts, disown his power, forget his glory, deny his mission, and abandon his cause!

Have we not reason, then, to complain, with our own divine and beloved Milton, that we are fallen on evil tongues, and on evil days? We will not see that it is impossible for man to do more than approximate to perfection; we will not see that it is only by struggling and suffering, by sorrow and trial, that man can be weaned from the love of earth and earthly things; and that time only can build up the man as he should be built,—pure and calm and integral, as to the eye of faith is the clear and quiet heaven of midnight.

Yet, a time is coming, nor is it far distant, when the mission of the poet will be recognised,—when men will learn wisdom from his lips, and assimilate themselves to God—whose great high-priest the poet is—through his instruction and through his persuasion. The time is not far distant when the poet will himself learn the awful importance of his office, and appreciate the value of his mission; and then art will take new and beautiful forms, and all that is now objectionable in it will vanish; and the poet will go forth in his robes of exceeding glory, in the divine apparel of love and truth and holiness—which is but the offspring of the former two—and will tell the world of the goodness, and mercy, and greatness, and beauty of God; and will sing of the joys of heaven, and prophesy of the splendour of the latter days.

Meanwhile, what remain for us—for us who recognise the poet's mission—for us who, in spite of the grievous and manifest fallings off of the man, still have a lively trust in the celestial origin of the genius of the poet, and look forward to the time when the beauty of holiness shall dwell in the temple of his spirit, as light in heaven, or glory in the sun;—what remain for us? Hope and faith:—hope in the bright future which is about to dawn on the world,—and faith in the miracles which genius, purified and ennobled, will hereafter achieve. However others act, let us never forget our duty;—that duty is, to champion genius. When genius is incarnate in goodness, God will have effectuated the regeneration of the human family. Meanwhile, let us be not faithless, but believing. Let us not doubt

the mission of genius, because of the imperfection in the nature of the men of genius. Let us not doubt its divine origin, because it is degraded and brought low among us; let us not doubt that it will hereafter be crowned with an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, though it be hidden now in a dense and massive cloud. Homer's goddesses appear in mists, but they depart in splendour;

Let us, in fine, who confide in genius, and defend genius, when men would persuade us to deny our Master, remember that poetry is the highest expression of the beautiful,—that the beautiful is the infinite,*—and that though, like the ladder of the patriarch, it be lost in the clouds, yet every step that we ascend will reveal to us a radiance increasingly brilliant, until we reach the paved work of the sapphire-stone beneath the feet of God, and view as it were the body of heaven in its clearness.†

W. M. W. C.

* *Aurore Dupin.*

† *Exod. xxiv. 16.*

MADONNA WEeping O'ER THE DEAD BODY OF CHRIST.*

WE mourn not o'er the shrouded form, as those
Who sorrow without hope: for us the grave
Has lost its sting; celestial pinions wave
O'er its dark portals, fanning soft repose;
And on its damp corruption, Sharon's rose
Hath shed sweet odours, till the aching breast
Longs for the quiet of its dreamless rest,—
A breezeless haven from heart-wrecking woes;
While faith points upward to a brighter home,
Where sorrow breathes not its corroding taint,—
Where Death's intruding footsteps dare not come
To cloud the sunlight of a mother's bliss,
As, the fond woman shining through the saint,
She clasps her child in heaven, and seals one human kiss.

But here too well that sunken bursting eye,
From whose o'ershadowing lid the lingering tear
Creeps slowly down, and sighs we almost hear,
And wringing hands, and looks of agony,
Whose silent anguish speak more piercingly
Than phrenzy's loudest wailing, tell of grief
That seeks not—knows not comfort or relief,
While faith and baffled hope astounded fly.—
Most lovely, though most sad, I read thy line,
Till 'neath the silent burden of her thought,
My soul, with ecstasy of grief o'erwrought,
Like a dear sister joins her tears to thine,
A willing captive to triumphant art,
Enchantress of the eye and sovereign of the heart.

B.

* *Carlo Dolce.*

THE VOYAGER'S FAREWELL.

THE time is come—the sail is set,
 Pennant and flag in long array;
 One hour—one moment linger yet :—
 It may not be,—Away! away!
 These wailings, they are useless made,
 Those tears for yonder lover shed;
 They shall not faster flow when, laid
 Afar, he makes the deep his bed.

And wilt thou not forget to mourn?—
 Augusta, speak those words again,
 When from her native waves is borne
 Our bark that cleaves the treach'rous main.
 Or when, or where again we meet,
 Oh, who may know,—or who can tell?
 Yet shall that time be passing sweet,—
 What future can be loved so well?

And still upon the shore we stay,—
 One hour—one moment linger yet;—
 It may not be,—Away! away!
 The time is come—the sail is set,
 The flag is waving from on high;
 What time shall these lost friends restore,
 Or who shall cheer when none are nigh,—
 Or who shall soothe when hope is o'er?

The sail is set—the breeze is fair,
 And, seaman, from thy recreant eye,
 Dash forth the tear that trembles there;—
 'Tis vain to weep,—'tis weak to sigh.
 Husband from wife, and child from mother,—
 No space for joy,—no time for mirth;
 Oh! when shall either find another
 To cheer their place by home or hearth?

C. B. W.

SONG.

LIVE for me, Love; time shall never
 Break the ties that bind us now;
 Death alone our hearts shall sever,—
 Death to whom we all must bow.

What, though fortune smile not o'er us,
 As through life's dark vale we stray;
 Love shall smooth the path before us,—
 Love shall chase our cares away!

A.

PENCILLINGS OF UNDERGRADUATES.

"To point a moral."—DR. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,
The foul cubs like their parents are ;
Their den is in their guilty mind,
And conscience feeds them with despair."—SHELLEY.

COLLEGE students : God bless you ! I could tell you tales concerning them by the hour. I did not pass three years of an Undergraduate's course, without making observations respecting their habits of life,—their long, long resistance to temptation, and their reluctant yielding to its spells at last. The following story,—it matters not how I became so minutely acquainted with its bearings ; it is sufficient that I can vouch for their authenticity,—*haud ignota loquar*,—carries a moral with it, that—but I will let my narrative speak for itself.

I was acquainted with Fitzherbert at Harrow. He was what was called, in the prevailing slang of the day, a devilish good fellow,—a slap-up trump. I was familiar likewise with many portions of his family history. He seldom alluded to them himself, for there was much that was sad and painful connected with the recollection of them. He had lost his mother in early life, but not before his infant mind had received that impress of her features, which would sometimes glance upon him, like the visitings of his better angel, amidst the midnight scenes of recklessness and debauchery. He once told me that, while pouring forth a torrent of profane oaths, during a quarrel with a fellow-student, he felt her thin and delicate fingers gliding softly through his hair, and parting it as she had used to do when he was a child.

When he arrived at Cambridge, he was expected to do much. His known classical attainments, joined to the natural powers of his mind, induced a belief that his ambition might compass anything. How far these expectations were blighted, it is scarcely my object to relate : but I well remember that his apartments were, from his own choice, situated in the most retired corner of the spacious quadrangle ;—nearest the sky, moreover,—and then plainly furnished, in order that luxury and accommodation might not serve to establish them either as a resort for loungers, or gain for them the reputation of a Cigar-divan.

Fitzherbert had not been at College many months, when a splash young Baronet, from Eton, with whom he had been formerly acquainted, arrived at Cambridge. They met at the rooms of a mutual friend ; and renewed their previous intimacy. I was present myself, and remember well the occurrence. Sir Frank Haslewood *loquitur*—"D—n it, Fitzherbert, they tell me you have turned Sim, and that you attend Littellwitt's church. Answer to the accusation. Is it true or false?"

"To the latter count," replied Fitzherbert, "I plead—*guilty* shall I say ? If you will have it so—yes ! But with regard to the former,

I can return you no answer, till you first give me the definition of a Sim, as you are pleased to term me."

"A Sim," Haslewood returned,—“a Sim; let the character of a Sim be written down in the University annals—

‘Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens.’

These are they who take from Christianity its fair fame, who desecrate the worship of God, by making pay-tables of his altars.* I cannot do justice to their hypocrisy. I must point out examples, from whose conduct you must gain your knowledge of the species. There's — and —, and —. A pretty trio! What think ye of them?"

After some remarks from Fitzherbert, Parker, the friend before alluded to, changed the subject, by proposing a ride to Newmarket on the following day, which was instantly acceded to by the Baronet; but not so readily by Fitzherbert. His duties with his private tutor, —the strictness of the College Dons in enforcing regular attendance at hall, during the racing week,—and many other objections, were started; all which Sir Frank Haslewood and Parker overruled, and Fitzherbert was compelled to consent.

I do not know whether Fitzherbert betted at Newmarket; and at this time I have no means of ascertaining. Nor is it a part of my plan to follow him through every intricate twist and turning of his College career.

The first great event to which I must refer, was his visit to —'s, a notorious gambling-house in London. His companions were Haslewood and Parker. He had a considerable sum about his person. It was to discharge his College bills. In an evil hour he was induced to risk it, and—he lost.

They tempted him to play again.

"I have nothing to meet you with,—nothing;" and here he paused.

"That ring," suggested Parker, as he glanced at the brilliant which Fitzherbert constantly wore.

"Was my mother's," he replied.

"And she?"

"Is dead."

Fitzherbert pronounced these words in a firm voice, but the compression of his features indicated emotion.

"Allow me to examine it," continued Parker; "it seems to be of the first water."

Fitzherbert removed it from his finger, and handed it to him in silence.

"It's a fine jewel, certainly," he said, when he had scrutinised it sufficiently. "Well, it's more than it's worth,—but you wish to be handsome, Haslewood, and Paget has lost every stake yet; what say you?—will you risk fifty against it?"

"Fifty is a large sum," returned the wily Haslewood; "but—damme—I don't know; I wish to be handsome, as you say."

* From the expression, "desecrating the worship of God, by making pay-tables of His altars," I should suppose Sir Frank Haslewood to allude to the rules of one of our large Colleges, which condemn the Scholars and Foundation Sizars to the loss of their commons, unless they submit to the imposition of a stated number of chapels per week.—*PRINTER'S DEVIL.*

Fitzherbert felt the blood mounting to his cheeks, as he heard the proposition. His mother's ring. What if he lost it? Could he ever forgive himself? But then, on the other hand, there was the chance of winning,—and money he must have.

"It's an offer that you won't get repeated, I can tell you," said Parker, perceiving his hesitation. "Carry the bauble to a jeweller's, and he'll offer you twenty. Take your choice,—you know that I am your friend."

Fitzherbert bit his lip, but remained silent. If it had been anything else,—if it had been the gift of another! But his mother! and in her grave.—Still he could remember her as well without it. True affection needed no jewel as a monitor.

Rapid as light these thoughts glanced across his brain. As speedily was he decided. And again were the boxes charged, and again—*he lost!*

He caught up his hat, with a hideous imprecation,—dashed towards the door,—and disappeared. They called after him, but he returned no more.

Scarcely knowing what he did, he hurried along the dark back street in which the gambling den was situated. The night was very cold; flakes of snow were falling, and a keen north wind set right in his face. The pavement, too, was so slippery, as to render it dangerous to proceed at a tolerably fast pace.

He was in the street now,—that was one comfort; and thus far unnoticed, except by the passers by. When he got into the Quadrant in Regent-street, he stopped, and lingered about by the shop-windows, for the purpose of diverting his attention. His dress being that of a gentleman, he was solicited for charity by a wretched-looking woman, with a dirty, ragged child in her arms. He had some confused notion that money was required of him, and he turned round and laughed in her face, which act of seeming cruelty drew forth a shower of abuse from the mendicant; but he laughed louder at this, and walked on.

He passed a shop where he had been accustomed to purchase cigars; he had entered it before he remembered that his pockets were empty. The man approached, and bowed, as if waiting his commands. He stammered out something about a mistake, and made a retreat. The man, concluding him to be drunk, took no note of the circumstance.

What must be his resource? He was in his landlady's debt, and could not think of returning there without the wherewithal to discharge her bill. He had no money,—and to go to an inn, at that time of night, without luggage, would be absurd;—no innkeeper would receive him. He must do something. What must that something be?

He had no cause to stifle remembrance, for his brain was too confused to allow him to recollect, with any degree of clearness, what had really happened. Something there was that came across him, that was unpleasantly associated with his mother's memory. And this idea fastening upon him, he began to fancy that she was really present, and had risen from her grave to chide him. He more than once caught himself listening in terror to her admonitions; and then, recollecting himself, he knew that what he supposed to be her voice, was only the

wind whistling among the pillars of the Quadrant. But he felt his heart beat, and his hair to stand on end, notwithstanding.

He began to walk fast, to keep himself warm. He buttoned his coat up tighter round his chin, and tied his pocket-handkerchief over his mouth. After all, it was mere personal inconvenience ;—in other circumstances, he would have enjoyed it ;—why not now ?

He passed along the Strand,—down Fleet-street,—up Ludgate-hill,—to St. Paul's. The snow had ceased,—the clouds had dispersed, and the moon cast a pale chill ray upon the whitened houses and the cold glittering streets. There were but few people abroad, and they were hurrying rapidly along : it was not a night to slumber upon duty. Even the policemen had exchanged their leisurely, monotonous pace for a stiff walk, and the cabmen, who dared not leave their charge, stamped their feet upon the ground, to keep the blood in circulation. About five in the morning, however, the wind suddenly shifted to the west ; and a misty rain began to fall, bringing with it all the unpleasantness of a London thaw. As Fitzherbert made his way up Newgate-street and Holborn, he passed several coffee-shops and early-breakfast houses, which were open for the accommodation of cads, and the lowest classes of artisans, who passed them on their way to work. He would gladly have sought rest and shelter even within these walls ; but he was without money, and he walked on.

There was a gin-shop in Oxford-street ; it had recently been repaired and beautified, and its exterior was indeed handsomely fitted up, — gilded mouldings and superb cornices attracting the eye in all directions. The door was open, and Fitzherbert lingered, with a degree of curiosity, to observe the customers who frequented it at that early hour. From the crowd of persons before the bar, he seemed secure from the observation of the landlord, and as he was weary with his continual wandering to and fro, during the night, he seated himself on the nearest stool, and began to contemplate the scene before him.

It was indeed a motley scene—possessing, however, one common feature—wretchedness. In every lineament of every feature, squalid want and wretched vice were depicted. Bleared eye,—sunken cheek,—tottering limbs. Faces that had been once fair, and which still retained some considerable traces of beauty. Females,—mere children, apparently, but grown old in vicious practices ;—girls that should have been amongst the most delicate of nature's tracery. Fitzherbert's heart sickened as he gazed,—for he was now brought into familiar contact with that which he had only heard of as a dream before.

Many eyes were turned towards him ; and to avoid unpleasant attention, he was obliged to depart. The sky was streaked with the first dawn of morning ; and, one by one, the lamps in the street flickered, and went out. Then came the cry of the poor sweep, who of all human creatures seems to enjoy the least of this world's luxury.

The mails and night-coaches, with their outside passengers, looking as unpleasantly comfortable as their situation might bespeak, were hastening to their respective offices. Bricklayers,—workmen of all kinds, were making for their place of employment ; while occasionally the slight form of a young and delicate female might be seen hurrying to another day's incarceration at the work-table.

The rain that had fallen, and which still continued with little diminution, had made the streets, previously thick with snow, one quagmire of filthy mud. But it was morning, and the night, after all, *had* worn itself away. With morning, however, came to Fitzherbert the recollection of the past, and the pitiable prospect of the future. There was a step left him, which could not fail him in his need; but pride started an objection. This was, to write immediately and submissively to his father. But the ambition of his nature was too great, even in his present destitute condition, to allow of his cherishing such a thought, with a view to its execution, longer than for an instant. Come what may—come what would, he would face the worst, and prefer it to such an alternative.

And now the langour and exhaustion, consequent upon the manner in which he had spent the night, forced themselves upon him. His eyelids were heavy for want of sleep. His legs seemed scarcely able to support his frame. The dirtiest creatures that turned from the streets into the lowest and filthiest of the public-houses, he envied even them, for they had seats whereon to rest themselves. He would have given the world for a place on which to recline. The resorts of gratuitous exhibition, the Museum and the National Gallery, were not yet open, or he would have sought them for the repose of their chairs and benches. Hunger! he cared not for that: sleep—beyond everything—sleep!

Still he exerted himself, and wandered on. He was in Hyde Park now, and the broad sheet of the Serpentine was before him. A thought—a dreadful thought, flashed across his brain; and without knowing what he did, he hurried to its fulfilment. But the water seemed so cold, that he was too cowardly to put his half formed purpose into execution. If it had been summer—but the idea of drowning in water that was half congealed!

The whole of that day, no food, no morsel did he take within his lips. The beggars, as he passed along, solicited charity of him,—of him who was himself in want of the single penny which they craved.

And then night came on again—another night, which must be passed like the one preceding it, in wandering to and fro. He was passing the Theatre of Drury Lane, just as the audience were pouring forth from its doors. The crowd was extremely dense, for the night's performances had been sustained by the talent of a very popular actress. As Fitzherbert lingered, gazing listlessly into the faces of those who hurried by him, he felt himself touched on the shoulder: he turned round, and beheld Rosslewyn.

Rosslewyn had been his school-fellow at Harrow. They had been chums together, had loved each other with an affection that exceeded the average of school-boy friendship. But since Fitzherbert's removal to the University, they had not met, and much had passed in that interval. Rosslewyn had lost his father, and with him, the stay and prospects of his youth. He was now the architect of his own fortunes; and when our path is unaided, we have most of us a weary hill to climb.

They had not seen each other for two years: to Rosslewyn it seemed an age.

"What, Fitzherbert!"

"Good God, Rosslewyn!"

"You are not well, Fitzherbert,—you look paler than you used to do. Where do you live? Come home, and spend the night with me. I have but a poor lodging to receive you in; but—we have been friends, Fitzherbert, and *you* will not sneer at my poverty.—Good heavens! what is the matter?"

Had not Rosslewyn caught him in his arms, Fitzherbert must have fallen to the ground. His friend stopped not to question him further; but, calling a cab, he deposited him within it, jumped in himself, and conveyed him to his own home—the home of a poor and unpatronized artist. When they arrived there, our hero was insensible.

Much alarmed at the suddenness of the event, Rosslewyn immediately procured medical aid; restoratives were administered, and the exhausted youth was placed in a clean and comfortable bed, while his friend kept watch beside him. Fitzherbert slept—but not soundly,—for dreams were the companions of his pillow:

"Thou hast been called, O Sleep, the friend of woe,
But 'tis the happy who have named thee so."

Often did he start and struggle,—that hideous phantom! he could not get rid of it. He knew he had done wrong, and deserved punishment. But what did *that* thing there, crouching and scowling at him? Off! away! He was in the green fields now, he had escaped—Hurra! No, there it was, following him closely—at his side, before him—assuming now all shapes, all figures; it was no longer one—it was many. Many!—it was *everything, everywhere*; it was like a group of thickly crowded faces, peering and grinning forth from every point to which he turned his eyes: and many of the faces he had known before, and beautiful were they in those times,—but *now*!

How did Rosslewyn wonder as he bent over his friend, and wiped from that fine brow the drops of perspiration that gathered thickly upon it! Fitzherbert resembled his sister,—and that sister—a beautiful girl—Rosslewyn had once loved, and her shadow haunted him even now. He knew not—he could not conjecture—what had happened, but something dreadful it must be. How he longed to enquire!

And all that night, that seemed so long to the watcher by the bed of sickness, did Fitzherbert sleep; and when the cold-coloured dawn of the winter's morning broke, Rosslewyn was still beside him, wakeful with suspense and anxiety. Presently the sun struggled in at the window, and the day became clearer; and the din of the streets commenced, and life—busy, populous life—was ebbing and flowing, rushing and hurrying along, through broad thoroughfare and narrow alley, pent-up court, and wide and spacious promenade. But the noise reached not Fitzherbert's ear.

At length he awoke,—but not as one refreshed. His limbs were numbed; the blood flowed languidly through them; they felt deathly, clammy, and cold, as if the grave-damp were upon them. He could

not rise, he could not speak; he could only press his friend's hand, and thank him mutely.

The doctor was again in attendance; and when the night had closed in, Fitzherbert was considerably recovered. His story was soon told.

* * * * *

The room in which Fitzherbert had slept, served Rosslewyn at once for a sitting and a sleeping apartment. It was hung round with sketches,—the production of his own hands. In one corner were gathered together the sundry articles which comprised his stock of furniture, a table and an easle occupying the most prominent stations. The window—the only window—looked over the Thames, for his lodgings were situated in one of those narrow back streets which lie eastward of the Strand. Genius takes up its abode in strange and unworthy quarters.

The young painter had stationed himself at the window, and was gazing listlessly out upon the river. There was no moon; dark clouds had gathered over the face of heaven, and the sullen water dashed beneath. Here and there, from the different barges and vessels, lights were streaming along the surface of the tide; while the vessels themselves, lowering in the darkness, resembled huge and uncertain creatures slumbering in the silence.

By Rosslewyn's side stood Fitzherbert.

"Rosslewyn, you have saved my life."

"Thank God!"

"Amen. You shall prosper, Rosslewyn ——"

"Not in this world," said the artist bitterly. "I have failed too often, while

'malignant fate sat by and smiled.'"

"But you *shall* succeed; and we will be old and dear friends, as we have been: and you shall marry Constance."

"Ah! Fitzherbert, mention her no more, an' thou lovest me. I am but a poor painter."

"You remember her features?"

"Oh, how well!—remember! From my recollection I have drawn them;" and he opened a small drawer, and produced a miniature.

"Is that like her, Fitzherbert?"

It was the picture of his sister. All that art could achieve had been effected; the breathing soul only was not there. Fitzherbert pressed his friend's hand in silence.

Two anxious days passed, and the third morning brought a letter to Fitzherbert. It was from his father, to whom, at the artist's earnest entreaty, he had written; and it contained large remittances. His first thought was to assist Rosslewyn.

"I have more than sufficient to discharge my bills at College," he said; "and an overplus of money will be an inducement to play.—Take it, Rosslewyn. You can repay me at your leisure."

Rosslewyn stood in need of money, and for that very reason refused it.

"But keep it for me; it will be more secure in your possession

than in mine. We have too many temptations at College; and money is a sad incentive. Keep it, dear Rosslewyn,—if not for my sake, at least for ‘auld lang syne.’”

The blood mounted into the artist’s cheek.

“When we were friends at Harrow,” he said, “I had as good an expectation as yourself of succeeding in the world. I had friends, fortune, and ambition. The last is all that is now left me,—save a name undisgraced, and honour unsullied; with these I shall succeed yet, and success shall come by my own exertions.”

His eyes flashed,—his cheeks mantled;—all the energy of his nature seemed to be rekindled. Poor Rosslewyn! how little did he think that at that very moment, in that one city of London, there were multitudes, like himself, yearning for fame, and feeding their hearts with promises of the future,—never to be fulfilled.

Fitzherbert beheld the almost transparent brightness that illumined his eye; and the thought impressed itself upon him, that he should see his friend no more.

He never did. That night he returned to Cambridge. In a narrow grave, dug in the noisy burial-ground of St. Clement’s, Strand, the hopes and ambition of the artist are laid to rest. No one, save his landlady, followed him to the tomb: but when Fitzherbert, six months afterwards, accidentally heard of his death, he went to London, and placed a stone above his grave.

CHAPTER II.

“*Lasciate speranza.*”—DANTE.

It was the Long Vacation; and Fitzherbert was permitted to remain in residence. He had distinguished himself at the recent College Examination, and had regained that good opinion of the authorities which his irregularities had forfeited before. The authorities—by which term we mean the Dons—of an University, are, nine times out of ten, the most disagreeable people one has to deal with through life. There *are* exceptions, and we have at this moment a most honourable one in our recollection, by whom, when we were an Undergraduate, we were never bullied about our non-attendance at chapel,—never lectured upon the heinousness of cutting lectures,—never informed that a cigar was unbecoming a gentleman, and that smoking was the only crime which could not be forgiven, since it inevitably led to the commission of sundry flagrantcies which may not be mentioned in these our moral and instructive pages.

Let it not be supposed that we would wish to encourage irregularity of conduct. So far from it, that for every offence committed against the rules and statutes of the “institution” of which we are a member, we would inflict a heavy and condign punishment upon the

offender, sentencing him to provide a dinner for at least thirty of his most intimate friends and acquaintance, at his own discretion and expence; to increase the bill already due to his wine-merchant, by the order of three dozen of Champagne; and, finally, to break, shatter, and demolish, at his own personal risk, all and each of the lamps which are stationed to illuminate the darkness of his College court.

There dwelt in Cambridge, at the time to which our story refers, one of that numerous tribe of human beings, to whom—whether deservedly or not, we will not undertake to assert—no slight degree of odium not unfrequently attaches itself. The individual we refer to, is now gone; but his successor, well known to the University, still exists. He was a Jew, and his name was Solomons.

It was late one evening, towards the close of the Vacation, and when the rain, which had been lowering and threatening the whole of the day, began to fall, that the Israelite arose from the chair in which he had been seated, and, reaching his hat from the peg upon which it hung, prepared to sally forth into the street. A pot had been for some time simmering over the fire, which was burning brightly in the grate, and which ever and anon was fed with sticks, by a small female child, who crouched beside it.

"Leah," said the old man, in a sharp voice, as he advanced towards the door of the room.

The girl looked up quickly, and apparently terrified, for she knew the hasty temper of her companion.

"See that you let nobody in, while I am away. Do ye hear?"

"Yes," responded the child, "if you wish it."

"And see that the fire does not go out, and that the pot boils. Do ye hear?"

The child assented as before.

"And see," continued the Jew, as he re-opened the door, and advanced one foot again into the room, "that the supper is laid and ready when I come back: I shall not be gone long."

Heedless of the rain, which now came heavily down, he directed his steps toward that disreputable part of the suburbs of Cambridge, which is situated upon the Newmarket road. When he had reached the spot upon which the Theatre is now erected, he turned down a narrow alley, and tapped hastily at the door of a small house standing apart from the rest. It was opened by a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, gaily—even gaudily dressed.

"Where is Sal?" demanded the Jew, when the door had been closed and bolted on the inside.

"Up-stairs; but she'll be down directly," answered the girl who had admitted him.

"Call her now, for I can't stay long. But tell me first,—has she seen him?"

"You mean ——?"

"Whom else should I mean? There is but one that we've got in hand now—is there?"

"No, she has not seen *him*!" returned the girl in a lower tone of voice than she had hitherto spoken in.

"The devil! Why, has he not been here, then?" asked the Jew, angrily.

"No, but his friend has," was the reply.

"And his name?"

"Parker," answered the girl.

"Well,—oh, very well," said the Jew, rubbing his hands; "better and better this is. But call her down: Sal—here, Sal—old girl, come and see your Solomons, come—Ah! this is good—ha! ha! ha!"

Before he had finished speaking, a step was heard descending the stairs, and in a moment after a girl, older by some years than the one noticed before, made her appearance.

"So you are come?" she observed to the Israelite.

"Yes, Sal,—couldn't do without you. Oh, you are a clever girl."

"Come, come, no flummery," interrupted Sal; "you should have been here before."

"No, I said ten o'clock—didn't I? I said, when it was dark—didn't I now?"

"I hav'n't seen him since," said the elder girl.

"So Ciss told me; how is that, Sal? There is nothing gone wrong—nothing wrong, is there?" enquired the Jew, with apparent concern.

"Oh, no!" returned the girl; "it will be all right bye-and-by. He is but a boy, and not used to it. I sent him a message to-night that will bring him here to-morrow, I'll venture."

"And then——"

"And then," continued the girl, sharply, "I've a scheme ready which will not fail,—only be you ready. And now, the sooner we part the better—so, good night."

"Good night—good night, Sal. Oh, 'tis a clever girl—a clever girl;" and the Jew chuckled as he stepped into the street and turned once more upon his heel.

* * * * *

Fitzherbert had opened a secret drawer of his writing-desk, and had taken from thence a lock of hair, so dark that it almost vied with the unrivalled jet. He gazed upon it a few moments, and then pressed it fondly to his lips.

"And she perhaps is thinking of me now," he said to himself. "Poor Amy! oh, that for her sake I could alter my course, and become all that she would wish to see me. Alas! alas!"

——— *deteriora sequor.*

Mine is an unlucky fate, that forces me to become an actor, where it is even disgraceful to be a spectator. Poor Amy!——But," he continued, concealing the locket, "here comes Parker."

The door opened, and that gentleman presented himself.

"What a wet night!" he cried. "Well, it's all settled, and you'll be ready to-morrow!"

"Yes," sighed Fitzherbert, "to-morrow" * * *

(*To be continued.*)

THE COMPLAINT OF HAROLD THE VALIANT

ON ELIZABETH, THE DAUGHTER OF JARISLAFF, KING OF RUSSIA.*

I.

No ships have sailed as mine have done,
So fleetly or so far;
No oars been rowed so rapidly
To victory or war.
For all I am of kingly strain,
I woo the Cossack maid in vain.

II.

In youth I fought a stubborn fight,
With but one shield to ten:
Then Drontheim's men were strown like straw,
And Drontheim's king was slain.
For all I am of kingly strain,
I woo the Cossack maid in vain.

III.

One day I sailed,—a storm arose,
With but sixteen the crew;
Though but sixteen we baled the wave,
For all we were so few.
For all I am of kingly strain,
I woo the Cossack maid in vain.

IV.

Eight arts I know,—to throw the lance,
To ride, to swim, to row;
To strike the foeman on the field,
To skate o'er ice and snow.
For all I am of kingly strain,
I woo the Cossack maid in vain.

V.

I jousted in a southern land,
And she was there to see;
I pointed spear, and wielded blade,—
This day they sing of me.
For all I am of kingly strain,
I woo the Cossack maid in vain.

VI.

For all, I am of Norway's land,
And Norway's sons love home;
I'd rather sweep the ocean's coast,
And sail the ocean's foam.
I swept each coast—won fame,—yet she,
The Cossack maid, cares nought for me.

* See *Mallet's Northern Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 236.

REGNER LODBROG'S DEATH-SONG.*

We hacked the foe with the sword—
 We carved the food for the maws
 Of the wolf with the grizzled hide,
 And the hawk with the golden claws.
 The whole huge ocean gushed,
 Like one wide wound with gore,—
 'Twas so we fought in our youth,
 On the waves of the Eastern shore.

We hacked the foe with the sword—
 When Helsing's helms were riven ;
 We sail'd with a swollen sail,
 When Ifa's foam was driven.
 Our steel dropp'd ruddy dew,—
 It sang to the tune of the thunder,
 That louder and louder rung,
 As the shields were cloven asunder.

We hacked the foe with the sword—
 The blood-dew dropped like rain ;
 The death-darts whistled in air,
 For cleaving the helms in twain.
 There is pride in the sound of the war,
 There is joy in the bride's embrace,—
 Such were the joys of the fight,
 When we felled Britannia's race.

We hacked the foe with the sword—
 On Humber's colder side ;
 The death-storm beat on the targe,
 And he that bore it died.
 They fled at the burst of the morn,
 'Twas then that the steel bit proof,—
 Such is the taste of the mead,
 Beneath the widow's roof.

We hacked the foe with the sword—
 At last King Frier fell ;
 Red and blue the swords
 Shone on the golden mail.
 Blue for the steel, and red
 For the blood, that the maidens lamented,—
 'Twas so on the Frisian shore,
 That we fought, and return'd contented.

We hacked the foe with the sword—
 'Twas then that Herthiof won ;
 'Twas then that my best men fell,
 And Rogvaldur my much-loved son.
 The spears, that he played with, smote,
 His crest blushed red with blood,
 The corpse-birds shrieked the knell
 Of the hero that made their food.

* See *Mallet's Northern Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 230.

We hacked the foe with the sword,—
 There was rain and rattle that day—
 Many a hero fell,
 In the first red dawn of the fray.
 'Twas then that Agnar bled,
 As Egill's dart came near—
 Truly a son of mine own,
 For he never had tasted fear.

To fall 'mid the hail of darts,
 And the clang of the arrowy sleet—
 Such is the hero's fate :—
 To fly with a craven's feet,
 To live like the slave of life—
 Curse on the dastard's rest,
 He feels no spark in his soul,
 He bears no heart in his breast !

We hacked the foe with the sword,—
 Fifty times and one,
 Since I fleshed* my maiden sword,
 Have I trusted myself alone.
 I have met with none that o'ercame me, —
 Hail ye Halls of Death,
 Hail ye beakers of ale !—
 I laugh with my latest breath.

* Shakspeare—Henry 4th.

STANZAS.

—“ros in tenerâ gratissimus herbâ.”—VIRG.

THOUGH o'er my childhood's years there shone
 A joyous light, which now is fled ;
 I grieve not that those days are gone,
 But rather that their hopes are dead.

For childhood, like our riper age,
 Doth feed on visions all divine ;
 Nor find I aught in poet's page
 So fair as were those dreams of mine.

And so the sunny August noon,
 Hath golden glories undenied :
 But where is that rejoicing tune
 That greeted us at morning-tide ?

The early music of the lark
 Is sweeter than the nightingale ;
 For she but soothes the dreary dark,—
 He to Aurora tells his tale.

H. H. P.

THE DEATH OF THE DOG.

A JOINER once of savage surly mood,
With inward hate and envy burned
Against a bull-dog, bearing him ill blood.

Now this
The bull-dog took amiss ;
And all the joiner's spite,
As best he might,
With equal spite, in right good will, returned.
In short he bit him on the thigh,
(Where joiners love being bit not one *iota* more
Than you or I,) Full sore.
And so the joiner took his adze and smote,
Severe and full,
The dog, that, growling out a ghastly note,
Died of a cloven skull.

The bull-dog's owner came
Instantly, when he heard the dog was dead ;
And, as his friend was not in barking frame,
Barked in his stead.

I hold it shameful to repeat the rout
The bull-dog's owner made,
With oaths, and curses, stampings, threats about
His bull-dog's broken head.
In vain the splitter of the scull essayed
To represent
That two good halves might make a whole good head ;
Whereat the plaintiff far too harsh and hot
For reason or philosophy, would not
Relent
At all, though stagger'd by the argument.

In short, they went to law. The plaintiff said,
" He never need have hit him on the *head*
" At all ; he might have knocked him off instead,
" Or done as I should do,
" Dealt him a blow, or two
" At most—
" But now, alas ! the poor dead dog is lost."

And here he wiped his eyes ; whereat the judge,
Just in his cool official way,
Asked what the joiner had to say
To justify the grudge ;
And added, that he " should, instead,
" Have struck him with the *handle* of the axe,
" And not the *head*."
" Why, so I should have done in case the cursed
" Blood-thirsty dog had charged me *but-end first* ;
" But, as it was, the shaft was no avail—
" He bit me with his teeth, and not his tail."

SENATUS UNIVERSITATIS GLASGUENSIS LECTORI
SALUTEM.

QUUM vir ornatissimus * * *, postquam arti medicæ operam dedisset egregiam, honores a nobis petiverit Academicos, seque ad specimen exhibendum profectus sui in rebus medicis paratum ostenderit, nos per universam eum medicinam curavimus examinandum: in quo examine cum præclaram eruditionem et medicinæ peritiam pari cum modestia conjunctam nobis abunde probaverit, nos dictum * * *. Medicinæ Doctorem creandum censuimus et declarandum; Medicinæ eum Doctorem creavimus ac declaravimus, et his cum literis Doctorem appellamus; atque apud omnes haberi et appellari volumus; eique potestatem damus plenissimam de re medicâ loquendi, docendi, consultandi, scribendi, et disputandi, in Cathedram Doctoralem ascendendi, omnes denique tum theoriæ medicæ quam praxeos actus ubique terrarum exercendi, et omnes simul honores, prærogativas omnes ei concedimus et privilegia quæ vero medicinæ Doctori usquam Gentium conceduntur aut concedi solent. In quorum fidem literis hisce communi Academiæ sigillo munitis nomina nostra subscripsimus.

Datum Glasguae, &c.

FREE TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

THE Senate, kind as kind can be,
Of Glasgow University,
Wishes good health to one and all
The readers of the following scrawl;
And lest mere wishing should not do,
Presents them with a Doctor too.

Whereas a certain man most splendid,
Who can do all that ever men did,
Named * * *, hath studied physic
Till he can cure whoever is sick,
And hath applied to us, the donors
Of academic fame and honours,
For our approval; and profess'd
Himself prepared to do his best
In proving to our heart's content
Himself a scholar excellent;
We therefore in the circuit wide
Of medicine his skill have tried,
And given him, for his due probation,
A precious stiff examination:
Wherein, since he himself hath quitted
Full well, and shown himself sharp-witted,
In medical affairs discerning,
And cram'd with bushelsfull of learning;

Napoleon's Grave.

In short, a youth all hope exceeding,
 And quite a pattern of good breeding ;—
 We the said * * * allow
 Fit for a doctor, and do now,
 As well befits his merits rare,
 Doctor of medicine him declare,—
 And to such rank, as this our letter
 Sets forth, no man has title better ;
 And doctor we would have him known,
 Alike in country and in town.
 And also be it known that we
 Grant him unbounded liberty,
 In things to medicine relating,
 Of teaching, wrangling, scribbling, prating ;
 At will prescribing pills and potions,
 And giving casting votes on motions ;
 And taking (such the certain fact is)
 Full swing for theory and practice
 Where'er he likes to try his hand,
 At home, abroad, by sea and land ;
 And will him to receive of right
 All honour, glory, and delight
 E'er had or hoped for by M.D.'s,
 And (if he can but get them) fees.

Attested with our common seal,
 And with our names subscribed—
 Fareweel.

J. G.

 NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

On a lone rock encircled by the wave
 Behold Napoleon's solitary grave ?
 There low he lies, who once the world controll'd,
 Subdued the mighty, and appall'd the bold :
 Ambition's child, when first to youth he sprung,
 Her dazzling beams success around him flung ;
 His sword victorious flashed its sudden rays,
 And prostrate millions bow'd before the blaze.
 Have ye e'er seen with what resistless sway—
 The wily snake o'erwhelms his trembling prey,
 Mark'd the poor flutterer, as he vainly tries
 To soar aloft and skim the distant skies ;
 Viewed his vain efforts, seen the deadly fear
 The victim feels, to scan his foes so near,
 'Till at the last he casts one upward glance,
 And sinks at once in terror's icy trance ?—
 Dread and designing as the deadly snake,
 Before Napoleon's power the nations quake ;
 Where'er he turns his terror-darting eye,
 Whole kingdoms fall, and withering nations die :

Resist they may, but they resist in vain,
 And countless thousands strew the hostile plain.
 Form'd to command, impell'd by daring pride,
 His sword obtain'd what nature had denied ;
 A regal crown invests his warlike brow,
 And trembling myriads their allegiance vow.
 Lo ! from the isles a wondrous voice is heard,
 " Awake !" it cries—" be liberty the word !"
 That voice electric shakes the nations round,
 Their trance is gone—they gather at the sound,
 They shake the despot on his giddy height,
 He totter'd—fell, and safety found in flight ;
 Then rose once more, and then for ever fell,
 And bade to sovereign power his last farewell !
 Deserted now, save by a faithful few,
 Where are the haughty hopes he lately knew ?
 To think of what he *was*, and ne'er could be—
 Was this indeed a conqueror's destiny ?
 Without one present joy, or future hope,
 Oh, who with such a destiny could cope !
 He loathed the life which such a prospect gave,
 And sank resign'd within his lowly grave.
 When history's page shall shew the varying fate
 Of him his worshippers once styled the Great,
 The heart may sigh—but reason's eye severe
 Will trace stern morals on his lonely bier ;
 And wild Ambition shall a lesson learn
 From famed Napoleon's solitary urn.

E. S. S.

NEW WORKS.

WE have been favoured by the publisher of the CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE, with a specimen copy of an edition of Herodotus, which he is issuing from the press. Each book is to be published separately ; the text being a reprint from that of Baehr, and executed, we are bound to confess, as far as it has appeared, with great neatness and accuracy. The peculiar features of this edition, are the illustrative maps which are to be appended to the several books ; and the English notes to each book, which are to appear in separate numbers, and to correspond with the Greek text ; forming a separate volume by themselves. Thus, the student of Herodotus is provided, in a neat and convenient form, with two volumes, calculated in every respect to facilitate his labours. Indeed, we know not a more necessary appendix to the works of this historian, than complete maps of the several countries he describes.

Nor have we any objection to make, to the mode of publication which has been adopted. On the contrary, we think it decidedly advantageous, since any book may be purchased separately, at the convenience of the student. We would especially call the attention of masters of schools to this circumstance.

An edition of Cicero's Letters to Atticus, accompanied with English notes, has just been announced by the same publisher. We have not had an opportunity of examining the whole of it, but as far as our observation goes, we do not hesitate to express our decided approbation of it, both in regard to its appearance and utility.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MARCH 11.—The eighth meeting of the Cambridge Camden Society was held on Saturday last, in the rooms of the Philosophical Society. Impressions were exhibited of the following effigies, &c.: Sir — Alington, from Horseheath; Sir — Colville and his Lady, from Weston Colville; Sir John de Creke, from Westley Waterless; a fine Lombardic cross, from Dullingham; another legend to Gundreda de Warren, daughter of William the Conqueror, from Southover, Sussex. (1101).—Mr. Bailey, of St. John's, read an account of Bishop's Stortford Church, as it appeared before the alterations.—Mr. Codd, of St. John's, read a very interesting description of some churches in the eastern part of the county.—Mr. Webb, of Trinity, read the second of a course of elementary papers in illustration of the Society's quarto church schemes.—A paper on St. Patrick's Cathedral church, Dublin, by Mr. Hamilton, of Trinity, was deferred till the next meeting.—Fourteen new members were ballotted for, and elected; among whom we may mention M. H. Bloxam, of Rugby, Esq., and the Rev. Professor Robinson, late Archdeacon of Madras.—Reports of several additional Churches having been noticed, and many presents acknowledged, the meeting adjourned.—On Monday last, the following gentlemen of King's college took the degree of Master of Arts:—Rev. George Williams, James Buller, Esq., Rev. Charles Abraham.

MARCH 12.—The Examiners for the University Craven Scholarship met, and upon finding that Alexander Blackall Simonds, of King's college, and John Bather, of St. John's college, were so nearly equal, that the scholarship could not then be awarded, they consequently determined that those two gentlemen should be re-examined.

MARCH 14.—Addresses of congratulation from this University to His Royal Highness Prince Albert on his marriage, and to the Duchess of Kent, were presented by the following deputation:—The Rev. W. Tatham, D.D., Master of St. John's coll., and Vice-Chancellor; the Earl of Brecknock; the Hon. and Rev. G. Neville Grenville, Master of Magdalene college; the Rev. W. French, D.D., Master of Jesus college; the Rev. J. Graham, Master of Christ's college; the Rev. B. Chapman, D.D. Master of Caius college; the Rev. John James Smith, Senior Proctor; the Rev. Edwin Steventon, Junior Proctor; and the Rev. Mr. Romilly, Registrar. The deputation were attended by H. Gunning, Esq., Senior Esquire Bedell.—The Marquis Camden was prevented by indisposition from attending the presentation of these addresses at Buckingham Palace, as Chancellor of the University.

MARCH 16.—A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held in the evening of this day; Dr. Hodgson, the president, in the chair. A memoir by the Rev. Dr. Morgan was read—"On the Foundations of Algebra." Mr. Tozer, of Caius college, gave an account of the results of mathematical investigations on certain problems of political economy; especially on the effect of non-resident landlords upon the wealth of a community, according to the general principles of the subject.

MARCH 17.—The Rev. Henry Brookland Mason, B.A., Fellow of Christ's college, on the foundation of Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baines, was elected a Foundation Fellow of that society.

MARCH 18.—At a congregation this day, the following degrees were conferred:—*Master of Arts*.—Rev. Thomas Daniel Holt Wilson, Trinity college.—*Bachelor of Arts*.—James Hutchinson, St. John's college.—At the same congregation the following grace passed the Senate:—"To reappoint the Syndicate, appointed by a Grace of the Senate, May 16th, 1838, in order that they may take into consideration the expediency of giving to the Examiners of the Candidates for Mathematical Honours more explicit instructions with regard to the elementary portion of the examination than was done in their Report, dated May 28, and confirmed by a Grace of the Senate June 2, 1838; especially as to the nature and number of the Questions to be selected from the simpler parts of Natural Philosophy; and that they may report thereon to the Senate before the sixteenth day of May next.—At the levee held this day, the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D., Prebendary of Peterborough, was presented to Her Majesty, by Viscount Palmerston, to present a copy of his *History of England*.—His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has instituted the Rev. G. S. Simpson, B.A., of Trinity college, to the vicarage

of Bobbing, on the presentation of the Rev. G. Simpson, of Glovers, Kent.—The Rev. C. H. Swann, of Emmanuel college, has been instituted to the rectory of Stoke Dry, Rutlandshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Henry Shield; patron, the Marquis of Exeter.—The Rev. William Dobson, M.A., Fellow of Trinity college, has been presented by the Master, Fellows, and Scholars, to the vicarage of Tuxford, Nottinghamshire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. E. B. Elliott.—D. T. Ansted, Esq., M.A., F.G.S., F.C.P.S., of Jesus college, has been appointed Professor of Geology in King's college, London, in the place of John Phillips, Esq., F.R.S.

MARCH 21.—The tenth meeting of the Cambridge Camden Society was held at the Philosophical Society's Rooms, the president in the chair. A model was exhibited of Coton Font in its restored state, which reflects great credit on Mr. Flack, the Society's modeller. A paper was read by Mr. Hamilton, of Trinity, on St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin, in which an account was given of the restoration of its font; and one by Mr. Neale, of Trinity, on certain churches in Herts. Three brass effigies, from St. Patrick's, were exhibited by the former; and those of Sir Philip Peletot (1361), Sir John Butteler (1421), and a priest of very early date, from Walton, Herts; and of Sir John Say and his lady, (1473), from Broxburne, by the latter. Six new members were elected, among whom Mr. Milman's name deserves to be mentioned.

MARCH 27.—Mr. A. B. Simonds, of King's college, and Mr. S. Butler, of St. John's college, having been re-examined for the University Craven Scholarship, the Examiners met and decided in favour of the former.—The Rev. Francis B. Briggs, M.A., late of Trinity college, has been instituted to the vicarage of St. Stephen's, by Saltash, Devon, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. B. Edwards, on the presentation of T. Edwards, Esq.—The Rev. Edward Cust, M.A., late of St. John's college, has been instituted by the Bishop of Ripon, to the rectory of Danby Wiske, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Cust; patron, the Rev. Daniel Mitford Cust.—The Rev. J. Howard Marsden, B.D., Fellow of St. John's college, has been presented by the Master and Fellows of that Society, to the rectory of Great Oakley, Essex, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Professor Blunt.—The Rev. Henry Robinson, M.A., of Trinity hall, and minister of St. Edward's, in this town, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, to the rectory of Hazelbeech, Northamptonshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Geo. Osborne.—The Rev. Edward Shuttleworth, formerly of St. John's college, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Penzance, in Cornwall, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. T. Hutton Vyvyan.—The Rev. H. W. Simpson, M.A., formerly of St. John's college, vicar of Hornham, has been presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the living of Bexhill.

MARCH 30.—A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held in the evening; Dr. Hodgson, the President, being in the chair. The papers read were a memoir of Mr. Kelland's "on the quantity of light intercepted by a grating before a lens;" and a memoir of Prof. Miller's "on the form of crystals of tin."—The New Library Syndicate have reported to the Senate:—"That Mr. Cockerell has certified to the Vice-Chancellor that Messrs. Rigby have satisfactorily completed the substantial works of the New Library, and that the remaining works embraced in the contract are comparatively of small amount; and Mr. Cockerell has thereupon recommended that a sum of £1,000 be now paid to Messrs. Rigby on account of the works already completed in addition to £20,945 already paid to them on that account. That, although Messrs. Rigby are not at present entitled by the terms of their contract to any further payment, the Syndics, under the circumstances stated in Mr. Cockerell's certificate, beg leave to recommend to the Senate that the said sum of £1000. be paid to Messrs. Rigby, provided that they and their sureties do expressly signify, in writing, their consent to the proposed payment, and that the same shall in no manner affect their respective liabilities for the due performance of the contract." A Grace to confirm the above Report will be offered to the Senate at the Congregation appointed for Friday next. Mr. Cockerell's letter will be laid upon the Registrar's table.—The following gentlemen of Caius college obtained the classical prizes:—*Second Year*: Edgar William Montagu, first prize; Robert Walpole, second ditto. *First Year*: Thomas Halls, first prize, Charles Worlledge, second ditto.—The first Chancellor's medal has been awarded to Mr. Gooden, of Trinity college, and the second to Mr. W. S. Wood, of St. John's college.—The following gentlemen have been admitted scholars of Clare Hall. Wilfrid Watson,

J. Hulbert Glover,—C. B. Mansfield, Hugh G. Robinson, Joseph Haskoll, R. Louis Koe, Edward Godfrey, W. Hildebrand, Frank Margetta.

APRIL 3.—The following are the names of the Inceptors to the degree of Master of Arts at the Congregation held this day:—Arthur Thacker, Fellow of Trinity college, Wm. Nathaniel Griffin, Fellow of St. John's college, Edward Brumell, Fellow of St. John's college, Henry Christmas, St. John's college, Henry Orme Wood, St. John's college, Richard William Pierpoint, St. John's college, John Freeman, St. Peter's college, William Maundy H. Elwyn, Pembroke college, James Pulling, Fellow of Corpus Christi college, Thomas Coward, Queens' college, Henry Cautley Holmes, Catharine hall, John Oswald Routh, Christ's college, William Henry Roberts, Emmanuel college.—At the same Congregation the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in the Civil Law*: Granville John Granville, Downing college. *Bachelor in Physic*: Edwin George Jarvis, Trinity college. *Bachelors of Arts*: Alex. Grant, Trinity college, George B. Norman, Trinity college, David Watkin Williams, Trinity college, Charles Alfred Raines, St. John's college, John Romney, St. John's college, Frank Capell Bellis, Clare hall, John Bradley Swann, Trinity hall, Charles Turner Queens' college, John Till, Queens' college, Zachariah Nash, Catharine hall, John Atcherley Ashley, Jesus college, Christopher H. G. Butson, Magdalene college, William Spencer Dawson, Magdalene college, John Green, Emmanuel college, Arthur James Miller, M.A., Trinity college, Dublin; was admitted *ad eundem* of this university.—At the same Congregation a Grace passed the Senate confirming the following report of the New Library Syndicate. With a view to carry into effect the recommendation contained in a report of the New Library Syndicate of Dec. 5, and confirmed by a Grace of the Senate of Dec. 11, 1839, the following Grace was offered to the Senate and carried:—"To affix the seal of bonds of £300. each to the amount of £4,500., bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum; such interest to be paid out of the £500. annually charged on the Library Fund, by the above-mentioned grace, and the bonds themselves to the gradually paid off as the £500. so charged on the Library Fund shall supply the means."—At the same Congregation the following Grace also passed the Senate:—"To grant to the late Vice-Chancellor from the common chest the sum of £165. 11s. 7d. being the balance due to him on account of the Botanic Garden for the year ending at Michaelmas 1839."—The following gentlemen were elected University scholars, on the Rev. Dr. Bell's foundation:—Frederick Gell, Trinity college; Frederick Holdship Cox, Pembroke college.

APRIL 6.—The following gentlemen (Scholars, A.B.) of St. John's college were elected Fellows of that Society:—*Foundation Fellows*: Charles Colson, George Fearn Reynner, Frederick Samuel Bolton, Joseph Woolley, William Spicer Wood, Francis Llewellyn Lloyd, Francis France. *On Platt's Foundation*: Edward Docker, Nicholas Mortimer Manley, William Parkinson.—Congregations will be holden on the following days of Easter Term:—*Wed.* May 20, at Eleven. *Wed.* June 3, at Eleven. *Thurs.* June 11, (Stat. B.D. Comm.) at Ten. *Wed.* June 24, at Eleven. *Sat.* July 4, at Eleven. *Mond.* July 6, at Eleven. *Frid.* July 10, (End of Term) at Ten.—Notice has been given that the following will be the Classical Subjects of Examination for the Degree of B.A. in the year 1842:—

Demosthenes adversus Leptinem.
Juvenal Satires X. XIII. XIV.

APRIL 8.—The Rev. John Oswald Routh, B.A., of Christ's college, was elected a Fellow of that Society, on the foundation of Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baines.

APRIL 21.—William Hildebrand, scholar of Clare-hall, and Augustus Frederick Padley, of Christ's college, late pupils in Oakham school, were appointed to general exhibitions, value forty pounds per annum.—The Rev. C. Churchill Bartholomew, M.A., formerly of Jesus college, has been presented to the curacy of Lymptstone, Devon.

APRIL 24.—The Dean and Chapter of Wells elected the Ven. W. T. Parr Brymer, M.A., F.A.S., of Trinity college, and Archdeacon of Bath, a Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral church of Wells.—The Rev. Samuel Cresswell, B.A., formerly of St. John's college, has been presented by the Lord Chancellor to the vicarage of Radford.

APRIL 25.—The Rev. Thomas Starling Norgate, B.A., formerly of Caius college, was instituted to the rectory of Sparham, Norfolk, on the presentation of Edward Lombe, Esq., of Great Melton.—The Rev. R. Yonge, LL.B., of Catharine hall, has

been appointed to the Chaplaincy of Wolstanton and Burslem Union.—The Venerable Francis Hodgson, B.D., of King's college, the new Provost of Eton, who was one of the friends and correspondents of Lord Byron, translated the *Satires of Juvenal*. He was also joint-translator, with the late Dr. Butler, of Lucien Buonaparte's epic poem, *Charlemagne*, and on the promotion of that divine to the see of Lichfield and Coventry, he appointed Mr. Hodgson Archdeacon of Derby. Mr. Hodgson about two years ago married his second wife, one of the daughters of Lord Denman. Those well-known lively verses, written by Lord Byron in Falmouth Roads, beginning,

"Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last," &c.

were enclosed in a letter from his lordship to Mr. Hodgson, which thus concludes,—"I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation, but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but was as sour as a crab."—R. L. Ellis, of Trinity college, and H. Goodwin, of Caius college, have been elected Smith's prizemen.

APRIL 29.—The Rev. William Percival Baily, M.A., Junior Fellow of Clare hall, was admitted a Senior Fellow of that Society.

APRIL 30.—The following gentlemen were elected scholars of Trinity college:—Unwin Heathcoate, George Percival Smith, Alfred Martineau, Thomas Robinson, Thomas Richardson, Isaac Biap Turner, Charles Anthony Swainson, Frederick Curry, John Bowdler Gisborne, Fred. Ander. Goulburn, John Gylby Lonsdale, Edw. Henry J. Craufurd, Joseph Corbett Turnbull, John Bickerdike, William Smith, Hugh A. J. Munro, Joseph Finch Fenn, Benjamin Fred. Smith, Benjamin Shaw, Arthur Cayley, George Denman, Arthur Lowther, George Nugée.

MAY 4.—A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held this day, the president, Dr. Hodgson in the chair. Professor Kelland (of Edinburgh) made a communication on the Law of Molecular Attraction.

MAY 6.—At the Congregation held this day, the following Graces were offered to the Senate:—1. "To appoint Mr. Skinner, of Jesus college, an Examiner for Tyrwhitt's Hebrew scholarships."—2. "To appoint Mr. Eyres, of Caius college, an Examiner for Tyrwhitt's Hebrew scholarships."—3. "To allow Mr. Power, of Trinity Hall, to resume his Regency."—4. "To affix the Seal to a Conveyance of three roods and three perches of land in Bradwell-cum-Hollins in Cheshire, part of the Hulse Estate, to the Manchester and Birmingham Railway Company."

—Alexander James Edmund Cockburn, Esq., LL.B. Fellow of Trinity Hall, has been appointed Recorder of Southampton.—Meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society for the remainder of Easter Term:—Monday, June 1.—Edmund Thompson, B.A., Scholar of Christ's college, was elected a fellow of that society, on the foundation of Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baines.—At a Congregation held the same day, the following degrees were conferred:—*Honorary Masters of Arts*: Viscount Clive, St. John's college; Honorable G. Percy Sydney Smythe, St. John's college; Viscount Newport, Trinity college; Francis Leslie Pym, Trinity college.—*Masters of Arts*: J. Hemery, Trinity college; Rev. George Arthur Clarkson, Jesus college; S. W. Wanton, St. John's college; Henry Orme Wood, St. John's college; Edward Selwyn, Catherine hall.—*Bachelors of Arts*: Frederick Williams, Corpus Christi college; Henry Maltby, St. John's college; Edward Everett, St. John's college; Henry Claydon, Caius college; Harry Bennett Smith, Trinity college; William Bell, Corpus Christi college; Louis Alexander Beck, Jesus college; John Sheldon, Catharine hall; Charles Lawford, Trinity college; George Hawker, Trinity college; Walter Cockburn, Trinity college; Charles Henry Wilson, Trinity college; Alexander Chirrol, Clare hall; William Henry Child, Caius college; John Foy, Trinity hall.—*Bachelor in Civil Law*: Rev. Eardley Wilmot Michell, Queens' college.

MAY 7.—The first meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society was held at St. John's Lodge.—The following communications were made to the society:—A list of the MSS. in his collection, which relate to Cambridge—University, County or Town:—by Sir Thomas Phillips.—Measurement of a part of Ely Cathedral, made in the 13th century:—by the same.—The catalogue of books, "catenati in Libraria," given by the Founder of the college; transcribed from the Register of St. Catharine Hall:—by the Rev. Prof. Corrie, who also held out the hope of enhancing the value of his communication by presenting some notices of the volumes, at a future occasion.—A copy and translation of the Statutes of King's

college.—by James Heyward, Esq., Trinity college.—A *Legendary Account of the Foundation of the Town of Cambridge*, from a MS. of the 15th century.—A Latin Poem on Drunkenness, by Henry Rogers, Fellow of King's college, in the 17th century. Both these papers were presented by the Secretary, James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., of Jesus college.—A copy of a much abbreviated Chronicle of the 15th century, comprising the years between 1377 and 1469, and containing a few notices of University proceedings:—by the Treasurer, the Rev. J. J. Smith, Gonville and Caius college.—The following presents were also added to the society's collection of printed works:—A Letter of John Dryden to Waller, printed for private distribution, and from the original in his possession:—by Sir Henry Dryden, Bart.; and by the same.—*Le Art de Venerie*, par Guylame Twici, from a MS. in Sir Thomas Phillips's collection at Middlehill, Worcestershire.—The Cambridge Portfolio, by the Rev. J. J. Smith.—Several remains of Antiquity, found in the neighbourhood, were exhibited by Mr. Deck.—A committee was appointed to superintend the printing of such communications as may be judged worthy of publication. After the proposal of several members, both honorary and ordinary, the meeting adjourned.—The Rev. W. Belgrave, M.A., of St. John's college, has been presented to the rectory of Preston, Rutlandshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Henry Shield.—The Rev. T. Cane, M.A., formerly of St. John's college, has been presented to the perpetual incumbency of Halloughton, by the Prebendary of the Prebend of Halloughton, in the collegiate church of Southwell.—Mr. Chittenden, late of St. John's college, has been appointed the head Master of the Exeter Diocesan Board of Education School.—The Rev. Peter Von Essen, B.A., formerly of Queens' college, minister of St. John's chapel, Workington, has been presented to the rectory of Harrington, Cumberland.—Mr. James Garvey, B.A., late scholar of Christ college, has been appointed to the third mastership of Repton Grammar-school, in Derbyshire.—The Rev. Richard Milner, B.A., late scholar of St. John's college, has been appointed to the perpetual curacy of St. Michael-le-Gile, alias Barnoldswick, in Craven, Yorkshire, void by the resignation of the Rev. M. Barnard, M.A.—The Lord Bishop of Ripon has presented the Rev. Joseph Milton, M.A., formerly of Jesus college, of Kirkby Malzeard, to the vicarage of Osmotherley, in Allertonshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Wm. Clere Burges.—The Rev. J. Mitchell, B.A., formerly of St. John's college, vicar of Kingsclere, Hants, has been appointed chaplain of Portsmouth gaol.—The Rev. Samuel Leland Oldacres, B.A., late of Emmanuel college, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Woodborough, Nottinghamshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Charles Fowler. Patrons, the Chapter of Southwell.—The Lord Bishop of Sodor and Mann has appointed the Rev. Henry Joseph Stevenson, M.A., formerly of Jesus college, his lordship's examining chaplain.—The Rev. William John Travis, M.A., chaplain of Trinity college, has been presented by the Duke of Rutland to the rectory of Lidgate, Suffolk, in the diocese of Ely.—The Rev. John Twells, M.A. of Trinity college, has been instituted by the Chapter of Southwell to the Vicarage of Eaton, on the presentation of the Archbishop of York, as patron of the vacant prebend of Eaton.—The Rev. George Atkinson Walker, M.A., has been appointed by the Rev. Dr. Hook, vicar of Leeds, to a curacy in that extensive parish.—The Rev. Mr. Warner, of Southampton, has been appointed by the Rev. Christopher Atkinson to the curacy of St. Paul's church, Leeds.—On the 11th inst., the Rev. H. P. Jones, M.A., of Corpus Christi college, was instituted by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, to the rectory of Hazleton-cum-Yanworth, Gloucestershire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Cornelius Pitt. Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

MAY 16.—On Tuesday last, the Rev. James Ind Smith, M.A. late Scholar of Trinity College, was elected Librarian of that society, in the room of the Rev. Charles Warren, M.A.—The Rev. Francis Shepherd, M.A. Fellow of Clare Hall, in this University, has been appointed by the Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall, Minister of St. Edward's parish, in this town.—The Rev. W. Belgrave, M.A. of St. John's college, in this University, has been presented to the rectory of Preston, Rutlandshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Henry Shield.—The Lord Bishop of Ripon has presented the Rev. Joseph Milton, M.A., formerly of Jesus College, in this University, of Kirby Malzeard, to the vicarage of Osmotherley, in Allertonshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. William Clere Burges.—The Rev. Samuel Leland Oldacres, B.A., late of Emmanuel College, in this University, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Woodborough, Nottinghamshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Charles Fowler. Patrons, the Chapter of Southwell.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

TUESDAY, *February 11*, 1840.....9 to 11½.

BY MR. JERRARD.

Translate into LATIN HEXAMETERS and PENTAMETERS :

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they?—BYRON.

Into LATIN ALCAICS :

No war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around :
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
 The hooked chariot stood,
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :
 The winds with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
 Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now have quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

MILTON.

TUESDAY, February 11, 1840.....12½ to 3½.

BY MR. KENNEDY.

To be translated into ENGLISH PROSE :

SED, quum est illud imperitissime dictum, de populis fundis, quod commune est liberorum populorum, non proprium fœderatorum : ex quo intelligi necesse est, aut neminem ex sociis civem fieri posse, aut etiam posse ex fœderatis : tum vero jus omne noster iste magister mutandæ civitatis ignorat ; quod est, judices, non solum in legibus publicis positum, sed etiam in privatorum voluntate. Jure enim nostro neque mutare civitatem quisquam invitatus potest, neque, si velit, mutare non potest, modo adsciscatur ab ea civitate, cujus esse se civitatis velit : ut, si Gaditani sciverint nominatim de aliquo cive Romano, ut sit is civis Gaditanus, magna potestas sit nostro civi mutandæ civitatis, nec fœdere impediatur, quo minus ex cive Romano civis Gaditanus possit esse. Duarum civitatum civis esse, nostro jure civili, nemo potest : non esse hujus civitatis civis, qui se alii civitati dicarit, potest. Neque solum dicatione, quod in calamitate clarissimis viris Q. Maximo, C. Lænati, Q. Philippo Nuceriæ, C. Catoni Tarracone, Q. Cæpioni, P. Rutilio Smyrnæ vidimus accidisse, ut earum civitatum fierent cives. Hanc ante amittere non potuissent, quam hujus solum civitatis mutatione vertissent. Sed etiam postliminio potest civitatis fieri mutatio.¹ Neque enim sine causa de Cn. Publicio Menandro, libertino homine, quem apud majores Legati nostri in Græciam proficiscentes interpretem secum habere voluerunt, ad populum latum, ut is Publicius, si domum revenisset, et inde Romam rediisset, ne minus civis esset. Multi etiam superiore memoria cives Romani sua voluntate, indemnati et incolumes, his rebus relictis, alias se in civitates contulerunt.—CICERO PRO BALBO, 12. (27. 28.)

Give some account of Balbus' cause.

¹ Explain the three modes in which this might be effected.

ME perlongo intervallo² prope memoriæ temporumque nostrorum primum hominem novum Consulem fecistis et eum locum, quem nobilitas præsidii firmatum atque omni ratione obvallatum tenebat, me duce, rescidistis, virtutique in posterum patere voluistis. Neque me tantummodo Consulem, quod est ipsum per sese amplissimum, sed ita fecistis, quomodo pauci nobiles in hac civitate Consules facti sunt ; novus ante me nemo. Nam profecto si recordari volueritis de novis hominibus, reperietis, eos, qui sine repulsa Consules facti sint, diuturno labore atque aliqua occasione esse factos, quum multis annis post petissent, quam Prætores fuissent, aliquanto serius, quam per ætatem ac per leges liceret : qui autem anno suo petierint, sine repulsa non esse factos : me esse unum ex omnibus novis hominibus, de quibus meminisse possimus, qui Consulatum petierim, quum primum licitum sit ; Consul factus sim, quum primum petierim : ut vester honos ad mei temporis diem petitus, non ad alienæ petitionis occasionem interceptus, nec diuturnis precibus efflagitatus, sed dignitate impetratus esse videatur.—CICERO II. CONTRA RULLUM. I. 2. (3).

² What interval had elapsed ?

Explain Novus homo, Patricius, Nobilis.

Translate and explain *ÆVITATĒM ANNALI LEGE SERVANTO*.

NOCTE deinde silentio (ut mos est) L. Papirium dictatorem dixit. Cui quum ob animum egregie victum legati gratias agerent, obstinatum silentium obtinuit, ac sine responso ac mentione facti sui legatos dimisit: ut appareret insignem dolorem ingenti comprimi animo. Papirius C. Junium Bubulcum magistrum equitum dixit: atque ei legem curiatam de imperio ferenti, triste omen diem diffidit, quod Fautia curia fuit principium, duabus insignis cladibus, captæ urbis, et Caudinæ pacis: quod utroque anno ejusdem curiæ fuerat principium. Macer Licinius tertia etiam clade, quæ ad Cremeram accepta est, abominandam eam curiam facit.—LIVY IX. 38.

How was the Dictator elected, and what were his powers? Had he any other name? What causes do you imagine to have led at first to the appointment?

Prove that the Comitata curiata consisted originally of Patricians.

CIVILIS primores gentis, et promptissimos vulgi, specie epularum, sacrum in nemus vocatos, ubi nocte ac lætitiâ incaluisse videt, a laude gloriæque gentis orsus, injurias et raptus, et cetera servitii mala enumerat. "Neque enim societatem, ut olim, sed tamquam mancipia haberi. Quando legatum, gravi quidem comitatu, et superbo cum imperio, venire? tradi se præfectis centurionibusque: quos ubi spoliis et sanguine expleverint, mutari; exquirique novos sinus, et varia prædandi vocabula. Instare delectum, quo liberi a parentibus, fratres a fratribus, velut supremum dividantur. Numquam magis adflictam rem Romanam; nec aliud in hibernis, quam prædam et senes: attollerent tantum oculos, et inania legionum nomina ne pavescerent: esse sibi robor peditum equitumque; consanguineos Germanos; Gallias idem cupientes: ne Romanis quidem ingratum id bellum, cujus ambiguum fortunam Vespasiano imputaturos: victoriæ rationem non reddi.—TACIT. *Hist.* IV. 14.

WEDNESDAY, *February* 12, 1840.....9 to 11½.

By MR. SHILLETO.

Translate into GREEK IAMBIC TRIMETERS:

YE eldest gods,

Who, mindful of the empire which ye held
Over dim Chaos, keep revengeful watch
On falling nations, and on kingly lines
About to sink for ever; ye, who shed
Into the passions of earth's giant brood
And their fierce usages the sense of justice;
Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny
With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe
Through the proud halls of time-embolden'd guilt
Portents of ruin, hear me!—In your presence,
For now I feel ye nigh, I dedicate
This arm to the destruction of the king
And of his race! O keep me pitiless;
Expel all human weakness from my frame,
That this keen weapon shake not when his heart
Should feel its point; and if he has a child
Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
My country asks, harden my soul to shed it!—TALFOURD.

Into ANAPÆSTIC DIMETERS :

ALCIDES thus his race began,
 O'er infancy he swiftly ran ;
 The future god at first was more than man :
 Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,
 Even o'er his cradle lay in wait,
 And there he grappled first with Fate :
 In his young hands the hissing snakes he press'd ;
 So early was the deity confess'd :
 Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat ;
 Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.

DRYDEN.

WEDNESDAY, *February* 12, 1840.....12½ to 3¼.

BY MR. BEATSON.

Translate into ENGLISH PROSE :

EXSURGE, præco : fac populo audientiam.
 Jamdudum exspecto, si tuum officium scias.
 Exerce vocem, quam per vivis et colis.
 Nam nisi clamabis, tacitum te obrepet fames
 Age, nunc reside, duplicem ut mercedem feras.
 Bonum factum est, edicta ut servetis mea.
 Scortum exoletum ne quis in proscenio
 Sedeat, neu lictor verbum, aut virgæ muttiant ;
 Neu designator præter os obambulet,
 Neu sessum ducat, dum histrio in scena siet.
 Diu qui domi otiosi dormierunt, decet
 Animo æquo nunc stent, vel dormire temperent.
 Servi ne obsideant, liberis ut sit locus ;
 Vel æs pro capite dent ; si id facere non queunt,
 Domum abeant, vitent ancipiti infortunio,
 Ne et hic varientur virgis, et loris domi,
 Si minus curassint, cum heri veniant domum.
 Nutrices pueros infantis minutulos
 Domi ut procurent, neu quæ spectatum afferant :
 Ne et ipsæ sitiant, et pueri pereant fame,
 Neve esurientes hic, quasi hædi, obvagiant.
 Matronæ tacitæ spectent, tacitæ rideant :
 Canora hic voce sua tinnire temperent ;
 Domum sermones fabulandi conferant :
 Ne et hic viris sint et domi molestiæ.

PÆNUL. PROL. 11—35.

CREDAMUS tragicis, quidquid de Colchide torva
 Dicitur et Procne : nil contra conor : et illæ
 Grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus, sed
 Non propter nummos. Minor admiratio summis
 Debetur monstris, quoties facit ira nocentem
 Hunc sexum et rabie jecur incendente feruntur

Præcipites : ut saxa jugis abrupta, quibus mons
Subtrahitur, clivoque latus pendente recedit.
Illam ego non tulerim, quæ computat et scelus ingens
Sana facit. Spectant subeuntem fata mariti
Alcestim, et, similis si permutatio detur,
Morte viri cupiant animam servare catellæ.
Occurrent multæ tibi Belides atque Eriphylæ :
Mane Clytæmnestram nullus non vicus habebit.
Hoc tantum refert, quod Tyndaris illa bipennem
Insulsam et fatuam dextra lævaque tenebat :
At nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetæ ;
Sed tamen et ferro, si prægustabit Atrides
Pontica ter victi cautus medicamina regis.

JUVENAL VI. 643—661.

Explain the mythological and historical allusions.

QUI nondum Stygias descendere quærit ad undas,
Tonsorem fugiat, si sapit, Antiochum.
Alba minus sævis lacerantur brachia cultris,
Quum furit ad Phrygios enthea turba modos.
Mitior implicitas Alcon secat enterocelas,
Fractaque fabrili dedolat ossa manu.
Tondeat hic inopes Cynicos et Stoica menta,
Collaque pulvereæ nudet equina juba.
Hic miserum Scythica sub rupe Promethea radat :
Carnificem nudo pectore poscet avem.
Ad matrem fugiet Pentheus, ad Mænadas Orpheus :
Antiochi tantum barbara tela sonent.
Hæc quæcumque meo numeratis stigmata mento,
In vetuli pyctæ qualia fronte sedent,
Non iracundis fecit gravis unguibus uxor :
Antiochi ferrum est et scelerata manus.
Unus de cunctis animalibus hircus habet cor :
Barbatus vivit, ne ferat Antiochum.

MARTIAL XI. 85. (84).

Hoc etiam in primis specimen verum esse videtur,
Quam celeri motu rerum simulacra ferantur :
Quod, simul ac primum sub diu splendor aquai
Ponitur, extemplo, cælo stellante sereno,
Sidera respondent in aqua radiantia mundi.
Jamne vides igitur, quam puncto tempore imago
Ætheris ex oris in terrarum accidit oras ?
Qua re etiam atque etiam mira fateare necesse est
Corpora, quæ feriant oculos visumque lacessant,
Perpetuoque fluant certis ab rebus obortu ;
Frigus ut a fluviis, calor ab sole, æstus ab undis
Æquoris, exesor mœrorum litora circum ;
Nec variæ cessant voces volitare per auras ;
Denique in os salsi venit humor sæpe saporis,

Quom mare vorsamur propter; dilutaque contra
 Quom tuimur misceri absinthia, tangit amaror.
 Usque adeo omnibus ab rebus res quæque fluenter
 Fertur, et in cunctas dimittitur undique parteis;
 Nec mora, nec requies inter datur ulla fluundi;
 Perpetuo quoniam sentimus, et omnia semper
 Cernere, odorari licet, et sentire sonare.
 Præterea, quoniam manibus tractata figura
 In tenebris quædam cognoscitur esse eadem, quæ
 Cernitur in luce et claro candore; necesse est
 Consimili causa tactum visumque moveri.
 Nunc igitur, si quadratum tentamus, et id nos
 Commovet in tenebris; in luci quæ poterit res
 Accidere ad speciem, quadrata nisi ejus imago?
 Esse in imaginibus quapropter causa videtur
 Cernundi, neque posse sine his res ulla videri.
 Nunc ea, quæ dico, rerum simulacra feruntur
 Undique, et in cunctas jaciuntur didita parteis:
 Verum, nos oculis quia solis cernere quimus,
 Propterea fit, uti, speciem quo vortimus, omnes
 Res ibi eam contra feriant forma atque colore.
 Et, quantum quæque ab nobis res absit, imago
 Efficit, ut videamus, et internoscere curat.
 Nam quom mittitur, extemplo procudit agitque
 Aera, qui inter se quomque est oculosque locatus;
 Isque ita per nostras acies perlabitur omnis,
 Et quasi perterget pupillas, atque ita transit.
 Propterea fit, uti videamus, quam procul absit
 Res quæque; et quanto plus aeris ante agitur,
 Et nostros oculos perterget longior aura,
 Tam procul esse magis res quæque remota videtur.
 Scilicet hæc summe celeri ratione geruntur,
 Quale sit, ut videamus, et una, quam procul absit.

LUCRET. IV. 208—254.

State the chief tenets of the Epicureans as to *Physics*.

LUPIS et agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
 Tecum mihi discordia est,
 Hibericis peruste funibus latus
 Et crura dura compede.
 Licet superbus ambules pecunia,
 Fortuna non mutat genus.
 Videsne, Sacram metiente te viam
 Cum bis trium ulnarum toga,
 Ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
 Liberrima indignatio?
 Sectus flagellis hic Triumviralibus
 Præconis ad fastidium,

Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera,
 Et Appiam mannis terit,
 Sedilibusque magnus in primis eques,
 Othone contempto, sedet.
 Quid attinet, tot ora navium gravi
 Rostrata duci pondere
 Contra latrones atque servilem manum,
 Hoc, hoc tribuno militum?

HOR. *Epod.* 4.

Name the Italian wines, and quote passages describing any of them. Whither led the Appian way? Mention the chief towns through which it passed.

THURSDAY, *February* 13, 1840.....9 to 11½

BY MR. KENNEDY.

To be translated into GREEK PROSE:

WHILE such was our conduct in all parts of the world, could it be hoped that any emigrant whose situation was not utterly desperate indeed, would join us; or that all who were lovers of their country more than lovers of royalty would not be our enemies? We have so shuffled in our professions, and have been guilty of such duplicity, that no description of Frenchmen will flock to our standard. It was a fatal error in the commencement of the war, that we did not state clearly how far we meant to enter into the cause of the emigrants, and how far to connect ourselves with powers who, from their previous conduct, might well be suspected of other views than that of restoring monarchy in France. It may perhaps be said that we could not be certain, in the first instance, how far it might be proper to interfere in the internal affairs of France; that we must watch events and act accordingly. But by this want of clearness with respect to our ultimate intentions we have lost more than any contingency could ever promise.—Fox.

E. Is not a thing said to be perfect in its kind, when it answers the end for which it was made? *A.* It is. *E.* The parts, therefore, in true proportions must be so related, and adjusted to one another, as that they may best conspire to the use and operation of the whole. *A.* It seems so. *E.* But the comparing parts one with another, the considering them as belonging to one whole, and the referring this whole to its use or end, should seem the work of reason: should it not? *A.* It should. *E.* Proportions therefore are not, strictly speaking, perceived by the sense of sight, but only by reason through the means of sight. *A.* This I grant. *E.* Consequently beauty, in your sense of it, is an object, not of the eye, but of the mind. *A.* It is. *E.* The eye, therefore, alone cannot see that a chair is handsome, or a door well proportioned. *A.* It seems to follow; but I am not clear as to this point. *E.* Let us see if there be any difficulty in it. Could the chair you sit on, think you, be reckoned well proportioned or handsome, if it had not such a height, breadth, wideness, and was
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not so far reclined as to afford a convenient seat? *A.* It could not. *E.* The beauty, therefore, or symmetry of a chair, cannot be apprehended but by knowing its use, and comparing its figure with that use, which cannot be done by the eye alone, but is the effect of judgment. It is, therefore, one thing to see an object, and another to discern its beauty. *A.* I admit this to be true.—BERKELEY.

THURSDAY, February 13, 1840.....12½ to 3½.

By MR. SHILLETO.

Translate into ENGLISH PROSE (adding brief explanations where required):

I. Ὡς εἰπὼν ἔμπνευσε μένος μέγα ποιμένοι λαῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάτῃ,
δεσμὸν ἀποβρῆκας θεῖη πεδίῳ κροαίνων,
εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐν ῥέειοι ποταμοῖο,
κυδιῶν ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
ῶμοις αἴσσονται· ὁ δ' ἀγλαΐῃ πεποιθὼς,
ρίμφα ἑ γούνα φέρει μετὰ τ' ἦθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων·
ὡς Ἐκτωρ λαιψήρᾳ πόδας καὶ γούνατ' ἐνώμα,
ὄρνυνων ἱππῆας, ἐπεὶ θεοῦ ἔκλυεν αὐδὴν.
οἱ δ' ὥστ' ἡ ἔλαφον κεραὸν ἡ ἄγριον αἶγα
ἔσσεύοντο κύνες τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἀγροιώται·
τὸν μὲν τ' ἡλίβατος πέτρῃ καὶ δάσκιος ὕλῃ
εἰρύσας, οὐδ' ἄρα τέ σφι κιχήμεναι αἴσιμον ἦεν·
τῶν δέ θ' ὑπὸ ἰαχῆς ἐφάνη λῖς ἡϋγένειος
εἰς ὁδόν, αἶψα δὲ πάντας ἀπέτραπε καὶ μεμαῶτας·
ὡς Δαναοὶ εἰως μὲν ὀμιλαδὸν αἰὲν ἔποντο,
νύσσοντες ξίφεσιν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ἶδον Ἐκτορ' ἐποικόμενον στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
τάρβησαν, πᾶσιν δὲ παρὰ ποσὶ κάππεσε θυμός.

HOMER, *Il.* xv. 262—280.

Investigate the words ἀκοστήσας, ἡλίβατος. What is the synonym of the former word in usual Greek? Θεῖη πεδίῳ κροαίνων—What is the grammatical construction? What have you to observe upon the termination φη or φιν, in old Greek? Enumerate any word or words in the above passage which are found only in Homer.

II.

ἌΛΛΑ τότε ἤδη
εἷη πετραίῃ τε σκῇ, καὶ βίβλινος οἶνος,
μαῖζά τ' ἀμολγαίῃ, γάλα τ' αἰγῶν σβεννυμενάων.
τρὶς δ' ὕδατος προχέειν, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἰέμεν οἶνου.
δμῶσι δ' ἐποτρύνειν Δημήτερος ἱερὸν ἄκτῃν
δινέμεν, εὖτ' ἂν πρῶτα φαιῇ σθένος Ὀρίωνος,
χώρῳ ἐν εὐαεὶ καὶ εὐτροχάλῳ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
μέτρῳ δ' εὖ κομίσασθαι ἐν ἄγχεσιν· αὐτὰρ ἔπῃν δὴ
πάντα βίον κατὰθαι ἐπάρμενον ἐνδοθι οἴκου,
θητὰ τ' αἰοικον ποιέεισθαι, καὶ ἄτεκνον ἔριθον
δίξεσθαι κέλομαι· χαλεπὴ δ' ὑπόπορτις ἔριθος.

HESED. *Arg.* 586—601.

Explain βιβλινος οἶνος, μᾶζα ἀμολγαῖη, (tracing the connection between ἀμολγαῖος and the Homeric expression νυκτός ἀμολγῶ) and ὑπόπορις.

- III. ΘΗ. ΦΕΥ, χρῆν βροτοῖσι τῶν φίλων τεκμήριον
σαφές τι κείσθαι καὶ διάγνωσιν φρενῶν,
ὅστις τ' ἀληθής ἐστιν ὅς τε μὴ φίλος·
δισσὰς τε φωνὰς πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἔχειν,
τὴν μὲν δικαίαν, τὴν δ' ὅπως ἐτύγχανεν,
ὥς ἡ φρονοῦσα τᾷδ' ἐξηλέγχετο
πρὸς τῆς δικαίας, κοῦκ ἂν ἡπατώμεθα.
- III. ἀλλ' ἡ τις ἐς σὸν οὖς με διαβαλὼν ἔχει
φίλων, νοσοῦμεν δ' οὐδὲν ὄντες αἴτιοι;
ἐκ τοι πέπληγμαί· σοὶ γὰρ ἐκπλήσσοσσι με
λόγοι παραλλάσσοντες ἐξέδροι φρενῶν.
- ΘΗ. φεῦ τῆς βροτείας, ποῖ προβήσεται, φρενός;
τί τέρμα τόλμης καὶ θράσους γενήσεται;
εἰ γὰρ κατ' ἀνδρὸς βίοντος ἐξογκώσεται,
ὁ δ' ὕστερος τοῦ πρόσθεν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν
πανοῦργος ἔσται, θεοῖσι προσβαλεῖν χθονὶ
ἄλλην δεήσει γαίαν, ἣ χωρήσεται
τοὺς μὴ δικαίους καὶ κακοὺς πεφυκότας.

EURIP. *Hippol.* 925—942.

- IV. ΑΘ. ΤΙ πρὸς τὰδ' εἰπεῖν, ὦ ξέν', ἐν μέρει θέλεις;
λέξας δὲ χώραν καὶ γένος καὶ συμφορὰς
τάς σάς, ἔπειτα τόνδ' ἀμυναθὸν ψόγον·
εἶπερ πεποιθὼς τῇ δίκῃ βρέτας τόδε
ἦσαι φυλάσσων ἐστίας ἀμῆς πέλας,
σεμνὸς προσίκτωρ, ἐν τρόποις Ἰξίονος·
τούτοις ἀμείβου πᾶσιν εὐμαθὲς τί μοι.
- ΟΡ. ἀνασθ' Ἀθάνα, πρῶτον ἐκ τῶν ὑστάτων
τῶν σῶν ἐπῶν μέλημι ἀφαιρήσω μέγα.
οὐκ εἰμι προστρόπαιος, οὐδ' ἔχει μύσος
πρὸς χειρὶ τήμῃ τὸ σὸν ἐφημένῃ βρέτας.
τεκμήριον δὲ τῶνδ' εἰ σοὶ λέξω μέγα·
ἀφθογγον εἶναι τὸν παλαμναῖον νόμος,
ἔς τ' ἂν πρὸς ἀνδρὸς αἵματος καθαρείω
σφαγαὶ καθαιμάξωσι νεοθήλου βοτοῦ.
πάλαί πρὸς ἄλλοις ταῦτ' ἀφιερῶμεθα
οἴκοις καὶ βοτοῖσι καὶ ῥυτοῖς πόροις.

ÆSCHYL. *Eum.* 436—452.

Accentuate ἀμυναθόν and give your reason. Give the probable etymon of Ἰξίων, and explain the difficulty in the *breathing*. State the substance of Ixion's story as told by Pindar. Illustrate the different senses of προστρόπαιος more especially with reference to this play. Explain fully the last five verses.

- V. ΠΑ. ὦς οἱ μὲν δαίνυντο βοῶν κρέα, καυχένας ἵππων
ἐκλνον ἰδρώοντας, ἐπεὶ πολέμου ἐκόρεσθην.

- ΤΡ. εἶεν· ἐκόρεσθην τοῦ πολέμου, κἄτ' ἤσθιον.
ταῦτ' ᾄδε, ταῦθ', ὡς ἤσθιον κεκορημένοι.
- ΠΑ. Θωρήσονται ἄρ' ἔπειτα πεπανμένοι.
- ΤΡ. ἄσμενοι, οἶμαι.
- ΠΑ. Πύργων δ' ἐξεχέοντο, βοή δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
- ΤΡ. κάκιστ' ἀπόλοιο παιδάριον, αὐταῖς μάχαις·
οὐδὲν γὰρ ᾄδεις πλὴν πολέμους. τοῦ καὶ ποτ' εἶ;
- ΠΑ. ἐγώ;
- ΤΡ. σὺ μέντοι νῆ Δί'.
- ΠΑ. νῖός Λαμάχου.
- ΤΡ. αἰβοῖ.
ἡ γὰρ ἐγὼ θαύμαζον ἀκούων, εἰ σὺ μὴ εἰς
ἀνδρὸς βουλομάχου καὶ κλαυσιμάχου τινὸς νῖός.
ἄπερβέ καὶ τοῖς λογχοφόροιςιν ᾄδ' ἰόν.
ποῦ μοι τὸ τοῦ Κλεωνύμου 'στὶ παιδίον;
ῥσον πρὶν εἰσέναι τι· σὺ γὰρ εὖ οἶδ' ὅτι
οὐ πράγματ' ᾄσει· σῶφρονος γὰρ εἰ πατρός.
- ΠΑ. Ἀσπίδι μὲν Σαίων τις ἀγάλλεται, ἣν παρὰ θάμνῳ
ἔντος ἀμώμητον κάλλιπον οὐκ ἐθέλων,
ψυχὴν δ' ἐξέσάωσα,
- ΤΡ. κατήσχυνας δὲ τοκῆας.
ἀλλ' εἰσώμεν. εὖ γὰρ οἶδ' ἐγὼ σαφῶς
ὅτι ταῦθ' ὅσ' ἤσας ἄρτι περὶ τῆς ἀσπίδος
οὐ μὴ 'πιλάβῃ πότ', ὧν ἐκείνου τοῦ πατρός.
νῦν τὸ λοιπὸν ἔργον ἤδη ἵσταῖθα τῶν μενόντων
φλᾶν ταῦτα πάντα καὶ σποδεῖν, καὶ μὴ κενὰς παρέλκειν.
ἀλλ' ἀνδρικῶς ἐμβάλλετον,
καὶ σμῶχετ' ἀμφοῖν ταῖν γνάθωιν· οὐδὲν γὰρ, ὦ πονηροί,
λεγκῶν ὀδόντων ἔργον ἔστ', ἣν μὴ τι καὶ μασῶνται.

ARISTOPH. *Pax*. 1282—1310.

ἀσπίδι μὲν Σαίων κ. τ. λ. From what poet are these lines taken, and upon what occasion were they written? Explain the phrase κενὰς παρέλκειν.

FRIDAY, *February* 14, 1840..... 9 to 11½.

By MR. JERRARD.†

QUAM igitur pronuntiabit sententiam ratio, adhibita primum divinarum humanarumque rerum scientia, quæ potest appellari rite sapientia; deinde adjunctis virtutibus, quas ratio rerum omnium dominas, tu voluptatum satellites et ministras esse voluisti? quarum adeo omnium sententia pronuntiabit, primum de voluptate, nihil esse ei loci, non modo ut sola ponatur in summi boni sede, quam quærimus, sed ne illo quidem modo, ut ad honestatem applicetur. De vacuitate doloris eadem sententia erit. Rejicietur etiam Carneades; nec ulla de summo bono ratio aut voluptatis, non dolendive particeps, aut honestatis expers, probabitur. Ita relinquet duas, de quibus etiam atque etiam consideret. Aut enim statuet, nihil esse bonum, nisi honestum; nihil malum, nisi turpe; cetera aut omnino nihil habere momenti, aut tantum, ut nec expetenda, nec fugienda, sed eligenda modo, aut rejicienda sint: aut anteponet eam, quam quum honestate

ornatissimam, tum etiam ipsis initiis naturæ, et totius perfectione vitæ locupletatam videbit.—CICERO II. *de Finibus*, 12. (37—38.)

Give the original signification of *ratio*: and trace its various secondary meanings, illustrating each by the corresponding term in Greek.

In what was the “*summum bonum*” supposed to consist by Hieronymus, by Carneades, by Callipho, and by Diodorus? Give a brief sketch of Cicero's arguments against the opinion of Epicurus on this subject. What was the exact difference, in this respect, between the Stoics and the Peripatetics?

NONDUM palustria attigimus, nec frutices amnium. Prius tamen quam digrediamur ab Ægypto, et papyri natura dicetur, cum chartæ usu maxime humanitas vitæ constet et memoria. Et hanc Alexandri Magni victoria repertam, auctor est M. Varro, condita in Ægypto Alexandria. Antea non fuisse chartarum usum: in palmarum foliis primo scriptitatum: deinde quarundam arborum libris. Postea publica monumenta plumbeis voluminibus: mox et privata linteis confici cœpta, aut ceris. Pugillarum enim usum fuisse etiam ante Trojana tempora invenimus apud Homerum. Illo vero prodente, ne terra quidem ipsa, quæ nunc Ægyptus, intelligitur: (cum in Sebennytico saltem ejus nomo nonnisi charta nascatur:) postea adaggerata Nilo. Siquidem a Pharo insula, quæ nunc Alexandriae ponte jungitur, noctis dieique velifico navigii cursu terram fuisse prodidit. Mox æmulatione circa bibliothecas regum Ptolemæi et Eumenis, supprime chartas Ptolemæo, idem Varro membranas Pergami tradidit repertas. Postea promiscue patuit usus rei, qua constat immortalitas hominum. Papyrum ergo nascitur in palustribus Ægypti, aut quiescentibus Nili aquis, ubi evagatæ stagnant, duo cubita non excedente altitudine gurgitum, brachiali radice obliquæ crassitudine, triangulis lateribus, decem non amplius cubitorum longitudine in gracilitatem fastigatum, thyrsi modo cacumen includens semine nullo, aut usu ejus alio, quam floris ad Deos coronandos. Radicibus incolæ pro ligno utuntur: nec ignis tantum gratia, sed ad alia quoque utensilia vasorum. Ex ipso quidem papyro navigia texunt: et e libro vela, tegetesque, necnon et vestem, etiam stragulam, ac funes. Mandunt quoque crudum, decoctumque, succum tantum devorantes. Nascitur et in Syria, circa quem odoratus ille calamus, lacum. PLINY, *N. H.* XIII. 21. 22.

When did Varro flourish? What are the subjects, and what is the general character, of his works?

What do you understand by “*lintei*” libri? “*invenimus apud Homerum.*” Quote the passage referred to. “*Varro membranas Pergami tradidit repertas.*” By what circumstance is this statement confirmed?

Why is “*nascatur*” in the Subjunctive mood? Explain generally the nature of this mood in Latin. Is it ever used where the Indicative would be employed in Greek or in English?

FRIDAY, February 14, 1840.....9 to 11½.

BY MR. SHILLETO.

Translate into ENGLISH PROSE:

SY. NOSTIN' porticum aput macellum hac deorsum? DE. Quidni noverim?

SY. Præterito hac recta platea sursus: ubi eo veneris, Clivos deorsum vorsum est; hac te præcipitato: postea Est ad hanc manum sacellum: ibi angiportum propter est: Illic, ubi etiam caprificus magna est. DE. Novi. SY. Hac pergito. DE. Id quidem angiportum non est pervium. SY. Verum hercle; vah,

Censen', hominem me esse? erravi: in porticum rursum redi: Sane hac multo propius ibis, et minor est erratio.

Scin' Cratini hujus ditis ædes? DE. Scio. SY. Ubi eas præterieris,

Ad sinistram hac recta platea; ubi ad Dianæ veneris, Ito ad dextram: prius quam ad portam venias, aput ipsum lacum Est pistrilla, et exadvorsum fabrica: ibi est. DE. Quid ibi facit?

SY. Lectulos in sole ilignis pedibus faciundos dedit.

DE. Ubi potetis vos? bene sane. Set cesso ad eum pergere?

SY. I sane: ego te exercebo hodie, ut dignus es, silicernium.

Æschinus odiosus cessat: prandium corrumpitur:

Ctesipho autem in amore est totus. Ego iam prospiciam mihi:

Nam jam adibo, atque unum quicquid, quod quidem erit bellissimum,

Carpam: et cyathos sorbilans paulatim hunc producam diem.

TERENCE, *Adelphi* IV. 2. 34—52.

CLAUSUS ab umbroso qua ludit Pontus Averno,

Fumida Baiarum stagna tepentis aquæ,

Qua jacet et Troiæ tubicen Misenus arena,

Et sonat Herculeo structa labore via,

Hic, ubi, mortalis dextra quum quæreret urbes,

Cymbala Thebano concrepuere deo;

At nunc invisæ magno cum crimine Baiæ,

Quis deus in vestra constitit hostis aqua?

His pressus Stygias vultum demisit in undas,

Errat et in vestro spiritus ille lacu.

Quid genus, aut virtus, aut optima profuit illi

Mater, et amplexum Cæsaris esse focos?

Aut modo tam pleno fluitantia vela theatro,

Et per maternas omnia gesta manus?

Occidit! Et misero steterat vigesimus annus!

Tot bona tam parvo clausit in orbe dies!

I nunc, tolle animos, et tecum finge triumphos,

Stantiaque in plausum tota theatra juvent;

Attalicas supera vestes, atque omnia magnis

Gemmea sint ludis: ignibus usta dabis.

Sed tamen huc omnes, huc primus et ultimus ordo:
 Est mala, sed cunctis ista terenda via est.
 Exoranda canis tria sunt latrantia colla;
 Scandenda est torvi publica cymba senis.
 Ille licet ferro cautus se condat et ære,
 Mors tamen inclusum protrahit inde caput.
 Nirea non facies, non vis exemit Achillem,
 Cræsum aut, Pactoli quas parit humor, opes.
 Hic olim ignaros luctus populavit Achivos,
 Atridæ magno quum stetit alter amor.

PROPERT. III. 16.

Give brief notes explanatory of the allusions.

FRIDAY, February 14, 1840.....12½ to 3½.

BY MR. KENNEDY.

To be translated into ENGLISH PROSE :

ΚΑΙ ὁ μὲν Θηραμένης ἔλθων ἐς τὸν Πειραιᾶ (ἦν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς στρα-
 τήγος), ὅσον καὶ ἀπὸ βοῆς ἕνεκα ὠργίζετο τοῖς ὀπλίταις, ὁ δὲ Ἀρίσταρχος
 καὶ οἱ ἑναντίοι τῷ πλήθει ἐχάλεπαινον. οἱ δὲ ὀπλῖται ὁμοσε τε ἐχώρουν
 οἱ πλείστοι τῷ ἔργῳ καὶ οὐ μετεμέλοντο, καὶ τὸν Θηραμένην ἡρώτων εἰ
 δοκεῖ αὐτῷ ἐπ' ἀγαθῷ τὸ τεῖχος¹ οἰκοδομεῖσθαι, καὶ εἰ ἄμεινον εἶναι
 καθαιρεθέν. ὁ δὲ εἶπερ καὶ ἐκείνοις δοκεῖ καθαιρεῖν καὶ ἐαυτῷ ἔφη ξυν-
 δοκεῖν. καὶ ἐντεῦθεν εὐθὺς ἀναβάντες οἱ τε ὀπλῖται καὶ πολλοὶ τῶν ἐκ
 τοῦ Πειραιῶς ἀνθρώπων κατέσκαπτον τὸ τεῖχος. ἦν δὲ πρὸς τὸν ὄχλον
 ἡ παράκλησις ὡς χρηστίς τοις πεντακισχιλίους βούλεται ἄρχειν ἀντὶ
 τῶν τετρακοσίων εἶναι ἐπὶ τὸ ἔργον. ἐπεκρύπτοντο γὰρ ὅμως ἐτι τῶν
 πεντακισχιλίων τῷ ὀνόματι μὴ ἀντικρυς δῆμον ὅστις βούλεται ἄρχειν
 ὀνομάζειν, φοβούμενοι μὴ τῷ ὄντι ὧσι καὶ πρὸς τινὰ εἰπὼν τίς τι ἀγνοῖα
 σφαλῇ. καὶ οἱ τετρακόσιοι διὰ τοῦτο οὐκ ἤθελον τοὺς πεντακισχιλίους
 οὔτε εἶναι οὔτε μὴ ὄντας δῆλους εἶναι, τὸ μὲν καταστῆσαι μετόχους
 τοσούτους ἀντικρυς ἂν δῆμον ἡγούμενοι, τὸ δ' αὖ ἀφανὲς φόβον ἐς
 ἀλλήλους παρέξειν.

THUCYD. VIII. 92.

¹ What wall was this?

Ὁ γὰρ πατὴρ οὐμὸς ἐπὶ προικὶ ἐγγυησάμενος τὴν ἐμὴν μητέρα συνψύκει,
 τὸν δὲ κλῆρον τούτων καρπούμενων οὐκ εἶχεν ὅπως εἰσπράξαιτο· ὅτε
 γὰρ περὶ αὐτοῦ λόγους ἐποιήσατο τῆς μητρὸς κελευούσης, οὗτοι ταῦτα
 αὐτῷ ἠπειλῆσαν αὐτοὶ ἐπιδικασάμενοι αὐτὴν ἔξιν εἰ μὴ βούλοιο αὐτὸς
 ἐπὶ προικὶ ἔχειν. ὁ δὲ πατὴρ, ὥστε τῆς μητρὸς μὴ στερηθῆναι καὶ δις
 τοσαῦτα χρήματα εἴασεν ἂν αὐτοὺς καρποῦσθαι. καὶ τοῦ μὲν τὸν πατέρα
 μὴ ἐπεξελθεῖν ὑπὲρ τούτων τοῦτο ἐστὶ τὸ αἴτιον· μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα ὁ Κο-
 ρινθιακὸς πόλεμος ἐγένετο ἐν ᾧ ἐγὼ κάκεινος στρατεύεσθαι ἠναγκαζόμεθα,
 ὥστε οὐδετέρῳ ἂν ἡμῶν δίκην ἐξεγένετο λαβεῖν. εἰρήνης τ' αὖ γενομένης
 ἐμοὶ τι ἀνύχημα πρὸς τὸ δημόσιον συνέβη ὥστε μὴ ῥάδιον εἶναι πρὸς
 τούτους διαφέρεισθαι. ὥστε οὐ μικρὰς ἔχομεν αἰτίας περὶ τοῦ πράγματος.
 ἀλλὰ νυνὶ δίκαιον εἰπεῖν ἐστίν, ὡ ἄνδρες, τίνος δόντος ἔχει τὸν κλῆρον,
 κατὰ ποίους νόμους εἰς τοὺς φράτορας εἰσῆκται, καὶ πῶς οὐκ ἐπίκληρος
 ἦν ἐπὶ τούτοις τοῖς χρήμασι ἡ ἐμὴ μήτηρ. ταῦτα γὰρ ἐστὶ περὶ ὧν
 ὑμᾶς δεῖ τὴν ψήφον ἐνεγκεῖν, οὐκ εἰ χρόνῳ τι ὕστερον ἡμεῖς τῶν

ἡμετέρων εἰσπραττόμεθα. μὴ δυνήθωντων δὲ ἐκπεῖλαι δικαίως ἂν ἐμὸν αὐτὸν εἶναι ψηφίσαισθε. ISAEUS Orat. x. p. 81. (§ 27—29).

¹ Give a brief account of this war, with date.

Explain distinctly ἐπίδικος, ἐπίκληρος, ἐπίπρουκος.

What was the main difference between the old tribes and those of Clisthenes?

FRIDAY, February 14, 1840.....12½ to 3½.

BY MR. BEATSON.

“ΟΛΒΩ μὲν πάντα κε καταβρίθαι βασιλῆας
τόσσον ἐπ’ ἄμαρ ἕκαστον ἐς ἀφνέον ἔρχεται οἶκον
πάντοθε· λαοὶ δ’ ἔργα περιστέλλουσιν ἐκηλοι.
οὐ γάρ τις δῆτιν πολυκῆρεα Νεῖλον ἐπεμβάς
πεζὸς ἐν αλλοτρίαισι βοᾶν ἐστάσατο κώμαις·
οὐδέ τις αἰγιαλὸνδε θαῶς ἐξάλατο ναὸς
θωρηχθεὶς ἐπὶ βουσὶν ἀνάρσιος Αἰγυπτίησιν.
τοῖος ἀνὴρ πλατέεσσιν ἐνὶδρυται πεδίοισι,
ξανθοκόμας Πτολεμαῖος, ἐπιστάμενος δόρυ πάλλιν.
ᾧ ἐπίπαγχυ μέλει πατρῷα πάντα φυλάσσειν,
οἳ’ ἀγαθῷ βασιλῇ· τὰ δὲ κτεατίζεται αὐτός.
οὐ μὰν ἀχρεῖός γε δόμῳ ἐνὶ πίοιι χρυσὸς,
μυρμάκων ἅτε πλοῦτος, αἰεὶ κέχυται, μογεόντων·
ἀλλὰ πολὺν μὲν ἔχοντι θεῶν ἐρικυδέες οἶκοι,
αἰὲν ἀπαρχομένοιο, σὺν ἄλλοισιν γεράεσσι·
πολλὸν δ’ ἰφθίμοισι δεδώρηται βασιλεῦσι,
πολλὸν δὲ πτολίεσσι, πολὺν δ’ ἀγαθοῖσιν ἐταίροις.
οὐδὲ Διωνύσου τις ἀνὴρ ἱερούς κατ’ ἀγῶνας
ἵκετ’ ἐπιστάμενος λιγυρὰν ἀναμέλψαι αἰοιδᾶν,
ᾧ οὐ δωτίαναν ἀντάξιον ὤπασε τέχνας·
Μουσῶν δ’ ὑποφῆται αἰδίδοντι Πτολεμαῖον
ἀντ’ εὐεργεσίας. Τί δὲ κάλλιον ἀνδρὶ κεν εἴη
ὀλβίῳ, ἢ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἀρέσθαι;

THEOCRIT. xvii. 95—117.

Mention any of the poets and learned men whom the Ptolemæi patronized.

ΘΕΟΣ ἅπαν ἐπὶ ἐλπίδεσσι τέκμαρ ἀνύεται,
θεός, ὃ καὶ πτερόεντ’ αἰετὸν κίχρε, καὶ θαλασσαῖον παραμειβεταί
δελφίνα, καὶ ὑψηφρόνων τιν’ ἔκαμψε βροτῶν,
ἐτέροισι δὲ κῦδος ἀγήραον παρέδωκ’. ἐμὲ δὲ χρεὼν
φeyγειν δάκος ἄδινὸν κακαγοριᾶν.
εἶδον γάρ ἐκάς ἐὼν ταπόλλ’ ἐν ἀμαχανίᾳ
ψογερὸν Ἀρχιλοχὸν βαρυλόγοις ἔχθεσιν
παινόμενον· τὸ πλουτεῖν δὲ σὺν τύχᾳ πότμου σοφίας ἄριστον.
τὴ δὲ σάφα νιν ἔχεις, ἐλευθέρᾳ φρενὶ πεπαρεῖν,
πρύτανι κύριε πολλᾶν μὲν εὐστεφάνων ἀγνιᾶν καὶ στρατοῦ. εἰ δὲ τις
ἤδη κτεάτεσσιν τε καὶ περὶ τιμᾷ λέγει
ἑτερόν τιν’ ἀν’ Ἑλλάδα τῶν πάροιθε γενέσθαι ὑπέρτερον,
χαύνᾳ πραπίδι παλαιμονεῖ κενεά.

εὐανθέα δ' ἀναβάσσομαι στόλον ἀμφ' ἀρετῇ
 κελαδέων. νεότατι μὲν ἀρήγει θράσος
 δεινῶν πολέμων· ὅθεν φαμί καὶ σὲ τὰν ἀπείρονα δόξαν εὐρεῖν,
 τὰ μὲν ἐν ἵπποσώαισιν ἄνδρεςσι μαρνύμενον, τὰ δ' ἐν πεζομάχαισι·
 βουλαὶ δὲ πρεσβύτεραι
 ἀκίνδυνον ἔμοι ἔπος ποτὶ σὲ πάντα λόγον
 ἐπαινεῖν παρέχοντι. χαῖρε. τόδε μὲν κατὰ Φοῖνισσαν ἔμπολᾶν
 μέλος ὑπὲρ πολιᾶς ἀλός πέμπεται·
 τὸ Καστόρειον δ' ἐν Αἰολίδεσσι χορδαῖς ἐκὼν
 ἄθρησον χάριν ἐπτακτύπου
 φόρμιγγος ἀντόμενος.
 γένοι' οἷος ἔσσι μαθὼν· καλὸς τοι πίθων παρὰ παισίν, αἰεὶ
 καλός. ὁ δὲ Ῥαδάμανθυς εὖ πέπραγεν, ὅτι φρενῶν
 ἔλαχε καρπὸν ἀμώμητον, οὐδ' ἀπάταισι θυμὸν τέρπεται ἔνδοθεν·
 οἷα ψιθύρων παλάμαις ἔπετ' αἰεὶ βροτῶ.

PIND. *Pyth.* II. 49—75.

Give some account of Archilochus.

SATURDAY, February 16, 1840.....9 to 11½.

By MR. BEATSON.

Translate into LATIN PROSE :

THE Argians were so uninformed that, upon the failure of spontaneous fountains, they often suffered for want of water; though the ground on which the city stood, abounded with excellent springs at little depth. Danaus taught them to dig wells. The boon was, in a hot climate particularly, of high importance. The temper of the Greeks was warm: admiration and gratitude became the ruling passions at Argos, and produced an inclination toward Danaus so violent, that Gelanor was constrained to admit him peaceably to plead his right to the sovereignty, before an assembly of the people, held for the purpose, in the fields without the city. The dispute, however, was so equally maintained, that it became necessary to defer the decision till the morrow. By daybreak, accordingly, the people were crowding out of the gate, when a wolf from the neighbouring mountains caught their attention, while he attacked a herd, grazing near the city wall and killed the bull. This was taken as an omen declaring the divine will: the wolf was interpreted to signify the stranger, the bull their native prince, and the kingdom was adjudged to Danaus.—MITFORD, *Hist. Greece*, ch. II. sect. 1.

THOUGH it is scarce possible to avoid judging, in some way or other, of almost every thing which offers itself to one's thoughts; yet it is certain, that many persons, from different causes, never exercise their judgment, upon what comes before them, in the way of determining whether it be conclusive, and holds. They are perhaps entertained with some things, not so with others; they like, and they dislike: but whether that which is proposed to be made out be really made out or not; whether a matter be stated according to the real truth of the case, seems to the generality of people merely a circumstance of no consideration at all. Arguments are often wanted for
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some accidental purpose: but proof as such is what they never want for themselves; for their own satisfaction of mind, or conduct in life. Not to mention the multitudes who read merely for the sake of talking, or to qualify themselves for the world, or some such kind of reasons; there are, even of the few who read for their own entertainment, and have a real curiosity to see what is said, several, which is prodigious, who have no sort of curiosity to see what is true.

SATURDAY, February 15, 1840.....12½ to 3½.

BY MR. JERRARD.

META ταῦτα δὴ, εἶπον, ἀπέκασον τοιούτῳ πάθει τὴν ἡμετέραν φύσιν παιδείας τε περὶ καὶ ἀπαιδευσίας· ἰδὲ γὰρ ἀνθρώπους οἷον ἐν καταγείῳ οἰκῇσιν σπηλαιώδει, ἀναπεπταμένην πρὸς τὸ φῶς τὴν εἰσοδὸν ἐχούσῃ μακρὰν πυρ' ἅπαν τὸ σπήλαιον, ἐν ταύτῃ ἐκ παίδων ὄντας ἐν δεσμοῖς καὶ τὰ σκέλη καὶ τοὺς ἀνέχνας, ὥστε μένιν τε αὐτοὺς εἰς τε τὸ πρόσθεν μόνον ὄρᾱν κύκλῳ δὲ τὰς κεφαλὰς ὑπὸ τοῦ δεσμοῦ ἀδυνατοὺς περιάγειν, φῶς δὲ αὐτοῖς πυρὸς ἄνωθεν καὶ πόρρωθεν καόμενον ὅπισθεν αὐτῶν, μεταξὺ δὲ τοῦ πυρὸς καὶ τῶν δεσμωτῶν ἐπάνω ὁδόν, παρ' ἣν ἰδὲ τειχίον παρωκοδομημένον, ὡς περ τοῖς θανατοποιοῖς πρὸ τῶν ἀνθρώπων πρόκειται τὰ παραφράγματα ὑπὲρ ὧν τὰ θάνατα δεκνύουσιν. Ὅρῳ, ἔφη. Ὅρα τοίνυν παρὰ τοῦτο τὸ τειχίον φέροντας ἀνθρώπους σκευὴ τε παντοδαπὰ ὑπερέχοντα τοῦ τειχίου καὶ ἀνδριάντας καὶ ἄλλα ζῶα λίθινά τε καὶ ξύλινα καὶ παντοῖα εἰργασμένα, οἷον εἰκὺς, τοὺς μὲν φθεγγομένους, τοὺς δὲ σιγῶντας τῶν παραφερόντων. Ἀποπον, ἔφη, λέγεις εἰκόνα καὶ δεσμῶτας ἀτόπους. Ὅμοιους ἡμῖν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ· τοὺς γὰρ τοιούτους πρῶτον μὲν ἑαυτῶν τε καὶ ἀλλήλων οἶεи ἂν τι ἐωρακέαι ἄλλο πλὴν τὰς σκιὰς τὰς ὑπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς εἰς τὸ καταντικρὺ αὐτῶν τοῦ σπηλαίου προσπιπτούσας; Πῶς γάρ, ἔφη, εἰ ἀκινήτους γε τὰς κεφαλὰς ἔχειν ἡναγκασμένοι εἶεν διὰ βίον; Τί δὲ τῶν παραφερομένων; οὐ ταυτὸν τοῦτο; Τί μὴν; Εἰ οὖν διαλέγεσθαι οἶοι τ' εἶεν πρὸς ἀλλήλους, οὐ ταῦτα ἡγεῖ ἂν τὰ παρόντα αὐτοὺς νομίζειν ὀνομάζειν ἢ περ ὁρῶν; Ἀνάγκη. Τί δ'; εἰ καὶ ἡχώ τὸ δεσμωτήριον ἐκ τοῦ καταντικρὺ ἔχοι, ὅποτε τις τῶν παριόντων φθέγγεται, οἶεи ἂν ἄλλο τι αὐτοὺς ἡγεῖσθαι τὸ φθεγγόμενον ἢ τὴν παριούσαν σκιάν; Μὰ Δί' οὐκ ἔγωγ', ἔφη. Παντάσας δὴ, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, οἱ τοιοῦτοι οὐκ ἂν ἄλλο τι νομίζοιεν τὸ ἀληθές ἢ τὰς τῶν σκευαστῶν σκιάς. Πολλὴ ἀνάγκη, ἔφη.

PLATO *de Repub.* Lib. VII. 1.

Briefly illustrate this passage.

ἈΠΟΡΕΙΤΑΙ δ' εἰκότως ποτέροις χρεῶν ἔπεσθαι, ἀμφοῖν ἐχόντοις τὸ πιστόν. Ἴσως οὖν τοὺς τοιούτους δεῖ τῶν λόγων διαιεῖν καὶ διορίζειν ἐφ' ὅσον ἐκάτεροι καὶ πῇ ἀληθεύουσιν. Εἰ δὴ λάβοιμεν τὸ φιλαυτον πῶς ἐκάτεροι λέγουσιν, τάχ' ἂν γένοιτο δῆλον. Οἱ μὲν οὖν εἰς ὄνειδος αγωντες αὐτὸ φιλαύτους καλοῦσι τοὺς ἑαυτοῖς ἀπονέμοντας τὸ πλεῖον ἐν χρήμασι καὶ τιμαῖς καὶ ἡδοναῖς ταῖς σωματικαῖς· τούτων γὰρ οἱ πολλοὶ ὀρέγονται, καὶ ἐσπουδάκασιν περὶ αὐτὰ ὡς ἄριστα ὄντα, διὸ καὶ περιμάχητά ἐστιν. Οἱ δὲ περὶ ταῦτα πλεονέκται χαρίζονται ταῖς ἐπιθυμίαις καὶ ὅλως τοῖς πάθεσι καὶ τῷ ἀλόγῳ τῆς ψυχῆς. Τοιοῦτοι δ' εἰσὶν οἱ πολλοί· διὸ καὶ ἡ προσηγορία γεγένηται ἀπὸ τοῦ πολλοῦ φανύλου ὄντος. Δικαίως δὲ τοῖς οὕτω φιλαύτοις ὀνειδίζεται. Ὅτι δὲ τοὺς τὰ τοιαῦθ

αὐτοῖς ἀπονέμοντας εἰώθασι λέγειν οἱ πολλοὶ φιλανθρώπους, οὐκ ἄδελφον· εἰ γάρ τις αἰεὶ σπουδάζει τὰ δίκαια πράττειν αὐτὸς μάλιστα πάντων ἢ τὰ σώφρονα ἢ ὅποιασὺν ἄλλα τῶν κατὰ τὰς ἀρετάς, καὶ ὅπως αἰεὶ τὸ καλὸν ἑαυτῷ περιποιεῖτο, οὐθεὶς ἐρεῖ τοῦτον φίλανθρωπον οὐδὲ ψέξει. Δόξειε δ' ἂν ὁ τοιοῦτος μᾶλλον εἶναι φίλανθρωπος· ἀπονέμει γοῦν ἑαυτῷ τὰ κάλλιστα καὶ μάλιστα· ἀγαθὰ, καὶ χαρίζεται ἑαυτοῦ τῷ κυριωτάτῳ, καὶ πάντα τούτῳ πείθεται· ὥσπερ δὲ καὶ πόλις τὸ κυριώτατον μάλιστα· εἶναι δοκεῖ καὶ πᾶν ἄλλο σύστημα, οὕτω καὶ ἄνθρωπος. καὶ φίλανθρωπος δὴ μάλιστα ὁ τοῦτο ἀγαπῶν καὶ τούτῳ χαριζόμενος. Καὶ ἐγκρατὴς δὲ καὶ ἀκρατὴς λέγεται τῷ κρατεῖν τὸν νοῦν ἢ μὴ, ὡς τοῦτου ἐκάστου ὄντος· καὶ πεπραγμένα δοκοῦσιν αὐτοὶ καὶ ἐκουσίως τὰ μετὰ λόγου μάλιστα. "Ὅτι μὲν οὖν τοῦθ' ἕκαστος ἐστὶν ἢ μάλιστα, οὐκ ἄδελφον, καὶ ὅτι ὁ ἐπικειχὸς μάλιστα τοῦτ' ἀγαπᾷ. Διὸ φίλανθρωπος μάλιστα· ἂν εἴη, καθ' ἕτερον εἶδος τοῦ ὀνειδίζομένου, καὶ διαφέρων τοσοῦτον ὅσον τὸ κατὰ λόγον ζῆν τοῦ κατὰ πάθος, καὶ ὀρέγεσθαι τοῦ καλοῦ ἢ τοῦ δοκοῦντος συμφέρειν.

ARISTOT. *Ethic.* ix. 8.

Shew the importance, in an Ethical point of view, of the distinction here drawn by Aristotle.

What English word would correspond to *φιαντρία* if taken in a bad sense? and what if not so taken?

ΤΙ οὖν λέγω καὶ πάθεν ἄρχομαι κατηγορεῖν; τοῦ ποιουμένης τῆς πόλεως εἰρήνην Φιλοκράτει συνεπιεῖν, ἀλλὰ μὴ τοῖς τὰ βέλτιστα γράφουσι, καὶ τοῦ δῶρα εἰληφέναι, τοῦ μετὰ ταῦτα ἐπὶ τῆς ὑστερας πρεσβείας τοὺς χρόνους κατατρίψαι καὶ μηδὲν ὧν προσετάξαθ' ὑμεῖς ποιήσαι, τοῦ φενακίσαι τὴν πόλιν, καὶ παραστήσαντα ἐλπίδας, ὡς ὅσα βουλόμεθ' ἡμεῖς Φίλιππος πράξει, πάντ' ἀπολωλέκιναι, τοῦ μετὰ ταῦθ' ἑτέρων προλεγόντων φυλάττεσθαι τὸν τοσαῦτα ἡδίκηκότα, τοῦτον ἐκείνῳ συνηγορεῖν. ταῦτα κατηγορῶ, ταῦτα μέμνησθε, ἐπεὶ δικαίαν εἰρήνην καὶ ἴσιν καὶ μηδὲν πεπρακότας ἀνθρώπους μηδὲ ψευσαμένους ὕστερον κἂν ἐπῆνον καὶ στεφανοῦν ἐκέλευον. στρατηγὸς δ' εἴ τις ἡδίκηχ' ὑμᾶς, οὐχὶ κοινωνεῖ ταῖς νῦν εὐθύναις. ποῖος γάρ στρατηγὸς "Αλον, τίς δὲ Φωκέας ἀπολώλεκε; τίς δὲ Δορίσκον; τίς δὲ Κερσοβλέπτην; τίς δὲ Ἱερὸν ὄρος; τίς δὲ Πύλας; τίς δὲ πεποιήκεν ἄχρι τῆς Ἀττικῆς ὁδὸν διὰ συμμάχων καὶ φίλων εἶναι Φιλίππῳ; τίς δὲ Κορώνειαν, τίς δ' Ὀρχομενόν, τίς δ' Εὐβοίαν ἀλλοτρίαν; τίς Μέγαρον πρῶην ὀλίγου; τίς Θηβαίους ἰσχυροὺς; τούτων γὰρ οὐδὲν τοσοῦτων καὶ τηλικούτων ὄντων διὰ τοὺς στρατηγούς ἀπώλετο, οὐδ' ἐν τῇ εἰρήνῃ συγχωρηθὲν πεισθέντων ὑμῶν ἔχει Φίλιππος, ἀλλὰ διὰ τούτους ἀπόλωλε καὶ τὴν τούτων δωροδοκίαν.

DEMOSTH. *F. Leg.* 448.

Explain the Historical allusions in this passage. How many years after the commencement of war between Philip and the Athenians does the Oration from which it is taken appear to have been delivered? What are the peculiar excellencies of the style of Demosthenes as an Orator?

Εἰσι δὲ οἱ ἐπ' αὐτῷ τούτῳ κατέαται, καὶ τέχνην ἔχουσι ταύτην. οὗτοι ἐπεὶ σφι κομισθῇ νεκρὸς, δεικνύουσι τοῖσι κομίσει παραδείγματα νεκρῶν ξύλινα, τῇ γραφῇ μεμιμημένα. καὶ τὴν μὲν σπουδαιότητα

αὐτῶν φασὶ εἶναι, τοῦ οὐκ ὄσιον ποιεῖναι τὸ οὐνομα ἐπὶ τοιούτῳ πρῆγματι ὀνομάζειν. τὴν δὲ δευτέραν δεικνύουσι ὑποδεεστέραν τε ταύτης καὶ εὐτελεστέραν· τὴν δὲ τρίτην, εὐτελεστάτην. φράσαντες δὲ, πυνθά-
νονται παρ' αὐτῶν κατὰ ἣν τινα βούλονται σφί σκευασθῆναι τὸν νεκρόν. οἱ μὲν δὴ ἐκποδῶν, μισθῷ ὁμολογήσαντες, ἀπαλλάσσονται· οἱ δὲ ὑπο-
λειπόμενοι ἐν οἰκήμασι, ὧδε τὰ σκονδαιότατα ταριχεύουσι. πρῶτα μὲν
σκολιῶ σιδήρῳ διὰ τῶν μυζωτήρων ἐξάγουσι τὸν ἐγκέφαλον, τὰ μὲν
αὐτοῦ οὕτω ἐξάγοντες, τὰ δὲ ἐγχεόντες φάρμακα, μετὰ δὲ, λίθῳ Αἰθιοπικῷ
ὀξεί παρασχίσαντες παρὰ τὴν λαπάρην, ἐξ ὧν εἶλον τὴν κοιλίην πᾶσαν·
ἐκκαθήραντες δὲ αὐτὴν, καὶ διηθήσαντες οἶνῳ φοινικητῇ, αὐτὶς διηθέουσι
θυμῆμασι τετριμμένοισι. ἔπειτα τὴν νηδὺν σμύρνης ἀκηράτου τετριμμένης,
καὶ κασίης, καὶ τῶν ἄλλων θυωμάτων, πλήν λιβαγυτοῦ, πλήσαντες, συν-
ράπτουσι ὀπίσω. ταῦτα δὲ ποιήσαντες, ταριχεύουσι λίτρῳ, κρύψαντες
ἡμέρας ἐβδόμηκοντα· πλεῖνας δὲ τουτέων οὐκ ἔξεστι ταριχεύειν. ἐπεὰν
δὲ παρέλθωσι αἱ ἐβδόμηκοντα, λούσαντες τὸν νεκρόν, κατελίσσουσι πᾶν
αὐτοῦ τὸ σῶμα σινδόνης βυσσίνης τελαμῶσι κατατετμημένοισι, ὑποχρί-
οντες τῷ κόμμι, τῷ δὲ ἀντὶ κόλλης τὰ πολλὰ χρέωνται Αἰγύπτιοι.
ἐνθεῦτεν δὲ παραδεξάμενοι μιν οἱ προσήκοντες, ποιεῦνται ξύλινον τύπον
ἀνθρωποειδέα· ποιησάμενοι δὲ, ἐσεργνῦσι τὸν νεκρόν· καὶ κατακληῖσαντες
οὕτω, θησαυρίζουσι ἐν οἰκήματι θηκαίῳ, ἰστάντες ὀρθὸν πρὸς τοῖχον.
οὕτω μὲν τοὺς τὰ πολυτελέστατα σκευάζουσι νεκροὺς.

HERODOT. II. 86.

How far has the account here given by Herodotus been confirmed by modern observations? ποιεῦνται ξύλινον τύπον. Explain, and give similar instances of the force of, the middle voice in ποιεῦνται in this place. Mention the various Ionisms which occur in this extract. Shew particularly how the cases of nouns are affected by the Ionic dialect: and point out the connection which exists between the Greek and the Latin declensions of nouns.

LETTERS ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

LETTER II.

ON REQUIRING A MATHEMATICAL DEGREE FROM CANDIDATES
FOR THE CLASSICAL TRIPOS EXAMINATION.

IN our second letter we shall resume the subject of our last, and commence by the consideration of the next point, which, it will be remembered, we reserved for the present opportunity.

II. We have alleged that the demand of a compulsory mathematical honour is also unnecessary, and fails in ensuring its professed object. We mean, that it does NOT, in the least degree, tend to make students mathematicians against their will. We have already said that the practical results of the system prove that such is not the case. A study naturally adapted to the temperament of few, cannot successfully or reasonably be forced upon all; and a classical mind is of all minds most averse to the dry and rigid demonstrations of inductive philosophy. An exaction like this does nothing more than throw a hateful obstacle in the path which the intellect *will* pursue, perhaps exclusively. It will consequently surmount that obstacle by leaping over, breaking through, or avoiding it by every artifice in its power. It gives the impression, as well as has the effect, of a *wilful annoyance*, which will not succeed in diverting the enterprising enthusiast, even for a little while, into another course. The thoughts will not be torn away, though the mind may mechanically submit to a partial distortion. The natural bias of the intellect will not be forced; and no kind of advantage will accrue from a study which the reluctant learner glories in throwing aside for ever, as soon as it has effected its purpose,—not of cultivating the mind, but of opening the way to classical honours. The detested ordeal is undergone, but leaves no mark behind it.

“The elegant classical scholar,” (says Mr. Whewell,*) who is compelled to master the propositions of geometry and mechanics, acquires among them habits of rigour of thought, and connexion of reasoning. He is thus not kept down to the level of the mere scholar, learned in the literature of the past, but illogical and incoherent in his thoughts, and *incapable of grappling with the questions which the present and the future suggest.*† A more unwarrantable assumption in favour of mathematics, or one to

* On University Education, p. 40.

† This is really precious nonsense, evidently penned for the purpose of catching at an unmeaning antithesis. The Professor talks somewhat contemptuously of the *mere* scholar, and of *fluttering through* classical authors, as if any one who has the slightest pretensions to the name of a scholar ever yet acquired his knowledge by such a cheap and easy process! This is all weak writing, because it is all unfair

which practical results are more decidedly opposed, could scarcely have been made. Are *solely* classical men particularly distinguished in the University for being incoherent or illogical in their thoughts? Or are the mass of what are called "mathematical" men, remarkable for the opposite qualities? Is it quite certain that a student who drives into his brain enough "cram" for the degree of "wooden spoon," thereby "acquires habits of rigour of thought, and connexion of reasoning?"

Again: "The reader who merely flutters through a series of authors, such as catch his fancy, who studies them only as a literary amusement, without severe thought, or steady perception of the principles of language and composition, cannot receive from them such a culture as we have supposed, any more than from any other line of reading, suggested and directed by mere caprice and personal taste."* Then, if a student selects and prosecutes the study of mathematics from mere caprice and personal taste (which so many do), he derives no culture from them. But, if *fluttering through* a favourite study—which, by the way, real classical scholars are not in the habit of doing—imparts no benefit, will fluttering through the elements of a detested and unintelligible one impart any? "It (classical fluttering) will only produce a taste, fastidious indeed, but superficial and arbitrary, *without any distinct and developed apprehension of analogies and reasons!*" "It is entirely inefficient for any purpose of genuine mental cultivation." We respectfully ask for the proofs of all this.

Mr. Whewell's reasoning upon the advantages of mathematical studies as a mental discipline, may be perfectly unexceptionable; but it has little to do with the question before us. He argues as if the compulsory study and the acquisition of mathematics were identical, or the latter necessarily consequent upon the former. We are not considering whether mathematics are useful when attained, but whether the present system is successful in making students attain them against their will. This is a question which Mr. Whewell has nowhere discussed, and which common experience, we maintain, answers in the negative. But, even if it could be proved that this system *does* make students attain a certain portion of substantial mathematical science, and not a mere skeleton form, still it remains to be shown *from practical experience* that it necessarily has the beneficial effects thus confidently ascribed to it. And, lastly, admitting both these, it must be explained, above all, on what grounds classical men *alone* are to be *compelled* to realise a certain knowledge of it.

and one-sided. Doubtless, many of those who obtain a place in the Classical Tripos do not read either extensively or profoundly, any more than do those who obtain the low honours in the Mathematical Tripos. But if such must be made to supply the deficiency by mathematics, the latter of course ought to qualify their superficial knowledge by a compulsory classical degree.

* On University Education, p. 38.

We suppose because "it is certain (?) that of all the persons who derive advantage from a University education, none are more benefitted than those who, with a general aptitude for learning, are prevented, by the requisitions of such institutions, from confining their exertions to one favourite channel." Prevented! For six months in a dozen years?

We now proceed to another object which may be most justly urged against this pernicious institution. It is this: That the necessity imposed upon students of attaining a certain knowledge of both mathematics and classics, is enforced by unequal penalties; in other words, the consequences of not knowing an adequate amount of mathematics are infinitely more serious than those resulting from a corresponding deficiency in classics. Nearly every undergraduate has acquired, at home or at school, enough classical knowledge to ensure his success in the all but nominal Previous Examination. And if he has *not* acquired enough, and does *not* pass, the consequences are very trifling, and merely temporary. Moreover, this is positively the only occasion on which classical studies are at all *demand*ed as absolutely essential, in the University: and before the institution of the examination just alluded to, in 1830, mathematics were all in all—parson, lawyer, physician, soldier, sailor, statesman, were all deemed fitly educated if they could solve quadratic equations, and "do" trigonometry. But, on the other hand, a classical man has *not* acquired a sufficiency of mathematics at school. It is an indisputable fact, that the course of education adopted in most schools is even yet principally, and till lately was almost exclusively, classical: that some years at least have been devoted by not less than nineteen out of every twenty students, upon entering the University, to the study of classics, while mathematics have been barely commenced by the majority of them. Yet, so far from any allowance being made for this evident disadvantage, the consequences of not attaining what is (facetiously enough) termed "an honour," are *not* temporary, nor trifling, nor in any way remediable. The great injustice lies in making the one study a *sine quâ non* in an examination of mere *form*; the other, an essential in one of *competition*. For with the increase of that competition, the hardship of the classical student is aggravated. The University is evidently anxious to make a low mathematical degree hold a higher place in public estimation than it now does; and this object it is endeavouring (most fruitlessly) to effect by rendering the quantity of mathematics required for the lowest "honour" (save the mark!) greater and greater annually. Surely this is acting on a most fallacious principle. The rule *occupet extremum scabies* will always obtain, whether that luckless *extremus* knows much or little. It is *comparative* merit which distinguishes the man. The public will never regard the degree of Junior Optime, or Senior Optime, as any whit above mediocrity. If a mathematical honour

must be required from students as an indispensable passport to classical distinction, let it at least be put on something like the same footing as that upon which the Previous Examination now stands: that is, let not one failure debar a student from the enjoyment of all further honours and emoluments whatever, the prospect of which has cheered and encouraged him in undergoing the drudgery of his long and arduous school career, and which have no right to be wrested from his very grasp, merely because he happens to write x for y in finding the equation to a parabola. The University would soon be up in arms, were it announced that the anticipated senior-wrangler of the ensuing year had been for ever disqualified for becoming a candidate for that honour, because he had only once failed to construe his Greek Testament at an Examination held a few months before! Yet surely there is more reason in demanding this from him, than in requiring the equation to a parabola from a classical student. If mathematics be deemed absolutely essential as a *part* of a liberal education, why should they therefore be deemed absolutely *sufficient* in themselves, without either divinity, or Hebrew, or a *good* knowledge of classics, or any other of those studies which are, in these degraded days of radicalism, dissent, and infidelity, the only weapons by which the good fight of the CHURCH can be successfully waged? We suspect it would be difficult to refute a papist by understanding the construction of the telescope. But mathematics are now a monopoly, and classical students have to purchase a thimbleful of them at a price rather above their value to them.

The only system of perfect justice to all classes of students, as well as of general utility, without reference to particular professions hereafter, would be to require all questionists first to pass an examination (consisting in part of divinity) for an ordinary degree, and then to let them choose one or both triposes in which they may have full scope to display their respective talents. Thus, in the first place, the Church would be less likely to have a set of theoretical mathematico-religionists for her ministers; in the second, justice would be done to classical students; in the third, a number of men would flock to Cambridge who now go to Oxford; in the fourth, many would zealously prosecute the study of classics, who now, hating and dreading mathematics, are induced to give them up altogether, and, much against their will, take an ordinary degree; in the fifth, the classical scholarship at Cambridge would be of a much higher order than it is at present, because the time now reluctantly devoted to mathematics would then be gladly given to classics; in the sixth, a more learned body of fellows (we say this without presuming or wishing to disparage so splendid a set of men) would certainly exist; and in the seventh, individual colleges would not, as they now annually do, lose the credit, of which they seem to be proud, of

producing from the members of their society some of the highest honours of the year. It frequently happens, under the present system, that men who have carried off some of the first University prizes for classical proficiency, are completely debarred, by a mere stroke of ill-luck, or by having "crammed" one proposition in mechanics instead of another, from all prospects of a fellowship, or any further honour whatever. And thus very inferior men step into places to which they have no claim in the Classical Tripos, and wear the very false and ill-gained honours of being, what they are certainly not, the best classics of the year. The fortune of the one is built on the failure of the other, and of course the vacant fellowships are filled up with those upon whom they would not otherwise have been conferred. Let no one suppose, that when a classical scholar attains a low mathematical "honour," he attains it by any sound knowledge or clear perception of either the nature or principles of the science. He notoriously *crams* a little of this nauseous mental food, and trusts to luck and the good sense of the examiners for the rest. Now this fact alone is the strongest possible argument for the immediate abolition of the restriction, because it shews that if the object in view be to make classical men *understand* and *imbibe* a certain portion of mathematics, these means in nine cases out of ten signally fail. The thing is evidently an absurd farce; and it would be well if it were nothing worse than a farce. But the case is very different with the demand of classical learning. A student who can translate one of the Gospels, or a Tragedy, or a book of an historian, in Greek, can translate them, or others, (a little rustily, perhaps) years hence. He will frequently prosecute the one in after-life; but he will very seldom cast another amorous glance at the nymph Mathesis. Hence we are compelled to infer, that classics *ought*, and mathematics *ought not*, to be made an essential requisite in a University education; the direct contrary to which is the case at Cambridge, to the great detriment of many a brilliant intellect and deserving character, and the total discouragement of numbers who would doubtless have displayed admirable talent and merit, if allowed to follow unmolested the course of study prescribed by their own inclinations.

After all, what was the *real* motive of the University in enforcing such a rule? Let an honest answer be returned. Was it not to prevent mathematical from being superseded by classical studies? Whether such a result would be as serious an evil as it is generally supposed, we shall not now stop to consider; but that such a result could never ensue, we unhesitatingly assert. Mathematics can have little intrinsic value or interest to recommend them, if such precautions are necessary to enforce their cultivation. But the fact is, that were the restriction to which we object removed, many would read classics zealously for honours, who now content themselves with an ordinary degree;

for a natural love of any pursuit is not always a sufficient stimulus, unless the prospect of distinction be added. Thus the candidates for classical honours would become infinitely more numerous;* and consequently all such as were not, upon their first entrance into the University, already good proficient in classics, would of course have much less chance of distinction than now among so few. These, then, would naturally abandon that study, and turn to the new pursuit of mathematics, in which all comparatively start fair. We are inclined to believe that nothing would increase the competition in mathematics more than the abolition of the present compulsory system.

Much might be said on the alleged insufficiency of a solely classical education as a proper and adequate intellectual discipline: but enough has been already said to shew that effects are frequently attributed to the study of classics which they do not necessarily, nor even generally, produce; and that, on the other hand, advantages are to be derived from a proper and judicious prosecution of them, which appear to be seldom understood or appreciated. We do not, however, intend to uphold such an exclusive education as advisable: though we do think that the additional proficiency attainable in classics during the time which students are now compelled to devote to mathematics, would conduce more to that mental development which is the great object of all education, than the slight and imperfect notion thus reluctantly gained of the odious science; especially as that is almost always a transient, the former a permanent acquisition. But if, as we maintain, the means taken to prevent the student from pursuing one line of study to the neglect of another be not only ineffectual, but unjust and oppressive; if an evil must exist for which a nauseous remedy proves no cure, then let nature, we say, have her own way, and if we can do no good, let us at least resolve to do no harm.

There is, however, after all, mighty little ground for dreading the bugbear of Professors Whewell and Sedgwick,—for entertaining that strange apprehension, which Cambridge has taught itself to cherish, but which our wiser sister-University openly derides—that a man without Euclid and Algebra must necessarily be a man without reasoning or “powers of abstraction,” to use the favourite phrase of our philosophers. Mathematics of all kinds are very much at a discount at Oxford; and we doubt if her sons are any the worse divines, orators, statesmen, or metaphysicians, for want of them. Indeed Oxford is now, in a remarkable degree, the refuge of non-mathematical minds. And this leads us to mention another singular and highly important fact, which furnishes a strong argument in favour of the abolition of the present restriction at Cambridge.

* We are certain that the number of good classical scholars who now take ordinary degrees is greater than is generally supposed.

Upon making a brief stay, a short time ago, at Oxford, we were particularly struck with the answer very generally returned—we think by nearly one half—to a question which we took some interest in putting to a considerable number of Oxonians. It was this:—Why did you prefer Oxford to Cambridge University? *Because I hated and feared mathematics*, was the answer. We believe that any one who has the curiosity to try, will find our statement correct. Now this PROVES that if Cambridge considers her prosperity or grandeur to depend at all upon the number of members within her walls, she is just opposing her own interest by the ill-judged enforcement of a previous mathematical degree. We know this to be unquestionably the case. Now if Oxford finds that her system of reading is *per se* a good and sufficient mental discipline, without the admixture of mathematics, it will not be difficult to shew that the classical system prescribed by our own University is, *à fortiori*, a satisfactory and competent exercise for the development of the intellect. To do this, however, it will be necessary to make a few parenthetical remarks upon the comparative advantages of the classical studies recommended by both Universities, which, though indirectly connected with our argument, may perhaps prove not altogether uninteresting to our readers.

It is allowed, even by the majority of the Oxonians themselves, that the Cambridge system of classical education is better adapted to teaching the *languages*—that is, an accurate, fundamental, grammatical knowledge of them—than that pursued among themselves; and that the stronghold of what may be termed *verbal and critical philology* in England, is our University. Though both systems have their defects when exclusively followed too far, and though a medium between the two would perhaps present the best model of a successful classical education, still the reflections which an eminent Cambridge Professor has chosen to cast against “the formal accuracy and mere verbal criticism” which are required from the accomplished scholar at Cambridge, are highly unreasonable. We take the liberty of informing the learned professor, that without paying the closest attention to such minutiae, we cannot possibly comprehend the exact force and meaning of every passage in a classical writer; we cannot even decide, in numberless instances, what he really did, and what he did not write; we cannot appreciate the fine touches and delicate shades of meaning imparted by the particular uses of a construction, a particle, a tense, or a mood. And it is this critical accuracy, this inquiring and searching kind of study, in which the philosophy of language is centered,* and from which the mind derives such

* We would ask, as an illustration of our meaning, whether the generality of mathematical books require more mind and closer study, than such a work as Hermann's difficult treatise on the little particle *dy*, though as long and tedious in the one department as Peacock's Algebra in the other?

important advantages, that it appears strange how any writers on University education should have either overlooked or depreciated them. For if accuracy contrasted with general and loose views upon any subject be really the main thing wherein the superiority of mathematics is said to consist, then do these same writers argue very illogically, and very *unmathematically*. Now at Oxford, the classical authors are certainly read historically rather than grammatically and critically,—a fact which at once accounts for the great number of slovenly English translations published and used there. A Cambridge student, too, is sensible of the utter impossibility of *really knowing* a long list of entire authors; and he therefore contents himself with reading carefully a dozen times one-fifth of what an Oxford student skims over with his translation once or twice. There are two things, which, it must be admitted, are in general sadly neglected at Cambridge—history, and Aristotle's philosophy, both of which are rightly made most important parts of an Oxford education. The latter, indeed, is with the Oxonians the substitute for mathematics; and we contend that an equally good one may be found in that accurate grammatical, philosophical, and verbal study of languages which is adopted among ourselves: at all events, that such is of vastly greater service as an intellectual discipline than the miserable *quantum* of mathematics which classical students are compelled to learn. But to pass from the above digression to the conclusion of this subject.

It will, we are well aware, be urged against us, that all the arguments we have hitherto adduced are futile, if they are intended to invalidate a general principle, by dwelling on particular cases in which the compulsory study of mathematics may have proved inefficient or even detrimental. It will be said (and this is the most reasonable defence of the system with which we have to grapple), that, were classical scholars permitted to prosecute their studies according to the free bent of their own inclinations, most of those who now derive advantage from being forced to read mathematics, would never have thought of voluntarily commencing them: that a person who is made to begin, will often pursue a study without any further compulsion, because he will often discover in himself a previously unknown capacity for, or fondness of such a study. Hence it will be inferred, that the general utility of the system is manifest, even though it bear hard upon some individuals. Now to this we answer, that making such a defence is very like sanctioning the principle of doing evil that good may come, if the possible advantage which may accrue by these means to a few, will not counterbalance the certain and irreparable mischief done to many. It must also be remembered, that classical men are apt to defer the study of mathematics till so late, that they are unable in point of time, even if capable in respect of intellect, to learn any competent quantity of them before the examination for their degrees; and that even when they are

begun early, the far greater importance attached by students to the due prosecution of their favourite study, as their only hope of ensuring academical distinction, will in almost every case prevent them from deriving any material or permanent benefit from a secondary study pursued only as far as necessary, and solely from the circumstance of its being necessary. Again: though the above cases be but abuses of a salutary regulation; though the short-sighted folly, or want of self-command and perseverance, or wilful obstinacy, of students be in most instances the real cause of failure; still, if it be practically found that such is the course which (whether through disgust, idleness, or infatuation) so many, perhaps the majority of, classical students will pursue, then there is sufficient reason for removing the objectionable restriction. A measure, however good in principle, which we deny this to be, if proved to work badly, should be altered or annulled. But the whole of the apparently plausible objection, which we have above anticipated, may be at once demolished by rejecting the assumption, that there are some who certainly do derive solid advantage from being *forced* to read a little mathematics. To *prove* this is next to impossible,—for which reason Professor Sedgwick wisely pronounced it “unnecessary (*i.e.* impracticable) to prove what no one was prepared to deny.”

We may lastly suggest, that if it should not seem expedient to the authorities of the University to comply with a demand, now loudly made by, we believe, the majority of its members, to abolish the restriction of a mathematical degree, a very slight and unobjectionable concession will, by removing much of the hardship to which classical students are now subjected, satisfy the most reasonable, and probably quiet the most noisy advocates of reform. We recommend that one failure in obtaining honours be not a final disqualification for the Classical Tripos; for it is surely most unjust that it should be so. Let those who have failed once in acquiring honours be allowed to try again for them, as is the case at Oxford; and limit the privilege, if it must needs be, to two trials. No candidate for an ordinary degree, or for a passport at the previous examination, is excluded from future attempts by a single failure. This permission can in no respect (except indeed by an act of dishonesty too notorious to be attempted, and too palpable to avoid detection) affect or interfere with the higher places in the Mathematical Tripos; because a single year's study, added to such a scanty knowledge of the subject as was insufficient for the lowest honour, would hardly qualify a student to compete for them. We therefore implore our academical legislators to consider and remedy the growing evil—to remember that excellent and truly deserving scholars are yearly debarred (by their own folly, it may be—but *non omnia possumus omnes*) from reaping the reward of their studies—that the Classical Tripos being a recent institution, the accompanying restriction was but an experiment;—that they will

be more likely to aggrandise than to injure themselves by the abolition of it, now that it has proved, as we contend it has, an entire failure—that it is very questionable whether any compulsory and detested study is ever productive of much permanent good, and at the same time very certain that in the same proportion as it discourages industry, it encourages idleness, and all the vile train of debauchery and dissipation consequent upon it; and finally, that the earnest wishes of so large a part of the community should at all times be taken into serious consideration, even though they should happen to be at variance with the opinions of the legislative few.

We have now brought the present subject to a conclusion. We have endeavoured to discuss fairly and impartially, all the arguments both for and against the continuance of the regulation of which we complain; and although we can at present hardly hope that the preceding remarks will meet the eye of any of those at whose hands redress can be expected, we have at least, we trust, called the attention of many members of the University to the consideration of a subject which is so intimately connected with their own hopes of distinction at Cambridge, and prospects of success and eminence in after-life.

I CANNOT WEEP.

THE voice of music on the western hills,
 The murmur of delight on the blue Sea,
 The holy converse of these whispering rills,
 That race in rivalry along the Lea,
 That bird whose chant the crystal ether fills
 Are beautiful unto the tranquil breast,
 But not to one that never may know rest.

The enchantment of my life hath vanish'd long,
 The heart that leapt with joy is pulseless now,
 For time and grief and solitude are strong
 To work strange marvels on the heart and brow:
 And young delight soon sings his vesper song.
 Ah, never say my sorrow is not deep,
 Nor think me false or cold—I cannot weep!

THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH.

(*See Gesta Romanorum.*)

I.

THERE 's a capital town, of great renown,
With a palace and temples gay;
And the name of it is Persepolis,
And it stands in Persia—
Half is glad, and half is sad—
It has changed its master to-day:
The beaten are shrinking, the victors are drinking—
Very drunk are they:
The beaten are cowed, the victors are proud;—
They 're far too proud to-day.

II.

To fight for pay, or fight for fun,
In ancient or modern Chivalry,
With a Roman pike, or a British gun,
No bard loves less than I.
Yet I think for the sake of the booty that day,
I'd have joined the march to Persia;
And have taken my glass, and have seen the show,
Of Darius's seraglio.

III.

Many are drunk, and many are dead,
And some are the two combined:
Their beakers and their breath is sped,
They thirst like flame, they lie like lead,
They 're out of wine and wind:
Some stand, some fall, some view a double moon,
Some hiccup staves, and catches out of tune—
Quick is he that understands
Drunken songs in foreign lands.

IV.

The best man there, he had taken already
A gallon and a quart,
When he took the cup of Hercules,
And drained it as he ought.
The best man far of many a one
Is Alexander of Macedon;
Whilst the only guest that stops the bottle,
Is the sage, his tutor, Aristotle.

V.

A sober man is he, serene, severe,
His eye looks coolly, and his head keeps clear,
(Blest above heads below, it rarely aches,)
His thoughts ne'er wander, and his hand ne'er shakes.
He only mixes with his kind to draw,
Some rule of policy, or social law;

The Queen of the South.

While woman, in her beauty, seems to be
 Just an example in Zoology.
 Strong to correct, and quick to find is he,
 In the stern proof of his Philosophy.

VI.

A voice, like a whisper, is heard in the air—
 It seems that a spirit is singing it there;
 A line, like a flame, is seen in the Hall—
 It seems that a Spirit would write on the wall:
 Whispers are running from mouth to mouth—
 "Take heed of the gifts of the Queen of the South."

VII.

The Queen of the South is a lady fair,
 With an eye like a hawk, and a raven's hair—
 The Queen of the South has a woman's smile,
 And something more than a woman's wile—
 The Queen of the South has children three—
 But the priest that wedded her, where is he?
 No better is she
 Than she ought to be;
 She 's not the woman for you or me—
 The father that got them, where is he?
 No wonder it 's running from mouth to mouth—
 "Take heed of the gifts of the Queen of the South."

VIII.

Just eight-hundred years are gone,
 Since a Queen of the South before
 Visited King Solomon,
 To try his mystic lore.
 This her descendant is subtler still,
 With a man's wit and a woman's will.

IX.

The wisest man the world e'er saw
 Loved ought that wore a gown:
 The King of Macedon was shy
 As is some country clown.
 The eye's bright glance, the heart's soft sigh,
 Away on him were thrown:
 He neither sought his neighbour's wife,
 Nor had one of his own.
 He courted Honour as a bride;
 Loved but the fray or feast
 That soldier served his master most,
 That served his mistress least.

X.

But now the King, perforce, must change,
 Or pass for brute and churl;
 He sees a train of dames advance—
 Their cheeks beam smiles, their dark eyes glance.
 Take heed, ye hearts of Macedon,
 Of yon bright eye, that mocks the sun,
 And of each tendril curl.
 The Queen of the South and the pride of her nation,
 Are coming up on a visitation.

XI.

Now change thee, Chief of Macedon,
And doff the soldier's mien ;
And wear the garb that suits a King,
And gratifies a Queen.
Let Bactria's soft silks be borne
Where Grecian steel has hung
And from the neck the casque hath worn,
Be scarves of Persia flung.
Now change thy clothes, and change thy taste ;
Omit the soldier's feast :
The lady loves the hero best,
That loves the wine-pot least.
Beware the slip,
'Twixt cup and lip,
Of the perils 'twixt hand and mouth :
But, aye, beware,
With closer care,
Of the gifts of the Queen of the South.

XII.

The King took heed of the perilous Queen ;
She laid her nets in vain—
He kissed her hand, as he bowed her out,
And started her home again—
But a dart had been shot from another bow,
That had wounded the Hero, and left him so.

XIII.

Strange did it seem that Queens should leave their land,
Just to do homage to a Hero's hand.
Strange did it seem that Queens should bring their train,
Only to look, and then go back again.
Far other views had she—her hopes aspire
To children calling Alexander sire,
Combining Grecian wit with Asia's eastern fire. }
She knew, by turning to her country's lore,
Her ancestors had done such things before.
But then she should have known that every one
Was not so gifted as King Solomon.

XIV.

I ne'er accepted proffered love ;
For that it ne'er was proffered :
Nor yet did take an offered hand ;
For that it ne'er was offered.
I cannot guess how the case would be
Should a Queen think well to make love to me ;
But the King has offered the Queen a slight—
And I cannot but hold that the King did right.

XV.

There was a maiden in that dazzling train,
Too beautiful to be of mortal strain ;
In melancholy mystery she moved,
As though she deemed that she should ne'er be loved.
And this fair girl His Majesty has seen ;
He loves, and begs her of the Southern Queen ;
Smit with her silent grace, and unobtruding mien. }

XVI.

Ladies' hearts are greatly changed
 When slighted Love is unavenged—
 Yet the Queen of the South, so good is she,
 That, notwithstanding her own degree,
 She gave to King, that asked so free,
 The Maid of Honor most willingly.
 With one condition—that the King be tried
 In continence, and not once kiss his bride,
 Until the wedding-knot was duly tied. }

XVII.

With a kind smile, and a good grace—
 Mischief or malice might lurk there
 But a smooth cheek is a cloak to sin—
 She presented the Maid of the innocent face.
 And the Maid of the innocent face shall be
 Macedon's Queen of high degree.

XVIII.

On the morn of his Majesty's wooing, a felon
 Committed lawless act;
 On the morn of that royal wooing, the same
 Felon was caught in the fact:
 On the morn of his Majesty's wedding, that felon
 Was set for a jury to try;
 And on that self-same morn, the same
 Felon was doomed to die.
 The guilt is clear, but those that should say
 The doom of the prisoner, where are they?
 The native Judges where are they?
 The learned Pundits where are they?
 The native Judges are turned to clay—
 The learned Pundits have run away—
 The matter will go by default to-day—
 The Judges and Pundits are out of the way—
 The villain will never get hanged to-day.
 Who is there here that is able to read
 The Laws of the Persian and Laws of the Mede?
 Luckily somebody's able to read
 The Laws of the Persian and Laws of the Mede?

XIX.

'Twere a sin and a shame if none could expound
 Those Laws of the Mede and Persian;
 For to hang a man without the law,
 Is a lawyer's great aversion.
 Aristotle is able to read
 The Laws of the Persian and Laws of the Mede.

XX.

The sage has opened the doomsman's book—
 It was guarded by chain, and guarded by hook:
 Slowly and steadily he unrolls
 The rustling maze of its yellow scrolls.
 Much was there that was subtle and dark;
 Learning enough to puzzle a clerk;

Letters that seemed to have come by chance,
Up and down like a country-dance.
Arrow-headed, and written awry,
Hard to decypher for you or I—
Arrow-headed and written askew,
Much like a duchess's billet-deux—
You read it backwards, and had to look
For the title-page at the end of book.
Glosses, and many a marginal note,
Such as your lawyers learn by rote,
Were written there in hands too small for sight—
And d—d cramp hands your Legislators write.

XXI.

The Philosopher spells, the Philosopher reads—
This is doom he read—
“The man who transgresses the Laws of the Medes,
“Shall be hung till he be dead.”
The culprit held up each white hand,
And cast down each black eye :
Little thought he that the laws of the land
Spoke so decidedly.
The culprit cast down each dull eye,
And pricked up each sharp ear ;
And cursed, within his sulky self,
That Pundit volunteer.

XXII.

The Pundit volunteer reads on,
A qualifying clause—
The sulky culprit listens to
The language of the Laws—
He fears it enforces, beyond his due,
Some additional drawing and quartering too.
“If (says the Law) our trials chance to be
“Upon the wedding-days of Royalty ;
“Debtors shall pay but half the sum they sue them,
“And felons shall have death remitted to them.
“In sign of gratitude, the Laws provide,
“That men so pardoned kiss the regal bride.”—
Happy felon ! change thy mien,
Take thy life, and kiss the Queen.

XXIII.

The King has caught the Philosopher's eye,
The Philosopher the King's—
The King's right eye is looking
Unutterable things ;
The left eye looketh also
Unutterable things :
So both his eyes are looking
Unutterable things.
To think that a felon should do in his view, }
More than his own great self dare do, }
And that in the face of the City too ! }

XXIV.

The culprit leered upon the bride,
 A red-haired man was he—
 He smiled and sidled to her side,
 And bent him on his knee.
 And then he paused to ponder, how
 His debt should be acquitted;
 And whether on her cheek or brow,
 The kiss should be committed.
 He looked as one that heareth news
 Too sudden to believe :
 And 'cross his mouth, for manners' sake,
 Did draw his dark shirt sleeve.
 And the damsel looked like English maids
 On deeds they don't approve;
 When a boor's strong arm is round their waist,
 And a misseltoe-branch above.

XXV.

He kissed—the smack was heard from side to side—
 Sorceress Queen, is this the Hero's bride?—
 Staggered, ere men could say *he falls*, he fell,
 Struck by a stroke incomprehensible.
 Too instant-quick to feel one pang between—
 So fell the maid that kissed *Ægyptia's Queen**—
 Such was the saving, qualifying clause—
 Call this the tender mercy of your Laws!

XXVI.

And swift as thought, the bride became
 A creeping crested snake;
 And crawled to hide behind the Queen,
 And the ladies in her wake :
 And Her Majesty went the way she came,
 In a general hiss, and a car of flame.

* Antony and Cleopatra—*last scene*.

POLAND.—No. I.

At a time when the Russian power is exerting all the influence which she may possess for the furtherance of her own selfish and pernicious views,—at a time when all the means and appliances of despotism are employed for that increase of empire which must be its own sure and swift destruction,—at a time when the subtlety of tyranny and the hypocritical assumption of religion are accomplishing what sheer force and undisguised iniquity would vainly struggle to effect alone; we have thought that it would be both wise and profitable to show how the Oppressor of the North has dealt, and still deals, with a once great and glorious kingdom; to show the fearful effects of tyranny when tricked out in its masquerade dress of religion, with the olive branch of peace in one hand, and in the other, deftly withdrawn and carefully screened in the folds of its priestly attire, the scorpion scourge for those who hesitate, and the red sword of death for those who hate oppression and would right the oppressed.

In order the better to carry out this design, we have determined to contribute a series of articles illustrative of the high and noble daring of Poland, and of the cruel and crafty conduct of Russia: and inasmuch as we conceive that the history of Poland is but too little known, we apprehend that it will not be foreign to our purpose, nor unattended with advantage to the general reader, if we devote the first article to a brief summary of the principal events in that devoted kingdom, from the earliest period of its history to the unhallowed Congress of Vienna.

Until the commencement of the last century, the Latin and Teutonic races alone have disputed the pre-eminence in the grand contest of policy and warfare which has been carried on in Europe. The third great European family has suffered age after age to elapse, almost unconscious of the mighty events by which the genius of the two great combatants was so signally developed, and wholly regardless of the influence which it might have exerted on the general system of Europe. The remote situation of the Slavonic race has excluded it from the operation of those causes which have built up the moral and political characters of the other two. The members of this family were never numbered among the subjects of ancient Rome, and never participated in the community of laws and manners established by Roman discipline in the western states. Accordingly, ages passed away before the progress of art and civilization began to affect the torpid and passive inhabitants of the eastern plain of Europe. But at last the great day arrived, when the Eternal wisdom saw fit that the light of truth and reason should visit them also, and when, awaking from its long and gloomy trance, the youngest child of Europe should be called to play its part in the great drama in which "men are the actors, and God and angels alone the spectators." Pre-eminent among that race for its noble genius, and for its eager desire of moral and political regeneration, is Poland. The influence which Poland must

exert on the destinies of Europe, it is not easy to foresee. That that influence will be great we may rest assured.

It is now more than a thousand years ago since the formation of the Polish nation originated in the establishment of tribes of the Slavonian race by right of conquest, on the immense plain which extends from the Baltic to the Black sea, and is bounded by the Oder and Borysthenes, the Baltic sea, and the Carpathian mountains. This country was remarkable for the fertility of its soil, and for its deficiency of all natural bulwarks. For these reasons it always appeared an easy and a tempting prey; and on this account there have been found, at every epoch, traits of that warlike and chivalrous character which are so brightly conspicuous in the modern Pole. Similarly too we may recognize the basis of that institution which has remained permanent in the midst of convulsions which have shaken the world.

The Poles were divided into two classes—the free warriors and the slaves. The former, who fought on horseback, occupied themselves in the profession of arms. The slaves, rendered such by the barbarous usage of war, were employed in the peaceful labours of husbandry. Attached not to the person but the soil, the serf learned that love and reverence for his country which preserved to him even in bondage that energy of soul and nobility of mind, without which man is compared unto the beasts that perish. The isolation of Poland from the rest of Europe prevented her from receiving those benefits which commerce and civilization might have bestowed on her, and which might have rendered her one of the most powerful and most enlightened of the great nations of Europe. Far from the route of those magnificent caravans which conveyed to the Grecian empire the riches of the east and of the west; far from the line of march of those high-minded and glorious spirits, who, abandoning wealth, honour, and comfort at home, went forth on a long and perilous pilgrimage to rescue the holy sepulchre from the profanation of the Saracen, and brought back with them into Europe the first elements of those arts which “redeem from decay the visitations of the divinity in man;” exempted also by a decree of the Apostolic see from contributing their part towards the recovery of the sacred shrine, from generation to generation,—the Poles, abandoned to themselves, continued quietly to follow the bent of their own dispositions, and silently to accomplish that purpose in the universe which the Providence of God had allotted them.

Education in Poland, as in other countries, was, after the introduction of Christianity, lodged entirely in the hands of the clergy. The people were enjoined to conform to the doctrines which the church taught, and to render obedience to the laws of the land, which, engrafted as they were on the primitive customs of a Slavonic democracy, so nobly moulded and so brilliantly developed the individual character of the Poles. His love of country and his devotion to religion were the two great principles of action in the Pole. For the former he lived and died; and to extend the pure doctrines of the latter was the great desire of his existence. As early as the tenth century, Saint Adalbert, of Gnesen, found the death of a martyr while planting the cross on the shores of the Baltic: and as late as the

fifteenth century Uladislav Jagello, the royal preacher of Poland, laboured for the conversion of his subjects of Lithuania.

Under the Piastes race of kings, from 892 to 1386, the same social relations existed in Poland. There were but two avocations by which distinction could be won—the church and the camp; and he who did not or could not embrace one of these two was deemed *ignoble*. Casimir the Great, the last of the Piastes race, was a wise and penetrating king. He encouraged industry in the cities, honoured the labours of agriculture, and endeavoured as far as possible to remove all the obstacles which obstructed commerce. In order to consolidate the vast provinces of the kingdom, and to unite them by uniform institutions and wise and impartial laws, he opened the way for a different and more general kind of education by laying the foundation of an academy at Cracow, 1337. It was modelled on the various similar institutions existing in other countries, and was at that time the only one of that nature in the north.

Under the enlightened dynasty of the Jagiellon race of kings, the people advanced rapidly towards the appreciation of the great blessings of toleration and liberty. A double movement was at hand: one both political and religious. With the study of the beautiful antiquities of Greece and Rome, had arisen a love for their free and republican institutions; and by the application of the popular ideas of those countries to the ancient Slavonic democracy, an elective form of government was revived, while in religion a dissolution of catholicism was effected. On the death of Sigismund Augustus, the last of the Jagiellon race, the diet declared that in future the kings of Poland should be freely elected by the assembled nation; that is to say, all the nobles had a voice in the election, not by representatives, but in person, and each might be a candidate for the crown. The elected monarch was obliged to subscribe certain conditions which were presented to him under the name of "*Pacta Conventa*;" and in the event of his violation of these conditions, the nation was legally absolved from all the duties of allegiance. Although nearly two-thirds of the Polish senate were protestant dissenters, the Catholic enjoyed equal privileges with the Protestant. Elective kings were compelled to swear upon *pacta conventa* to afford equal protection to all religious creeds. Thus, while in other countries religious controversies were settled by stake and faggot, the rack and dungeon, not only Protestants, but even Jews and Mahometans, were allowed to live at peace with Catholics, and to enjoy the full rights of citizenship among them.

Henry of Valois, son of Henry II. and Catherine of Medicis, a prince illustrious for his military successes, was the first of the elective kings of Poland. Abandoning himself to dissipation, and unable to find among the Poles, a manly and temperate race, companions for his gay and idle hours, he became disgusted with the country; and on the death of Charles II. he secretly quitted Poland, to wear a more brilliant, but to him a fatal diadem.

In 1516, Stephen Battory was elected king. Humane, tolerant, brave, and just, his reign was signalized by a wise and excellent administration at home, and by great and glorious successes abroad.

After two campaigns, in which his knowledge of the art of war was eminently conspicuous, Batory concluded a most advantageous peace with Muscovy. In Wilna, the capital of Lithuania, he instituted a university, encouraged learning, and cultivated literature. At this time Poland was much harassed by the incursions of the Tartars; their continual inroads occasioned great injury. Batory took every necessary measure against them, and had the satisfaction, before he died, of finding his efforts crowned with success.

To him succeeded the three Swedish monarchs, Vasa Sigismund III. and his two sons, Uladislas II. and Jean Casimir. By their false and insincere policy, and their obstinate and imprudent conduct, Poland was involved in a series of most disastrous wars. During the reign of Sigismund, the military exploits of the Poles were almost miraculous; but through his selfish and vacillating conduct, the fruit of his great victories was for ever lost to him. When the Swedes demanded one of his sons, in order to present him with his ancestral crown, Sigismund coveted it for himself; but after the conclusion of several campaigns lost it, and with it the Polish province of Livonia. When, too, Zolkiewski was victorious at the gates of Moscow, and the Muscovites surrendered their capital, and offered to recognize the son of Sigismund as their sovereign; the weak and foolish monarch hesitated so long, that he lost this golden opportunity of raising Poland to the highest summit of her military and political glory. This impolitic attachment to the house of Austria brought upon Poland the war with the Turks, in which she lost Wallachia and Moldavia. Under Jean Casimir every circumstance seemed to conspire for the ruin of Poland. The Muscovites entered her territories, and advanced as far as Wilna; the Swedes penetrated on the other side, and their progress was only arrested by Warsaw; the elector of Brandenburg, a tributary of Poland, joined the king of Sweden, while Rackory, prince of Transylvania, marched with fifty thousand men to the assistance of the Swedes. On the revolt of the Cossacks, Casimir, in despair, abandoned the country, and retired into Silesia. The noble and chivalrous courage of the Poles however saved their fatherland in this emergency. Everywhere they flew to arms. The Russians were defeated in a pitched battle, and various successes were obtained over the Swedes.

During the stormy reign of Michel Wismowecke, Mahomet IV. marched, without any previous declaration of war, towards the frontiers of Poland, while the natives were on the eve of a civil war. One hundred and fifty thousand Turks invested Kaminiec, a strong town in Podolia, and one hundred thousand Tartars approached to assist them. At the head of a few thousand brave men the hero Sobieski advanced against the Tartars, and after a severe engagement, in which fifteen thousand of the enemy were left dead on the battle-field, compelled them to seek for safety in flight. The victory of Chocim, shortly after obtained over the Turks, in spite of the inferiority of numbers and a disadvantageous position, added to the defeat of the Tartars, rendered the name of Sobieski immortal in the annals of the world. After the death of Michel he was elected king. In 1683, the Ottoman power resolved to make one last effort against the west.

Vienna was menaced; Leopold trembled; Europe was awe-struck. At this crisis John Sobieski was raised up by God for the deliverance of the civilized world from the domination of cruel and ignorant barbarians. His brilliant exploits beneath the walls of Vienna; his total defeat of the grand vizier, Kan Mustapha; his wisdom and heroism, his genius and energy, were the means by which Vienna remained "a crowned city," and the House of Austria and all Christendom were saved from the formidable invasion of the Turks.

On the death of Sobieski the prince of Conti was legally elected and proclaimed king of Poland. A faction however, in its ignorance and selfishness, proclaimed Frederick Augustus, the elector of Saxony. Supported in his pretensions by the House of Austria, he entered Poland at the head of a Saxon army, and succeeded in having himself crowned. Augustus made magnificent promises to the Poles, which he was unable to fulfil. He began by declaring war against the Turks. The interview of Augustus and Peter I. on the opening of the campaign, was the origin of the influence of the Russian cabinet in the affairs of Poland. Augustus was fortunate in his assault upon the Turks, and soon succeeded in obtaining from them an honourable peace. The Porte, by the treaty of Karlowicz in 1699, restored to Poland the fortress of Kaminiac in Podolia, and the Ukraine.

With the commencement of the eighteenth century, new miseries were prepared for Poland. Augustus II., Peter I., and Frederick IV., king of Denmark, entered into a league against the young prince of Sweden, by which Augustus was appointed chief of the expedition. The brilliant successes of Charles XII. in Denmark, his rapid march into Livonia, and the destruction of the Russian camp at Narva, are too well known to require more than a bare mention here. Equally superfluous were it to dwell upon the loyalty of the Poles to their selfish and unpatriotic monarch, or to recount the series of victories by which the dethronement of Augustus was effected, and Stanislas Leszczynski was crowned king of Poland. After the battle of Pul-towa, "when fortune left the royal Swede," Augustus protested against his abdication, and re-entered Poland in 1710, at the head of an army. His weak and wicked policy; his league with Russia; and his refusal to send the Muscovite troops out of the country, totally alienated the affections of his subjects from him. Through the mediation of Peter I. a peace was concluded between the king and the nation in 1717; and here the dangerous influence of the Russian cabinet in Polish affairs became conspicuous. Through the persuasion of Peter, Augustus reduced the Polish army from 80,000 to 36,000 men; and shortly afterwards, on the plea of insufficiency of funds to maintain them, to 18,000. After a reign of twenty-five years, in which he implicated the country in manifold calamities, he ended a miserable existence in 1733.

Passing over the election and resignation of Stanislas Leszczynski, and the short and gloomy reign of Frederick Augustus, the son of Augustus II., and the worthy successor of his sire, we arrive at the disastrous period of the reign of Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski. Neither illustrious for virtue or talent, nor recommended for services rendered his country, destitute alike of personal or ancestral dignity,

Poniatowski was presented to the Poles for their king by the courts of Petersburg and Berlin. Shortly after his accession to the throne, the conduct of the Russian Ambassador plainly manifested the iniquitous designs of the court of Catherine. All his efforts were directed to sow dissension among the Poles, and to incite them to insurrection against the established authorities, that he might thus obtain a plausible pretext for the invasion of the country. The patriots were determined to act on the defensive. At their head were found Gustaw, Soltyk, Joseph Zaluski, and Adam Krasinski—all great and noble spirits, and all equally desirous to rescue their country from the dark and fearful destiny which awaited it. In violation of all the principles of justice, and in defiance of all the rights of nations, these men were in one night, by the order of the ambassador, seized and transported to Siberia. In this position of affairs, a band of patriots was formed, under the name of the "Confederation of Ban," a small town in Podolia. Joseph Pulaski, with his three sons and two nephews, and a few other gallant Poles, proclaimed the Confederation, and called his countrymen to arms. At length the attention of the Divan was fixed, and it decided on declaring war against Russia in the end of the year 1768. For four years the struggle was carried on against the superior forces of Russia, and the hostile neutrality of the Prussian kingdom. The Turks were defeated, and their army destroyed. The situation of Poland was desperate: on one side the Prussian troops, on the other the Austrians were approaching her frontiers, on the plea of preventing the plague (which it was pretended had been brought back by the Russians from the war with the Turks,) from entering their dominions, but in reality that they might occupy the provinces which, by a secret agreement between the crowned bandits, were to be the subject of partition. Accordingly, on the 11th of September, 1772, the ministers of the three Powers demanded the convocation of the diet, in order to approve and ratify their claims. Poland answered in a manner worthy of her. A protest was made against the unjust and violent occupation of the Polish provinces by the three armies, but without effect. The envoy imperiously renewed the demand. Poniatowski appealed to all the courts of Europe, but to no purpose. Yielding, at last, to necessity, he complied with the demands of the envoys, and convoked an extraordinary diet in 1773. The diet proposed that the courts should submit their pretensions to the examination and decision of the neutral Powers. A menacing answer was given. They demanded that a committee should be appointed, with full power to cede and sign. The garrison of Warsaw, which was wholly composed of foreign troops, was augmented; the pillage of the capital was announced, and a military execution proclaimed. Overawed by these shameful and iniquitous proceedings, the diet was compelled to legalize the treaty of partition: and when the diademed robbers were dividing their spoil, not a voice throughout Europe was upraised in behalf of Poland.

In 1788, a new diet was convoked, and new hopes were entertained by the brave and unfortunate Poles. To the astonishment of the diet, the cabinet of Berlin declared itself the enemy of the Russian system; and in setting forth the policy of the new king, Frederick

William, employed these remarkable words: "That the king, its master, called the Polish nation to liberty and independence, and to make such changes in its constitution as would restore its ancient splendour." In addition to this, a solemn promise was given that Prussia would render every necessary assistance for the amelioration of the condition of Poland. It was at this period that the session of the celebrated assembly occurred, by whose labours it was imagined that the regeneration of Poland would be wrought out. The famous constitution of the 3rd of May, 1791, was given, by which the peasantry was enfranchised, and the burghers had their rights enlarged; and which "ensured liberty to all classes of individuals, as well foreigners as natives," whatever might be their creed or profession. But the fate of Poland was sealed. By intrigue and bribery, Catherine succeeded in inducing five members of the Polish aristocracy to protest against the national vote, and to claim the protection of the Empress against the establishment of the constitution of the 3rd of May. A confederation was accordingly held at Targowitz, and an act of protest there signed. Catherine next entered into a coalition with Prussia, and a secret treaty of a new partition was agreed on. The Poles, menaced with hostilities by Russia, demanded assistance from the Prussian King, who till the very last moment had encouraged them in their enterprise. The faithless monarch now threw off the masque, and declared himself in favour of Russia. The Poles saw that they were betrayed, and the call to arms resounded through the kingdom. Many glorious efforts were made to maintain the freedom of their beloved country. The heroism of the immortal Kosciusko was brightly displayed at the battle of Dubienka—but all in vain. The King, baffled and cowed, incapable of appreciating the gallant conduct of the Poles, or of understanding the patriotic counsels which were offered him, signed, on the 23rd of July, 1792, his adherence to the confederation of Targowitz. Thus were the bright hopes and glorious aspirations of the patriots dashed to the ground—the constitution of the 3rd of May was abolished, its partisans cruelly persecuted, and the second partition effected.

No sooner were Russia and Prussia in possession of the Polish provinces, than they began to devise a scheme for the total extinction of Polish nationality. The disarming of the troops first awakened the vigilance and roused the indignation of the patriots. In 1794, Madalinski gave the signal for a general rising. The illustrious Kosciusko was proclaimed general-in-chief. The victory at Raclawice raised the hopes of the Poles—the inhabitants of Warsaw flew to arms. In the Prussian provinces of Poland the eagles were torn down, the administration was changed, and the magistrates and inhabitants took the oath of fidelity to the constitution of 1791. Frederick William, in consequence, raised the siege of Warsaw, and commenced a retreat.

Meanwhile a new enemy had appeared. Austria, who had remained neutral during the second partition, hastened to compensate herself for this conduct by seeking indemnification in the third.

And now over the devoted land, darkly and fearfully lowered the sky of destiny. Suwarrow, the incendiary and pillager, the military assassin and war-butcher, with his hordes of wild, barbarian Musco-

vites—two and forty thousand in number—marched in mad, bacchanal fury upon the doomed city of Warsaw. In vain did Kosciusko oppose him on the field of Macieiovice. All that courage, and genius, and love of country, and hatred of oppression could do, he did: impossibilities he could not achieve. His army was nearly destroyed—he fell covered with wounds, but not dead. Strict confinement at St. Petersburg awaited this gallant asserter of Polish liberty. The remains of the army, under the orders of the young prince, Joseph Poniatowski, and General Dombrowski, prepared for a resolute resistance; and Praga, a fortified suburb of Warsaw, was put in the best state of defence. Suwarrow, however, carried Praga by assault, and an indiscriminate massacre commenced: fifteen thousand Poles, men, women, and children, perished at the hands of Suwarrow and his merciless soldiers. On the capture of Praga, Warsaw was compelled to capitulate. After a vain effort, Dombrowski's troops were disarmed; the patriots quitted their country to seek a refuge in foreign lands; and Stanislas, on the 25th of November, 1795, signed the act of abdication which was presented to him by Catherine, whose instrument he had been for thirty years. Poniatowski soon completed the measure of his degradation by his removal to St. Petersburg, where, on the 11th of February, 1797, he “terminated, in obscure opulence, a life inscribed in characters of blood in the annals of Poland.”

After the third partition of Poland, the patriots found an asylum in France. France alone offered them shelter; and France became the country of their adoption. We must not forget to mention, that on the fall of the immortal Kosciusko, Lord Grey, at that time member of Parliament for Northumberland, called loudly upon England to vindicate the cause of justice and of liberty, and besought her not to sanction the partition of Poland. England, however, jealous of the triumph of liberty in France, and preferring rather to be on friendly terms with the despots, than to stand forth nobly as the champion of Poland, and the vindicator of the rights of nations, suffered the regal brigands to complete their unhallowed work of spoliation.

When the formation of the Polish legions was proclaimed in France, the scattered exiles hastened to join their national colours. In the glorious campaigns of Napoleon in Italy—in the Egyptian expedition—in the affair of St. Domingo, their chivalrous courage shone forth with redoubled lustre. After the immortal victory of Jena in 1807, and other battles, which humbled to the dust the haughty powers of Russia and Prussia, Napoleon became sole master of the destiny of Poland. Had he been the lover of freedom, and the champion and child of all that's great and noble, as men once dreamed he was, when they hailed him the Morning Star of the nations, and the world was dazzled with the lightning of his glory; oh! what an imperishable and holy fame might he not have acquired by restoring Poland to her former power and magnificence! At the treaty of Tilsit, when the hopes of all the Polish patriots were fixed in Napoleon, instead of the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, he created the country into a Grand Duchy of Warsaw, in the family of Saxon Princes.

In 1809, even this nominal existence of Poland was endangered by the invasion of Prince Ferdinand, at the head of 40,000 Austrians.

Poland could scarcely furnish 8,000 men to oppose so formidable an enemy : but even with these few troops, brave but inexperienced, the valiant Prince Poniatowski took the field, and on the plain of Raszyn, near Warsaw, the barbarian host was subdued by this handful of heroes.

With Napoleon fell Poland. At the Congress of Vienna, 1814, the basis of a treaty was drawn up, styled, in mockery of God and man, "The Holy Alliance," by which Alexander of Russia was proclaimed the Liberator of Europe, and by which Poland, the preserver of civilization and Christianity, was given up to the tender mercies of a barbarian tyrant, "in the name of the Holy Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!"

It is but justice to add, that Lord Castlereagh possessed sufficient sagacity to foresee somewhat of the nascent ambition of our "magnanimous ally," and spirit enough to make a manly declaration in behalf of the rights of injured and abandoned Poland. He saw the incompatibility of the claims of the Russian with the maintenance of the future peace of civilized Europe, and insisted on the necessity of erecting the Duchy of Warsaw into an independent kingdom, that "Poland might become an intermediate power between Russia, Austria, and Prussia." It is fair also to mention, that the efforts of Lord Castlereagh to restore the ancient kingdom of Poland, were sanctioned by Austria and Prussia; and that the descendants of Maria Theresa and Frederic, feeling somewhat of shame and sorrow at the iniquitous acts of their predecessors, expressed their willingness to restore a portion of their possessions for that purpose. The preponderating influence of Russia, however, enabled it successfully to oppose the benevolent wishes which were entertained by them. Lord Castlereagh's specious remonstrance was unavailing. Of his own act and free will he neutralised the principle which he had proclaimed, and permitted the assembly of royal robbers to distribute among themselves the spoils of Poland. The newly-created kingdom was ceded to the Muscovite ruler and his successors; and the land of Sobieski and Kosciusko, the saviour of the liberty and religion of Europe, was given up as a sacrifice to a barbarian power, and fell, on the altar of the world, the first martyr among the nations, to the great and holy cause of Freedom!

W. M. W. C.

ODE TO BACCHUS.

(TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES.)

STROPHE α .

Oh ! blest is he whom his bright star hath taught
 The mysteries of the sky !
 Hallowing his life in action and in thought,
 And sanctified thereby :
 Who consecrates his soul, and feasts his heart,
 With pure and holy lore ;
 And rapturous as a Mænad dwells apart,
 On mountains evermore :
 Who keeps the orgies of the mighty Mother,
 And wreath'd with ivy twine,
 Companions Bacchus as a friend and brother,
 Swaying his wand divine.
 From Phrygian hills, wild Mænads ! Mænads wild !
 From Phrygian hills stream down,
 To lead your Bromian god, the Olympian child,
 Thro' our imperial town.

ANTISTROPHE α .

Him a sad mother in compulsive woe,
 Untimely gave to birth ;
 Then perish'd where swift lightnings gleam and glow,
 Amid the thunder's mirth.
 Him to his presence-chamber in the sky,
 Did Zeus immediate bear ;
 Enclos'd with golden cinctures in his thigh,
 And hid from Here there.
 And when the destin'd months had pass'd away,
 He gave him to the light ;
 An antler'd god more beautiful than day,
 More marvellously bright.
 With braided serpents were his brows entwined ;
 And thence the Mænads fair,
 Those wild but beauteous foresters, still bind
 Wreath'd serpents in their hair.

STROPHE β .

O Thebes ! the nurse of dearest Semele,
 Weave thee a coronal of ivy green ;
 And in the soft and verdurous luxury
 Of the holm foliage, bloom thou like a queen :
 Branches of oak and pine-boughs bear with thee ;
 Revel it featly thro' each festal scene,
 And crown with wreaths of soft wool snowily,
 Your gentle band in dappled skins array'd :
 And where your lithe wands twinkle, gleam, and glance,
 There blest and holy be each Bacchic maid !

Io ! for universal earth shall dance !
 Io ! for lo ! god Bromius marches by,
 With all his jubilant and festive train,
 On to the mountain, to the mountain high,
 Where his sweet lady-worshippers remain,
 Far from their loom and broidery wandering,
 With fond and fiery souls, for sake of their great King.

ANTISTROPHE β.

Hear, sacred Crete ! and hear thou solemn lair
 Of the Curetian votaries, and know
 That the wild priests whom Zeus hath made his care,
 And who delight to dwell in caves below,
 First rais'd the vellum'd timbril high in air,
 Their triple mitres glancing to and fro :
 Loud rang it where the Mænads, wild but fair,
 Danc'd to soft breathings of the Phrygian flute :
 Loud rang it in the mighty Mother's hand,
 Nor was its dull low echo ever mute
 When shout and song peal'd from the Bacchic band.
 The Satyrs then, with bright voluptuous glance,
 Received it from the Goddess with wild glee,
 And wove the mazes of the mystic dance,
 Which now we Mænads weave triennially ;
 The dance belov'd by thee, dear friend of mine,
 Thy glory and my joy, O Bacchus ! lord of wine.

EPODE.

Sweet is Bacchus, when in glory
 He descends from mountain hoary,
 From the swift and festive train
 Of wild Mænads, to the plain :
 Sacred vesture round him drawn,
 Of the skin of dappled fawn.
 On the meadow, on the height,
 Bacchus hunts the soft-eyed goat ;
 Its red blood is his delight,
 On its blood the Mænads dote.
 On the Phrygian hills divine,
 Or where Lydian mountains shine,
 See the Eldrick hunt pass by,
 Bacchus leading at full cry !
 Evœ ! Bacchus ! unto thee,
 Our leader ! Io ! Evœ !

On the green meadow whitest milk is flowing,
 And on the meadow rosiest wine is glowing,
 In plenteous streams and bright :
 The Syrian balm makes odorous the lea,
 And the sweet nectar of the honey bee
 Gleams there in golden light.
 Lo ! Bacchus comes, swaying the crimson fire
 Of the pine-torch,—and while the flames aspire,
 He waves his wand aloft ;

Then leaps with dance and song and Bacchic shout,
O'er hill and plain, cheering his wandering rout,
And letting his rich tresses fall about

His neck and shoulders soft.

Lo, Bacchus comes, glad shout and acclamation,
And gleeful voices peal in exultation,

The Monarch's voice peals too,—

"On, Bacchæ on!—in hope, and joy, and pride,
Strain up old Tmolus, on whose verdant side
Sweet waters flow and golden rivers glide,—

On, Bacchæ, on, my crew!

Shout Evøe! Evøe! to the Bromian king,
And let your timbrels clang and crash and ring.

The Evian god to woo."

Let Phrygian shout and cry around him float,
And bid the lotus flute with silvery note

Let play its music's fountain!

A sacred lotus scatters sacred song,
For merry wanderers as they roam along,—

On, Bacchæ, to the mountain.

Each Mænad wild exults in heart and soul,
And as by its fond mother some young foal

Frolics on pastures fine,

So each fair reveller, strong and swift of limb,
Frolics to Bacchus' glory and to him,

Each weaves the dance divine.

Note.—Bacchus was as a god what Aphrodite was as a goddess—the lord of birth and death—the vivifier and creator—the impersonation of Perfect Beauty, and the upholder of Love and Desire throughout the universe. He is the god of wild, impassioned and enthusiastic action. Hence his character of patron of the Drama, the ideal expression of the actions of life; and hence the tumultuous dances of the Mænads and their frantic and weird ceremonies became sacred to him, the inspirer of the divine enthusiasm, which is so often misapprehended for madness, and of which they were the imperfect outward form or approximative symbol.

W. M. W. C.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A WANDERING IRISHMAN.

BY THEOPHRASTUS O'SHAUGHNESSY.

CHAPTER I.

"The pewter he lifted in sport—
Believe me, I tell you no fable—
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then placed it full on the table.
A miracle ev'ry one said,
And they all took a pull at the stingo;
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo,
The pot still froth'd over the brim.

"'Next day,' quoth his host, 'tis a fast,
And I've naught in my larder but mutton;
And on Fridays who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton?'
Says Saint Pat, 'Cease your nonsense, I beg,
What you tell me is nothing but gammon;
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!'
And the leg most politely complied!"*

Now, after that reminiscence of thee, the Patron Saint of green Erin, I'll have another tumbler to drink your health. Yes, most glorious of the long list of venerated names that illuminate the holy record of "the Island of Saints," you are *not* dead, but live still amongst your merry descendants—

"Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt,"

which, according to the liberal English, my darling, of one Father O'Leary, is—

"More power, Saint Pat, to your elbow,
A thousand years after you're dead!"

The miraculous snatch with which I was comforting myself, and the reflections which followed it, having affectionate reference to one who was *par excellence* "P. P. (*Parish Priest*) of All Ireland," were delivered in the hearing of my landlady's daughter, who seemed very much pleased with my pious roundelay, or pretended to be so, seeing that I was very much pleased with both it and myself. Alice was a kind-hearted girl—the soul of good-nature.

"Although you are in capital voice to-night, Mr. O'Shaughnessy," said pretty Alice Lindon, "I should prefer hearing one of your

* Doctor Maginn's song, beginning with

"A fig for Saint Denis of France."

The natives sing it to the air of the older and still more celebrated chaunt composed by the Rev. Robert Burrowes, Dean of St. Finbar's Cathedral, Cork:—

"The night before Larry was stretched."

national legends. You are always so very obliging, I know that you will gratify me."

Very much affected by the *empressement* of the compliment, and with as much modesty of tone and gesticulation as it was possible for a susceptible Irishman to accomplish under the circumstances, I talked a deal about the impossibility of refusing such a request from such a quarter. "A sweet command," said I, "coming in angelic accents, heralded by a smile too heavenly to be withstood by an anchorite" (I had been dining out that evening with the Member for Mayo, at Long's),—and on I went, like old Kean in a moment of melting softness, or Dick Shiel with the tears of Ireland in his throat. "As some poet," observed I, coming to the climax, "says somewhere of some fair lady,—

‘From such sweet lips what precepts fail to move?’

"Oh, oh! Mr. O'Shaughnessy, you are outrageously flattering—Oh! fie, fie, Sir! you impudent individual!" simpered the very much embarrassed object of my gallantry, which was getting beyond the verbal climax, and assuming a serious deportment; and she added something about Irish blarney and recklessness, which I now forget, for nearly at that moment her excellent mother made her appearance. The widow Lindon did not perceive her daughter blushing as innocently as a cat caught on the edge of a churn; and, as I kept whistling away and gazing, as if in historical admiration of an old picture of the Duke of Marlborough in a tie-wig and jack-boots—which, in justice to the artist, I should observe, always struck me as having been executed with a red-hot poker on a board—she thought me in one of my usual reveries, repeating *Rule Britannia* or *St. Patrick's Day*. The difference between these two nationals, not all the hurdy-gurdies in London could ever make her understand. I soon convinced her, however, that my thoughts were with my eyes, for I struck up in a tone of decided triumph—

“Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine;
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
On n' sçait quand il reviendra!
Il riviendra à Pacques,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Il riviendra à Pacques,
Ou a la Trinite!”

And this, for the special benefit of the widow, who was not such a polyglot as Lady Morgan, I gave according to Father Prout's happy rendering:—

“Malbrouck, the Prince of Commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders,
His fame is like Alexander's;
But when will he come home?
Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come.”

My landlady expressed no astonishment, good easy woman,—for she was accustomed to my post-prandial hilarity, especially on those occasions when I had dined out; and she took in excellent part my further exuberance, when, waltzing with her round the room in gallant measure, and skipping the intermediate dialogue between the page and the lady, I proceeded with the only remaining portion of the funeral song of the great Marlborough which I remembered:—

“ Je l' ai vu porter en terre,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine!
Je l' ai vu porter en terre
Par quatrez' officiers !”

“ He's dead—he's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his '*berring*,
And four officers transferring
His corpse away from the field !”

After this, having given an Irish *keen*, I bade “good night to Marlborough,” and sat down to manufacture a tumbler of my national beverage. As I deliberately poured in the alcohol and the element, having first put in the sugar (that's the ticket), and amalgamated the useful with the sweet, I reviewed my past life; and, lifting up the veil of the future, I shed a tear upon the sorrows of Spain.

My landlady was of a certain age, and a few years beyond it. She had been some time a lone woman; but she was not without a hope that she might not be long so. There is more in this negative style of putting the case than old bachelors are aware of:—

“ For, though of some plumes bereft,
With her sun, too, nearly set,
She'd enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.”

She had thrown her cap at the old Mark-lane broker, who occupied her first floor for the last seven years, and who, if he lived so long wedded or unblessed, was likely to occupy them for seven more.

My landlady's only daughter had arrived at that period of her teens when the girl begins to forget that she is but yet a child, and to dream that she is a woman. She had the good sense to profit by the little skill in music which I possessed; and during two pleasant winters which I passed under her mother's roof, we played the piano-forte together.

My ardent pupil used also to sing with me, until at length I taught her to give true expression to my own native melodies at least; and I prevailed on her, in the long run, to omit her *r*'s at the end of the first vowel, as well as to leave off exasperating her *h*'s. We also read French together during the long evenings, by her own fire-side, in the snug little parlour on the left-hand side of the hall as you entered the street-door. In return for my friendly tutorial offices, too willingly performed for the pleasure which they afforded me, I confess that I was made as happy as any poor bachelor of “one-and-twenty” could possibly be in a London lodging-house. My hair-brushes were always clean—my collars never wanted a string—my shirts were always aired, and never wanted a button—my stockings never had a

hole but the right one—my best coat (I should say my better one) was cleansed with crape, lest a brush might deal with the nap, as consumption too often does with beauty,

“Steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away.”

In fact, all my little domestic interests were attended to, and my most trifling wishes were anticipated. In addition, I dined very often by invitation with the family, which consisted exclusively of the two amiable individuals alluded to.

CHAPTER II.

AT this period of my wayward and eventful existence, now years ago, I had been awaiting in London the arrival from Ireland of a sum of money, small indeed, but sufficient for my simple purpose, the purchase of a soldier's outfit and a sword. My destination, on obtaining this necessary supply, was Madrid, there to join a guard regiment of Her Most Catholic Majesty's, which was commanded by a kinsman of mine by my mother's side, one who, since then, in the war of succession just brought to a close, has added to the honour of an old Hiberno-Iberian name.

During my sojourn in “the great metropolis,” like many more of my poor young countrymen “shot down” in it by chance or the force of circumstances, I derived my principal support from my contributions to the Newspaper Press; and the readers of a certain weekly journal, famous principally, before my accession, for its palace-kitchen and police reports, might have been surprised, on one occasion of great public excitement, to observe the dull editorial columns enlivened by the sparkling productions of an evidently young and fervid imagination. I should also mention that this particular hebdomadal was also purchased for its news of the fashion and scandal of high life; nor should I forget to record of its leading article, that no one could ever see the point or the principle of it, except that it invariably leaned towards the people in office and “the powers that be.”

I have observed that its readers might have been surprised—*surprised* did I say?—the readers of the *Slop*, on the occasion alluded to, were *astounded*. One of them in particular, who used to read it every Sunday morning from the “title-head” to his own name in the “*imprint*”—for he was the proprietor—nearly lost his senses, and was only restored by copious phlebotomizing to something like tranquillity. When at length, after having been nearly bled to death, he opened his eyes, he ejaculated languidly—“That vagabond Irish penny-a-liner has committed me with the government; he has compromised the principles of the *Slop*!” The fact is that the *Slop* had no more principles than its name implied; and my principal contributions to it hitherto had been in the theatrical line. I was deemed so mild and good-natured in these my *critiques*, that I was now and then trusted with a *leader* which had nothing to say to things political. Of this kind was my article on the “*burking*” of the Italian Boy, which set all the old ladies in town in hysterics, and made cooks

and housemaids in the squares more liberal to the hurdy-gurdies. Then it was that *Jocko* had a welcome post on the area railings,—that dancing dogs looked up, and white mice were in requisition. I never shall forget that article—never; nor more particularly the circumstances attendant upon it. Like many of the nobler works of antiquity, the fragments of which are alone transmitted to us, my leader on the Italian boy is, alas, only remembered in detached passages by those who recollect it. I regret for the integrity of these my confessions, that I am not of the number of the latter, as the only thing with which I can tax my memory concerning it is, that, taking advantage of the uncertainty of the place where the horrible deed was committed which put a seal upon his innocent existence, I laid the *scene* in a cellar—*time*, midnight; *dramatis personæ*, an old hag, warming her skinny claws over the dying embers on the hearth; first ruffian holding a sack open; second ruffian with a carving-knife, standing over the sleeping victim, and with his right arm bare, high poised in air, &c. &c., about to strike the fatal blow. I also remember having quoted on the occasion, a celebrated passage* from the Episode of Nisus and Euryalus, which was deemed very handsome on the part of a *classical* editor, and very appropriate by numbers who scarcely knew more of the genius and writings of Virgil than that *et* was *and*, and *quoque* meant *also*; and by many more whose knowledge of the language of Rome was never worth speaking of by themselves or others, and who would not have been much surprised, if on this score they were told that *tace* was Latin for a candle. This may not, after all, be a bad hint to newspaper editors, who dive for classic pearls into Quoting Dictionaries and the *Selectæ Sententiæ*, compiled cut and dry for the use of those to whom the classics of Greece and Rome have been a sealed volume. I have thought proper to allude to my funeral oration on the ill-fated child of Italy (as Haines Bailey would have called him) for two reasons: first, to show that there are leading topics besides political ones, by seizing which, and handling them properly, a hungry *litterateur* may earn his dinner; and secondly, to explain how it was, that I was a felicitous contributor to the *Slop* on many subjects, until I wrote for it, in an hour of fatal facility, my first political article and—my last. The circumstance which led to this unfortunate perpetration, I cannot deny myself the melancholy pleasure of relating.

Mr. Theodore Suckmug, who “*did the heavy*,” that is wrote the leaders for the *Slop*, was a gentleman of extraordinary corporal and mental conformation. His glorious plenilunar face, and his jolly personal rotundity, would at once impress you with the opinion, that, as they say in Ireland, he was “about the house at meal-times,” and that he diluted his solids with “something stronger than spring-water.” His nose was neither Roman nor Grecian, but approaching to the Gothic, the grog-blossoms thereon reminding you of the clustering bunches of the vine,—it was short and stumpy like an Irishman’s pipe, and its

* *Purpureus veluti quum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens, lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluviam quum forte gravantur.*

colour at the tip was an expensive purple, by which I mean to say, that it cost no small sum to paint it. His eyes were dark, deep-set, and diminutive; but if their surpassing brightness might be deemed a beacon which pointed to the *mens divini* within, you would expect brilliant things of their proprietor whenever he took his pen in hand to illuminate the readers of the *Slop*. Of his mouth nothing particular need be said, save that his lips seemed made, not so much for tenderness as for smoking cigars, and that his teeth, if they were his own, were sufficiently respectable. His hair, which was once a shining black, was assuming more and more of a greyish tinge, as indeed most men's do, when they pass the barrier of forty-five, who have indulged in the pleasures of the table, and the other seducing amenities of a metropolitan existence.

Whilst Mr. Suckmug was writing his leading article, his chin, which would have wooed the pencil of Sir Peter Lely, hung double over his cravat; and his tongue wantoned in playful pastime with the dimple on either cheek, in pursuit of the picturesque. I suppose that it was on account of this, in addition to his other pinguid propensities, the compositors attached to the distinguished *littérateur* the soft appellation by which he was known within the precincts of the press-room. This, although not far removed from the editorial sanctum sanctorum, had not the acoustic properties of Dionysius' gallery. So much the better for "our fat friend," and better still was it for the compositors; for when the "printers' devil" arrived from time to time with detachments of the leading article, the cry went round from the foreman to the last member of the *corps typographique*, "more *melt*." That this had a direct personal allusion was unquestionable, because that which printers call "*a bit of fat*," is of an easier and far more profitable description of copy than the hieroglyphical handwriting of the *redacteur en chef* of the *Slop*.

As to Mr. Suckmug's dress, his hat was of Bread-street Cheapside gossamer, his boots of the skin of the buck. His coat was not so well cut as those of Count Alcibiades Mirabel, and was made more for comfort than fascination. Contrary to the practice of the Dutch-built class of elderly gentlemen, who *will* have tight fits, his indispensable continuations were arranged on the infinite space principle, which is based upon the excellent reason given by Rabelais for the breadth of Gargantua's galligaskins.

If I be deemed too particular in this my description of the personal peculiarities of the *facile princeps* of the London weekly press, let not me, but the public sentiment, be blamed, by pandering to which, and describing most accurately, besides their sayings and doings, every possible "feature" of our living great men, from Dan O'Connell's brown wig to Sir Robert Peel's coat and waistcoat, from Tom Duncombe's tile to Lord Brougham's tartan breeches, the minute author of "The Great Metropolis," "The Bench and the Bar," "Random Recollections," "The Metropolitan Pulpit," and a hundred other similar productions, has acquired that which, to minds constituted like his, is far more precious than literary reputation. Mr. Cudgelbrain's books sell, which is all that he and his publisher care about. With respect

to fame, he may say of his own portion of it, as Ariosto did in the motto of his house—

“*Parva sed apta mihi!*”

Mr. Suckmug was “a powerful *lusher*.” As he sat in the little nook next the door in Ben Morgan’s famous room in Maiden Lane, making his *six-of-brandies* disappear in a style that would have done honour to Mynheer Van Dunck himself, and remarking now and then in philosophic soliloquy, that “time was made for slaves and reporters, and not for editors and gentlemen,” he found it so difficult to keep count, that he adopted the following plan. On entering the room of “the Wits’ Resort,” he took care that the left-hand pocket of his waistcoat should be empty, and the right-hand one sufficiently stocked with sixpences for his purpose. When he sat down he passed a sixpence from right to left, and he did the same thing every time that he saw the bottom of his glass, which was as speedily replenished by a telegraphic understanding between himself and Jacob the waiter. When he came at length to the last of his coins, which he called the *Last of the Mohicans*, he composed himself to sleep in his niche, and when, after the lapse of some time, the waiter had wished all the other toppers “*good morning*,” he proceeded to empty Mr. Suckmug’s pockets on his tray. From the left-hand one he took the exact score of the editor’s liquor, and from the right his own perquisite. He then called one of “Hansard’s patents,” and having buttoned Mr. Suckmug up like a toad in a hole, he gave his hat a slap down on his face to keep out the night air from his lungs, telling at the same time the cabman to deliver his charge at number something in the Waterloo-road, two-pair back, and to be sure to drive easy over the stones.

CHAPTER III.

On a Saturday afternoon, at about three of the clock in the month of May, in the year to which the history now refers, the man of the *Slop* had just concluded his foreign leader. It was on the Battle of Navarino, which had taken place some years before, and which it pleased him to fight over again, for the benefit of the *Slop*, and the great powers of Europe. His domestic article he postponed until he could compile from it the evening journals. Leaving his portfolio to his sub and the foreman printer, he proceeded down the Strand to dine at the Coal Hole with two guests whom he had invited, an eminent tragedian and an Irish law student, who was then what is aptly called “eating his way to the bar,” at that most classic and respectable of all our forensic temples, Gray’s Inn, Holborn.

Both these men, like our hero of the broad sheet, were bottle-men of prime quality. Ward was well known, from the Wrekin in Vinegar Yard, to the Blue Posts in Cork-street; from the Cock in Aldgate, to the Yorkshire Stingo, beyond the Regent’s Park; in fact, in every taberna within a circle of three miles round Drury Lane theatre. O’Driscoll was accustomed to swear that he could swallow as much as he could swim in; and that Bacchus himself might drink with him in the dark without the fear of being cheated. On this occasion, our hero of the broad sheet entertained the gentlemen of the buskin, and

the aspirant to the long robe, with rump-steak and Rhodes's old port. The solids very soon vanished, and the decanter went briskly round. The toasts which were given and responded to, the subjects which were discussed, the anecdotes which were told, it is not my purpose to denarrate; but at eight o'clock, when Billy Black, the printer's devil, came from the *Slop*, and whispered "Copy" in Mr. Suckmug's ear, the state of the case was thus:—

The Tragedian, *positively*—drunk!

The Irishman, *comparatively*—more drunk!!

The Editor, *superlatively*—most drunk!!!

When, after a short delay, the imp being unable to awaken his principal from the benignant collapse into which he had fallen, the sub-editor came and shaking him most violently, he poured into one ear his piteous complaint, that the *Slop* would be ruined; whilst O'Driscoll roared into the other, that the eyes of all England would be on him in the morning. The Tragedian bellowed forth, "Awake, arise, or be for ever,—" and fell under the table. 'Twas all in vain: there he lay, not

"Like a warrior taking his rest,"

but as his facetious Irish acquaintance said, "like a satyr upon soda, or a bolus for a temperance society." If he awoke now and then, from the force of shaking, and the consequent perturbation of the gastric juices, it was only for a moment to hiccup and to say something disrespectful of Moses, whom he was irreligious enough to detest because it had been his misfortune to be a Jew; and for certain reasons of a pecuniary nature, Mr. Suckmug hated every Jew, from White-chapel to Damascus. Indeed, had he been in the latter city the other day, he would have been just the man for Mehemet Ali, to preside gratis over the *soucing* process of the old rabbis in the tanks of water. He had long promised to write a history of the Jews, which was to beat those of Josephus and Milman to pieces;—but this is digression. He was now in a state which would melt the heart of the most hardened Israelite, to say nothing of the good Christians who looked pitifully upon him. What was to be done? The poor sub, who was but a scissors-and-paste man, was afraid to attempt a leader; and in his desolation he thought of me, as he hurried down the Strand. Immediately on arriving at his office, he wrote me the following note, which, unluckily for all parties concerned, I was at home to receive at the moment of its arrival:—

Slop Office, 3rd May.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Suckmug, our principal editor, has just fallen down in a fit of apoplexy. Mr. Squash, the proprietor, is at Hampstead, with the gravel, and if he were here it would be dangerous to trust him on anything of general politics. Can you—will you supply us with a column to-night, on the all-absorbing topic of the day? Like all talented men you will write best against time, and come out best on an emergency. Try your hand at 'The Prime Minister and the Pipe Makers.'

Your's, dear Sir, implicitly and affectionately to command,

JOHN JENKINS FLIMSY."

Little did I imagine that poor Flimsy had thought it unnecessary to write out a political brief for me, or even to point out to me which side of the question I was to take: and little had it occurred to the victim of misplaced confidence, that I knew very little about the merits or demerits of either. In newspaper writing, those who have had experience hold a superabundant stock of statistics in the light of a useless, if not a vicious acquisition. Your mere matter-of-fact men in this fugitive species of literature, are worse than your no-fact-whatever men, or those fellows whom Plato describes as "full of emptiness." In a speech or a political article on a topic of which you know little or next to nothing, seize on one fact alone, or one feature, and trust much to fortune and your guardian angel. Make a courageous plunge, and in all probability you will be carried along victoriously by the very force of your subject. Indeed it may often happen that a spirit divine, of which you know nothing, but that you feel it, will bear you on even against your will. A soldier, whose runaway horse charged with him through a battalion of the enemy, and back again, very much against his will, gained, in consequence of the feat, a reputation of unrivalled bravery. Assurance goes a good way with the generality of mankind, and with womankind still farther. My advice, therefore, holds equally good with respect to marriage as with other ventures on the waves of mortality.

On the Saturday evening on which Mr. Suckmug exhibited such a perfect picture of melancholy intoxication, and on which it fell to my unhappy lot to perform his official functions, I confess it, that I myself was not altogether free from the heated influence of conviviality; and a wine-warmed patriot is a dangerous character to trust with matters of state. By one of those ludicrous mistakes which occur to the best regulated minds, I took the wrong side of the question, and did battle with the Premier of England. Poor Flimsy, when my manuscript arrived, was busy over a crim-con report, and without looking at my production, he sent it on to the printer.

Those worthy sons of clay, the pipe-makers, had sent a deputation to the Prime Minister, to request that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his next budget, would propose an enormous duty upon German meerschaums, China bowls, Turkish chabouks, Indian houkas, and Irish knockcrokery; and allow, in addition, every species of tobacco, from all quarters of the world where it was produced, to be imported duty free. The representatives of the combined principles of free trade and the restrictive system were, after a patient audience, very properly, and at the same time very politely, referred to the President of the Board of Trade, with this intimation from his Lordship, that it was his individual opinion government could not possibly sanction such an inconsistency; and that if they did, the House of Commons certainly would not. On this hint I went to work for the martyrs of the great cause of native productions.

I have already told the result. All was consternation and crimination within the precincts of the *Slop*. It was well for Suckmug that he was brother-in-law to the proprietor; and well was it also for Flimsy, that Mr. Squash owed him considerable arrears of pay, which circumstance prevented his dismissal. The foreman printer

was severely reprimanded; in fact, every soul in the establishment, the printers' devil not excepted, felt the weight of Mr. Squash's indignation. Everybody very naturally blamed the Irish penny-a-liner.

————— "et quæ sibi quisque timebat
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulère."

On Monday evening I received a twopenny-post favour, on opening which a sixpence fell out. The note ran as follows:—

"Mr. Squash presents compliments to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, and requests that he will think of no further alliance with the *Slop*.

"Mr. Squash also presents Mr. O'Shaughnessy with a small gratuity for his precious article, headed

'The Premier and the Pipe-Makers.'

He cannot think of paying more for such a very low production. Had it been written after the manner which Mr. O'Shaughnessy can assume when he is not under the indomitable influence of Irish whiskey, Mr. Squash would have been happy to pay for it as usual,—one penny-a-line, as per agreement, poetic quotations and printed extracts excepted.

"Slop office, Monday Morning."

It is an ill wind which blows nobody good. I was now an injured public man, or I appeared to be one. There were those for whom I suffered, who felt for me—or I thought that they did—and I did not allow their feelings to sleep on the subject. This is a good hint for all public characters who have undergone persecution for conscience sake, or the appearance of it. I got a public dinner and a piece of plate (a silver tobacco-box) from the pipe-makers. Whether those who entertained me did so to gratify their own self-love or mine, I did not enquire; nor did I deem the tobacco-box the less valuable because the cost of it was defrayed by three or four of the principal pipe-makers. The great world were not to know this, no more than they do the way in which many tributes are got up for public men. I made two grand orations—one on the liberty of the press, and one on the humanizing influence of tobacco; both of which, like many more illustrious men than myself, I had previously written and committed to memory, having taken care to intersperse them with points which gave them an extemporaneous character. My name was now up beyond Temple Bar; and it only required a little continuance of good luck to make me a Common Councilman, or a Member of Parliament. In those days it was as easy to become the one as the other; if there was any difference, it was in favour of the latter. A company was formed to start a newspaper, in one pound shares, to be called the *Gridiron*, of which I was to be the editor; and it was fully expected that on it I should make a perfect grill of the Ministry and the *Slop*. When, however, the worthy citizens came together for the purpose of posting their first deposit of five shillings a-share, they seemed disposed to look twice at their money before they would part with it. One talked about the law of libel, about which he knew nothing; another wanted a place on the paper

for his nephew, who was deemed the genius of the family, because he had a soul above business, and had cut every one of half-a-dozen honest trades to which he had been successively bound; a third said it would be impossible for the shareholders to overhaul the accounts (this man was right); a fourth proposed a censorship to regulate the editor's lucubrations; a fifth would attack the Church; a sixth, the lawyers; a seventh, the "faculty;" an eighth was a downright Ishmaelite. The whole affair went off in smoke, and without any profit having been derived from it, except by the solicitor of the Company and the proprietor of the "Coker's Hall," a celebrated tavern off Fleet-street. Mr. Sharp, of Lion's Inn, charged the Company ten pounds odd for his professional services; and the Bride-Lane Boniface sold about ten pounds' worth of gin-and-water and short-cut.

"In the woods of the north there are insects that prey
On the brains of the elk till his very last sigh:
O genius! thy patrons more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!"

So much for small patriots. Their enthusiasm, when they find themselves at the point of action, is of the character of Bob Acres' courage. To speak of mighty things gives them an agreeable sensation, and they will talk away until their little imagination is wound up to the highest pitch of self-importance. Put them to the test—give a single hint about dangers or deposits, and you'll find that you have been saddling a donkey for the hunters' plate, or whistling gigs to a milestone. "Put not your trust in pipe-makers," said I to myself, as I passed musingly along the crowded thoroughfare of worldly pound-shillings-and-pence faces which leads from the Mansion House to Temple Bar. Having passed the latter barrier, I arrived in a few minutes at my asylum off the Strand, and upon entering my room found the following note lying for me, from a celebrated weekly newspaper proprietor.

"Alderman Hammer, proprietor of the *Demon*, presents his compliments to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, and begs to say that a column of that journal every week is very much at his service, if it will suit his time and inclination to fill it. Salary no object whatever. Pork sausages, liquors and cigars every Saturday night in the editor's room for the *corps*; and on Sundays a dinner at Brimstone Lodge, (the alderman's villa overlooks the Thames,) at which Publicola will hold forth on the cant of Christianity and the constitution. An answer will oblige."

I instantly wrote the following response:

"Mr. O'Shaughnessy presents his compliments to Alderman Hammer, and begs leave with many thanks to decline the honour of being enlisted a member of the *Demon's corps*, or in the most remote capacity to serve under the literary banners of Publicola. One of those points in the constitution which form a drawback to its perfection

is, that it does not provide better for the press and the public education, than that the abuse of the one should flourish on the deficiency of the other. If Christianity be cant, it is, after all, the cant of consolation, the poor man's hope, the virtuous man's reward. Mr. O'Shaughnessy is conscious of his poverty, and has sufficient virtue to prefer it to the wealth which is gained by trampling upon the heart of humanity."

But, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, did you not comply with the request of your landlady's daughter, and give her a story of your country?

I did, most gentle and considerate reader; but this shall form of itself a future chapter. In the mean time, Mr. Cornelius O'Hagarty an old friend and countryman, and one of "the confraternity," had dropped in, and having listened with great delight to my legend of green Erin, filled his tumbler anew, and spun us the following yarn.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PENNY-A-LINER, A LEGEND OF THE LONDON PRESS.

I don't recollect how it was, but somehow I was enabled to muster the price of a passage by sea to London, about twenty years since. Six months after I was born, all my relatives (and this comprehensive term included every individual who paid, or promised to pay king's taxes, within a circle of which ten miles would form a rational diameter, my father's mud-edifice being the centre, in a rather respectable situation) all my relatives, I say, proclaimed, from the unerring premises of a knowing grey eye, a nose that never missed fire at dinner hour, and a mouth that most sincerely sympathised with its superior feature, that I was the "genius" of the family; and, accordingly, I well remember the *argumenta à posteriori* by which, at the instigation of my ambitious friends, a certain learned pedagogue sought, at the expense of my most acutely sensitive feelings, to work out the predictions of those who chose to predestine for me a future career which should put that of Brian Borhome to the blush, and shake the great King O'Toole's to shivers in the wind of my prosperity. Suffice it to say, that ere my age numbered its twentieth year, I had, as I have before mentioned, compassed by the aid of a little management and starvation, my journey to London. I had studied, as we say in Ireland, "a little of all the sciences, and something else;" I had the measure of mensuration, I had an "eye out" for optics, I could beat Xenophon's Anabasis hollow in half a day's march, and it's odd indeed, if I could not put any of Euclid's angles in a corner; in fact, I knew every thing but that one great secret in literature, which no one has yet found out—the philosopher's stone of science—that practical part of navigation which will enable a man to sail through the world with plenty of grub and grog, and with nothing to pay for it. I knew all the rest: but this last problem most seriously bothered me, when, with twopence-halfpenny I went to board and lodge in Arundel Street, at the rate of two guineas a-week. The premises, I began to think, were rather bare, to arrive at such a conclusion every week in the fifty-two: but, with my concatenation of abilities which other

people insisted I possessed, "surely," said I to myself, "I ought to be a commissioner of customs, or a master in chancery at least;" and I am free to confess that I had a refusal, upon personal application, of both these offices from the Prime Minister himself,—a fact which plainly proves, in the first place, that prime ministers are, in nine cases out of ten, people with little discrimination; and in the second, that men of talent have no chance of promotion unless they have as much discrimination as prime ministers themselves.

My case then became a hard one, for my landlady was by no means soft; and at length, finding that my system of prompt payment at convenience was not productive of more than one meal (a meal of meal per diem), a thought sublime cast itself athwart my mental vision, and I caught the moral comet in its perihelion. I had read in one of the daily newspapers, an account of the death of a common councilman of the city of London, caused by apoplexy induced by overfeeding at a city banquet. The ghost of the late civic legislator appeared to me like that of Hamlet's father crying "List, Hamlet, list." "I will enlist," cried I mentally, with an emphasis which shook hunger to its centre, and placed before me dangling in glorious phantasy, enhooked in an imaginary larder of mine own, hams, haunches, tongues, turkies, fowls, and fricassees in endless procession. "I will enlist," said I: "what right has a plethoric cit to die, whilst I live by pure starvation? the tribe shall die in hundreds first." And so they did; for on that day I killed in imagination, one alderman two deputies, and three common councilmen; held inquests upon them all; and furnished to the daily newspapers "accurate accounts" of all the "lamentable occurrences," not omitting "additional particulars," together with a slight appendix to each, in the shape of a "coroner's inquest." I had found a mine of gold—of diamonds: Potosi was a lime quarry in comparison with it. Every death brought me thrice what the coroner's fee would have produced had these deaths been living instances of fact. Every burial paid me ten times the amount of the parochial tax; nay, more, all mankind was open to my infliction of the last stage of mortality—my goose-quill cholera. I had money in both pockets; but, alas! the course of good fortune, like that of true love, never yet ran smooth. My period of prosperity, of life in the midst of death, was fated to be suddenly checked. In an evil hour my Irish relatives heard of my triumph over the perils of starvation and their concomitants. I was born to be unlucky. I had a brother—a brother in Ireland too! a brother who had the misfortune to be not only a Papist, but a pious Papist into the bargain. At this time the Papists, Mahomedans as they are, by some hook or crook, humbugged the legislature out of the liberty not only to build for themselves chapels, but chapels with bells to them; and accordingly, money being so plenty in Ireland that the people there were obliged to send their superfluities into England, some of the Popish priests thought that they could do no better than follow in the same groove, with the purpose of converting so much of it as they could lay hands on, into brick and mortar, with the impious design of making British "*sovereigns*" subservient to the purpose of Popery. Bad luck to their disloyalty, say I,—and a good right I have

to say so, for there never was a buck priest who could sport a pair of buttered boots in this rascally crusade, who had not *lettres de cachet* upon my exchequer also. That brother of mine was the living death of me. Not one of these ecclesiastics tested the pavement of the great Metropolis with his brogues without a letter of introduction to me, which ever concluded with a draft at sight on my hospitality. Alas, for my hospitality! Ten times the number of deaths, upon recording the circumstances of which my life depended, would not have contributed a ham sandwich towards the existence of half the number of those who were commended to me for their daily bread. The result is obvious. My legs of mutton descended to mutton chops; my quartern loaves to manchetts; and, eventually, in consequence of the inroads of my reverend friends, my nobles had, in the veriest sense of the word, been reduced to ninepence. Many are the days on which I had to dine upon gravel hash, (a term well known to those who have been compelled to vegetate upon the savory odours of the cook-shops, in the Strand, whilst the heels of their boots aided to macadamise the pavement thereof,) or to enjoy a gypsy party in St. James's Park *tête-à-tête* with a sheep's head and penny bun as a proxy for dinner, ashamed as I felt of the nothing that must stare me in the face, should I face home, and abhorring more than nature itself the vacuum which the reverend exhausters had left there. At length I resolved to do justice to myself and a good dinner; and conscious that sympathy in my appetite as well for solids as for fluids had proved my bane, I ordained that every priest who thereafter invaded my *sanctum* should be declared out of order. Accordingly, on the next morning, when approaching my domicile at rather an early hour, seven o'clock, I perceived one of those reverend personages to whom I have referred, with his foot sturdily placed upon my threshold, his letters of introduction in his hand, his eyes beaming with an appetite destined by him to be gratified at my expence, his nose expanded with an assumption of the fragrance of beef-steaks and *et ceteras* and his mouth the half-opened recipient of the expected good cheer. I stepped up to him, and asked—"Pray, sir, whom do you seek here?" placing my hand upon the bell. "Mr. O'H.," responded the breakfast-hungry ecclesiastic. "Mr. O'H.," exclaimed I, "poor fellow, he has been dead a fortnight, and buried on Thursday last."—"Gracious pity!" ejaculated the priest; "of what illness did he die?"—"He had a pitiless unrelenting brother in Ireland," quoth I, "who daily sent a number of catholic clergymen to him, with letters of introduction, and they ate him out of house and home;—he died of starvation." The priest was dumb-founded; he closed his eyes as if upon visions past, the muscles of his nose and mouth closed to play upon the odours of what had "left not a wreck behind;" he left the street; I followed him. He adjourned into the most adjacent coffee-shop, breakfasted, and in lieu thereof obtained twopence change from a silver sixpence. I have never since been troubled by any of his cloth, and I can now murder in print any inhabitant of London I please, and drink a bottle at the expence of public gullibility to "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory" of the living dead.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS AS THEY NOW ARE.

A PERIODICAL writer lately observed with truth, that there was a democracy in literature. And it is impossible to cast one's eyes on any print publisher's window, without perceiving that art has also become popularized. After gazing with feelings of rapt admiration at the magnificent cathedrals of Salisbury and Winchester, we lately found widely circulating letter-paper, each sheet surmounted with a beautiful copper-plate engraving—admirably pourtraying the massive grandeur of the one, or the airy beauty of the other: thus, at the cost only of a couple of pence, affording an easy method of conveying to the distant, ideas of these splendid fabrics. Now, we could not help thinking that one of these little plates is as much a type of the age in which we live, as the building it represents is of the era wherein it arose. In the middle centuries, the wealth, the power, the pride of a lofty Church, raised for her these splendid shrines; the arts were summoned into action by men of rank and pomp, and on their support depended. In the present age the artist's skill multiplies indefinitely, cheap, yet true pourtrayals of these noble memorials; and millions who never will *see*, may yet *admire*. *We shall have no more cathedrals.* The age in which generations dedicated their time, and monarchs their wealth, to the erection of edifices—of all but immortal grandeur—is *gone*:—but art, that then concentrated itself in a few isolated and solitary shrines, now diffuses its pure influences through myriads of channels; and thus, in the instance before us, the memorable, almost imperishable monuments of the enthusiasm of a *past* age, kindle a hundredfold more widely the enthusiasm of the *present*; no longer having their grandeur and beauty confined to a solemn and stately seclusion, the multiplying processes of engraving transfuse the elevating impressions which their contemplation creates into a million of true picturings. The lofty buildings move not from the sites on which our ancestors based them apparently for ever; but in their days the architectural arts were exhibited only for the glory of a few,—and what would they have given for the power whereby the rich heritage they have left us is cheaply diffused, in all the *spirit* of its sublime character, among those who cannot behold it in palpable substantial existence.

So with painting, as with architecture. In the ages which we regard as the meridian of the pictorial art, it was dedicated to power and rank; its patrons and connoisseurs were the nobles, the dignitaries, civil or ecclesiastical: the people had nothing to do

with it but as undiscerning—mere gazing *admirers*;—they guided, they impelled, they influenced it not. How different now! The people having acquired the ability to patronize, are *desirous*, at least, of appreciating the art; painters now are not for a few select and aristocratic critics, but for a *nation*. And how has this been accomplished? By an agency similar to that which some centuries ago popularized literature: the *press* has gone from printing to *painting*—the *plate* comes to the aid of the pencil, and extends its powers indefinitely.

In one word, the character of the age is—*popularization*. The tendency to make everything available for and accessible to the *people*, is evidenced in every field, and in every arena. The same principle which pushes railways from one end of the land to the other, has extended itself (strange to say) to art, and produced a union between its more ethereal and elevated elements, and its stronger and colder inventions. The engraving press is a marriage of the *imaginative* and the *mechanical*; and (as when beauty is wedded to manliness) the loveliness of the fairer is allied to the energy of the stronger, gifted with productibility—exchanging the rich hues of the *painting* for the power which multiplies indefinitely all the beauties of form, and character, and expression, which are embodied in the *engraving*.

The influences which national character exerts, react back upon itself; and thus there is a constant reciprocity of impression kept up. We may trace the effects of the popular influence in the new character given to literature and the arts; and we may discern the reflex impression of those effects upon the popular mind and feeling, which again exercise their natural influences, and so on, with perpetual re-production. The engraving press (whether the offspring or the parent of the popular impulse,) has brought painting as effectually under the influence of the people, as the printing press brought literature. Enshrined in the inaccessible *studios* of the great, the master-pieces of art exerted but their power on but *individual* minds; even public collections are slow in telling on a *nation's* taste. Engravings circulate with celerity throughout a people the noblest copies of the noblest works; and when every sitting-room may easily become a *studio*—if not of *paintings*, of these *prints*—how soon must the effect be evidenced. A national taste once created, will quickly govern. Painters, like authors, finding the people their patrons, will consult their judgments; and art having become popular, there must be, ere long, a popular school.

And the influence of the public taste is now more *directly* exerted on painting than on literature. The system adopted by the greatest engraver-publisher more closely brings the art into contact with popular feeling, than that of the most distinguished book-publisher. The latter judges for himself whether a work is

likely to suit the public; the former* submits the painting previously to public approbation, and is guided by its *fiat* as to engraving. So Mr. Moon is more under popular control than Mr. Murray.

This obviously can never be the case with books. And an interesting question arises, which system is likely to act more beneficially on the public taste, and therefore on the art; for as both reciprocally act on each other, their character must be identified. We think the system which brings art under immediate popular influence, by bringing it directly within popular reach, is the best both for the art and for the people; the popular judgment being appealed to, popular tastes called into action, and excited to exercise. "But then (it will be said) the popular taste must be formed, and well formed, ere it can beneficially work." That, in our opinion, is reversing the order of things: we think tastes will never be formed till they are *exercised*. It may sound contradictory—but what, we ask, is taste? Is it not a selection, an act of choice and distinction? To exercise distinction, undoubtedly there must be discernment; and how can that be acquired, but by exercise—by the improvement consequent upon the exertion of this as of all other faculties? "Yes," it may be replied, "but there must be *knowledge* for discernment." True—but in the fine arts, knowledge is more of perception than *theory*. Taste must be formed by education—but more of *habit* than *opinion*. Taste is a *habit of approval*. Now, in the first place, nobody approves or disapproves of what he cares nothing for; therefore it is manifest that the *initiative* must be given, in the formation of a national taste, by the exhibition of works of art. Directly there is a desire to see, there will be an exercise of choice: every exercise of choice is a step in the forming of a taste; each fine work approved, gives a finer power of approval. Choice is comparative—appreciation is gradual. By degrees *taste* is acquired—it is susceptible of indefinite improvement—its *education* is never closed. "Why, then," (we fancy some person saying) "do you forget the necessity for a *standard* of taste? do you deny the value of studying the *principles* of art in order to discerning the standard?" *There is no standard for ART, but NATURE. Rules* will never form taste, which lies in the *perception*. In the works of art, *principles* are for their *production*—not for their appreciation. A man must *study* how to paint—but he need not study to appreciate, in some degree, a painting. Of course, we are not arguing for anything so absurd, as that *any* person is competent to decide on the merits of *any* picture; and that *connoisseurship* is universally intuitive: we

* The system adopted, is that of sending any great painting before the public, who are invited, if they approve, to subscribe. They *see* what they are to have; they subscribe, in fact, for a colourless painting, an exact copy of the drawing—not the hues.

are only contending that as a taste for the arts is only to be acquired by seeing their embodiments, so that the exhibition of those embodiments has a natural tendency to form such taste. Art is susceptible of indefinite exaltation—so is taste of perpetual elevation. No one knows a bad painting, till he has seen a *better*. And what is the test for both? We repeat, *nature*. Criticism may lay down precepts, and artists frame theories; but unless the work carries on its face its irrefragable evidence of excellence in its vivid representation of the subject, it will not command the admiration, which, if it possess this attribute, is instantly paid to it. And who that is *desirous* of acquiring a taste for the arts—and this desire includes all the requisites preliminary, for in that very *desire* lies the germ of taste—may not do it, if he have the opportunity presented to him of seeing art in its excellence, and comparing it with nature as its model? “Would you then argue that a peasant may have as good an eye or ear for the sounds and sights of art, as one of higher rank and acquirements?” Why not? that is—consistently with our latter remarks—why not, if he feels a love for art’s beautiful embodiment of the *beautiful*? And may not a peasant have in him as thorough a sense of that *beautiful*, with this disposition and the opportunity conjoined, of beholding it? And if he have looked at the beautiful in nature with an eye opened to her beauties, may he not be able to discern, to approve, and to appreciate the beautiful in *art*? Having loved the model, may he not love the copy? Not, of course, that *all* art is to be appreciated at once; not, that there are not nicer shades and finer delicacies, of which a good appreciation is only to be gained—by what? Here lies our argument—at this point it presents itself in the natural conclusion, that the finer points of art are to be discerned as the more prominent and palpable of its beauties—by observation, comparison, and examination—in a *greater degree*. We are not arguing for *criticism*—but *taste*. A man may have a love for the beautiful in him, strong enough to be designated taste, long before, by cultivation and opportunities of exercise, he becomes a *connoisseur*. A man may write learned critiques on works of art, who has not a particle of vital taste in him. The germ of taste is *love*. This love for art is excited by beholding its embodiments: hence arises, gradually, the exercise of the faculties of perception, discernment, and distinction, and by degrees the taste is nurtured and refined and elevated. This may be the case with the *multitude*, with the *people*, with myriads and millions, who know not the principles or *rules* of *art* (which are, in fact, but the generalization of its practical developments); they know not the processes whereby it is embodied; they cannot criticise *causes*: they can, however, appreciate the *result*; they can tell whether a landscape is true to nature’s tints, or a countenance radiant with intense expressiveness;—but they divine not the source of *this*

beauty, or *that* defect; they dream not of the skill, which throws on the canvass the magic of its light and shade; they cannot discriminate the nice distinctions of beauty, and search into the wonderful harmonies of colour; they are more able to judge of the general *effect* than the *executive* excellence; and thus, when a nation first imbibes a taste for art, they influence, at the outset, rather its *subjects* than its *style*—its *design* more than its *execution*.

Let it not be thought absurd to attribute to the *people* thus much of the faculty of *taste* in the arts. The opportunities which are now afforded to them of seeing art's master-pieces, *are* appreciated, and *have* their effects—of course slowly, but not less *surely*. We have seen labourers in the National Gallery! we have seen butchers, bakers stand gazing eagerly at the splendid engravings which any first-rate publishers in London, or a good provincial town, are sure to exhibit in their windows; we have seen them speechlessly struck at the matchless magic of a Correggio, and mutely admiring the print of a Landseer or a Wilkie. Doubtless, their's was a rude, and in some degree undiscerning, admiration. But why? Because they had not previously had their discerning faculties cultivated. There are differences in individual minds,—one is more constituted for the perception of beauties than another: but in *all*, we are persuaded, taste is a thing to be refined and elevated by its practical *education as a habit*; and immense, progressive—perpetually progressive, will be the improving and elevating influence of the arts upon the public mind, through the diffusive power of engraving.

As we said before, too this influence reflects back upon art, and not less beneficially. In regard to the character of art, we cannot over-rate the advantage which the present system has. By making the *people* the patrons of art, the field for artists is so widened and enlarged, that their emulative ardour cannot fail to be excitive of excellence. *Every good painting that is engraved, multiplies the number of persons possessing a degree of taste in the art*—that taste constantly improving as its means are continually increasing: so does the arena for artists' competition become more extended—to such an extent, that it is utterly impossible, we think, for any good painter to remain long *unappreciated and unpatronized*. An author lies at the mercy of the publisher: till his work is published, the public cannot judge of it. Not so the painter. Ere he *publishes his painting* (terms quite correct now, though they would have sounded strange when the great masters painted), he can appeal to public taste. Even if engraving publishers are lacking in taste—at least enough of it to *perceive* excellence—he can go before a nobler, a more impartial, a boundless tribunal: his picture he can exhibit to the *people*; and who-so admires, and desires, can subscribe for his copy. A test of excellence this, which can never fail of being true. Let us look

at some of its results, and judge of what we may expect it will be the origin.

We think it will gradually form an *English school of painting*. Already our engravers are the first in the world. They have brought their art into proud rivalry with its parent; they achieve all but the beauteous magic of colours; they give all the characters, and effect the expression; the beauties of form, the grace of drawing, the style of grouping; the numberless harmonies of light and shade are managed with skill and power wonderful. Every gradation of *relief*, every fine delicacy of shadow, are exquisitely blended; and the figures and objects are *thrown out* with a bold, yet truthful effect, which all but equal the vivid picturings of the first of painters. England is certainly the *ITALY of engraving*. And as to painting—what has been its effect? What are the paintings of our native artists, which public patronage has deemed worthy of engraving? Are they worthy of this *fiat* of approval? Are they promising of future eminence? They *are*. Unquestionably engraving stands higher far with us than painting. In engraving our artists do what in painting they have been so pathetically and powerfully besought to do*—go with patient perseverance into the *execution*, and rest not content with *general effect*; they give line by line, and point by point, with marvellous minuteness, “each grace and every beauty;” and hence the effect is matchless. If the painters laid on their tints with the same slow, indefatigable care, we should have more of that exquisite harmony and indestructible durability of colouring which gave immortality to Raphael and Titian. Our painters fail not in design and composition—it is in expression and execution: they fail in detailed finishing—*wherein lies the magic of the art*—more than in general drawing. Hence their defects are less visible in the engravings, which have all the excellencies of the paintings, and *more*. What can be finer now than the engraving of John Knox preaching before the Lords? or of Landseer’s Hawking in the Olden Time?† The dark, solemn-striking grandeur of the one, is only equalled by the exquisite beauties of the other. The magic of light and shade is perfect in the first: the figure—so *like* Mary’s ‡—shines like a fairy form from out the dark masses of grim and dreary-looking warriors around her—the fiery and frowning Reformer overshadowing them all with awful and portentous gloom. In the other, the eye *revels* in grace and loveliness. Then there is Parris’s Coronation painting, *being* engraved, and the Only Daughter of Wilkie recently engraved. These four pictures are enough to enable us to form an estimate of our school and its prospects. Myriads saw the Coronation painting—thousands have subscribed. The magnificence of it is perfectly dazzling: gorgeous hues, however, are lost in engraving—*expression* sur-

* See Hazlitt. † Representing Lord F. Egerton and family. ‡ It is that of her relative, the Countess of Argyle.

vives; it is the main element, and affords the truest test. Now, anticipating that the Coronation will be as well engraved as the others (and there can be no doubt)—which will be the best? Engraving places them all on the same footing—(of colouring we speak not now, having just adverted to *that*). Which is most successfully treated? Which is most thrilling or powerful in expression? Which manifests the greatest mastery over the human heart, and excites the strongest influence upon its feelings? This will show us wherein lie the characteristics of the English school. There is *grandeur* in the Knox painting; there is *splendour* in the Coronation; there is *beauty* in the Landseer; there is *expression* in the Wilkie. The two first are of the historical, the last of the domestic school; though the Landseer is admirably connected with the “poetry of the past,” by throwing over the portraiture the air and appearance of olden English life. A spectator would be most struck at first with the superb gorgeousness of the Coronation, all radiant as it is, in golden glory, and beaming with the hundred countenances that, with *portrait* fidelity, surround the youthful Queen. Nothing can be more magnificently expressive than the imposing array of aristocratic pride and regal pomp which *shine* from this picture. For some of the higher attributes of painting, there is, however, little field: although giving a representation of an historical *event*, it is not one striking so *intensely* the chords of human passion as to evolve those more thrilling emotions, whose expression forms the grand glory of an *historical* painting. There is necessarily a uniformity of feeling throughout the vast assemblage,—one common look of high gratification and interest pervades the whole. The chief beauties are in the striking grouping—the scarce earthly loveliness of the noble *fairies* of the scene, and in the faithful accuracy of *portraiture*, which admirably conveys the grave, venerable thoughtfulness of *the Duke*, in contrast with the graceful innocence of the Sovereign, and the bland amiability of the easy Premier. It is, in fact, a magnificent *national portrait gallery*: therein its interest is unrivalled. But *portraiture*—simple likeness painting—calls not into play the more sublime attributes of the art, for which there is more field in a painting like the John Knox; and there the *general impression* which the mind is expectant of, is admirably given; and it is only on looking to *particular expressions*, that we discover the characteristics which are alluded to above, as those not so much of any one artist, as of the entire English school, with the exception we are about to notice. No imagination can form a finer idea of fair, fragile frailty, like Mary's, than is embodied in this painting. And if one is somewhat prepared for a *loftier* and less *violent* Reformer, it is because one's historical prepossessions have implanted, perhaps, in our imagination, more *sublimity* of zeal than an English artist could embody; and after all, on reflection, we know not if it is not *our*

idea that is erroneous, and not the artist's,—and whether the vehemence of Knox was not greater than his elevation.

It will be seen that the kind of qualification we have implied in our admiration of these two paintings, is less as to design, than as to detail; less as to *impression*, than as to *expression*; less as to degree, than as to character of excellence. It is said the English artists cannot paint historically. We wait for a moment to look at the other two pictures, ere we discuss this question, which is one of *degree*; for, undeniably, these two paintings prove that they *can*, and we will add (as bearing on the *influence of engraving* upon the art), that there are not two native historical paintings, that we are aware of, *better than these*.

But now in respect to the other two, we speak in terms of unqualified admiration and approval. *Not that we consider there is a greater degree of artistic skill in them than in the others, but that the subjects more bring out the characteristic powers of the English school.* In one sense they are all equal—in general excellence of painting; and where we are disposed to make a *choice*, it is the depth of emotion portrayed, and the intensity of feeling excited, which govern our selection, rather than the artistic skill employed. In one word, it is because in the two last the artists have chosen subjects better calculated to display their powers, than the others are deficient in those powers. This is what we endeavoured (perhaps rather obscurely) to express above, by saying, that we thought the difference more in detail than design. In *design*, the two first are superior,—they are more *impressive*, more striking; in execution there is more artistic power probably in their “John Knox,” than in the two last; but in the “Hawking,” less power is only more *incontestably* and *indisputably* exhibited; because it is thrown upon subjects on which the English pencil is more AT HOME, and therefore more triumphantly displays its power; and the “Only Daughter” comes more strongly over the *heart* than the “Coronation,” though with not a tithe of its magnificent *profusion* of power, because the artist had a better field to manifest the power in which his school is *unrivalled*. To sum up all in a sentence, there have been many grander historical paintings than those two first—but among the *old masters only*; there have *never* been two finer paintings of *their kind*, than the two domestic pictures. And we arrive at the conclusion, that ours is the DOMESTIC SCHOOL. And this is what we meant by saying, that when the national taste was first excited for art, it would sooner influence the *subjects*, than the *style*. Subjects are within the scope of popular taste; *style* requires *connoisseurship*. The English character is *homeliness*. Its artists succeed most triumphantly in the *home* subjects. Few painters, *ancient* or *modern*, ever surpassed Landseer in the cherub loveliness of his children—(of course we except the imperishable immortality of *colouring*, which we fear

has gone from the art for ever)—nor excelled Wilkie, in deep-thinking intensity of *domestic* emotion. Oh, how could we describe that soul-striking, heart-harrowing painting of his! *One gazes on it with breathless silence, as though the solemn stillness of the sick-room breathed from the picture.* One looks from countenance to countenance of those four inmates of the suffering girl's chamber, as though to learn her fate; and the atmosphere of death seems to come over us as we look! And if a painting's excellence is to be measured by its power over the *heart*, to Wilkie's Only Daughter must be the palm awarded, among these four illustrious—we may say, we believe *most* illustrious—of the English paintings. His Knox, and Parris's Coronation, are *great, grand, and as great and grander* than his other and Landseer's; but *these* are UNRIVALLED.

But will our historical school improve under the present engraving publishing system? It *will*—it *must*. A *nation* are the best formers of it: a people its best patrons. The age, indeed, for what perhaps is often understood exclusively by the term *historical*—the *heroic*, is gone by—the *heroic*, whether in painting or poetry. But understanding by the term, whatever gives an enduring existence to some event evolving human feeling and human passions, we think the historical school is gradually forming and rising, and that the tendency of the system adopted, of making the people patrons of painting, is to form and raise that school. The nation stamps its character on its arts,—a love for the homely, and domestic: as home is the best nurse of true genuine sentiment, it must beget a thorough truthfulness of feeling, the expression of which gives its power to the historical;—the historical, indeed, implies a degree of exaltation above the mere domestic; but elevation is gradual, especially in a national taste; and though the *heroic* will never re-appear, seeing the “heroic age” is fled; yet as the *school* improves, and the nation's *taste* rises, by the reciprocally elevating influence of each upon the other. Just as the public virtues are but expansions of the private, so are the attributes of the historic school elevations of the homely. Of *all* painting, pre-eminently so in the highest, *expression* is the soul: the power of expression varies and ascends with the style and nature of the imaginative conceptions: these are wrought upon, and influenced by the character of the national mind, and the nature of its impulses: as these become more and more elevated, the arts will rise with them; as they become grander, our painters will be greater; they will bring the powers of *expression*, which they now so triumphantly display in the homely school, to the formation of the historical; they already possess many of the requisite powers of composition and design. Conscious of ability they will take gradually a higher range of subjects; finding their *expressive* talent equalling their *designing*, they will at last from the *domestic* expand into the

dignified. Of both, the model is art's parent, *nature*; and slow and patient must be the successive touches which bring either to maturity. In the first, this has already been done, and the result is, success unrivalled. Let not our painters, in their haste to be *grand*, forget the secret of greatness, which in the more modest, we think scarcely less *really* elevated school, they have already discovered. Let it not be thought that there may not be a *great homely* in painting, as Wordsworth has immortally discovered in poetry. The arts, like the virtues, *ascend*; and by degrees, —from the common source of *truth*,—its basis, *NATURE*. The imagination, alike in poetry as in painting, has in the age we live, found its noblest triumphs in forsaking the fictitious for the *real*; actual life supplies it with its strongest and its finest food; in *this* course our artists *must* advance, though we hail not an *heroic* age; but human life will ever afford interest to human nature; and they will become greater in pursuing its track, than in vain endeavours to catch the spirit of a departed age. There is nothing like an illustration to convey one's meaning: we could point to the most striking painting, and the best historical in the exhibition this year—the “Banquet scene in Macbeth”; it is a great painting, but inferior to all the four we have mentioned—in what?—not in magnificent conception and grand design, but in power of expression;—and which of the four supplies the greatest contrast? The very one of which the subject is most homely—the Only Daughter—every countenance of which, and the whole air and appearance of the scene, is *perfect*; literally *bursting* with the most poignant *intensity* of *truthfulness*;—and why? because the artist had the full mastery of the chords he meant to strike, and the conclusion is irrefragable;—that the natural course is from the *realities* of the imaginative power, to its grander, wilder, and more *heroic* creations. There is in the *anguish* that pervades the Only Daughter, a thousand-fold more quiet silent *sublimity*, than in the horror of Macbeth, or the marble-heartedness of the queen in the other. Let English artists do what *is* in their *power*, and they will gradually acquire the ability to do what is their *desire*.

Literature, as art, if less directly, more intelligibly and widely reflects the character of the people. In the present age of knowledge diffusion, it is a language almost all can read, and its universality does away with its *unity*. In respect to the arts—(we speak more particularly throughout of painting and engraving conjoined)—even when as widely influential as at present, the circle they influence is so much more restricted than that which in some mode or other owns the sway of literature, that have more of uniformity, a consistency, a *oneness* of character, and form something like a general school. Art (in *this* country) is literature's younger sister; her votaries are not so numerous, the priests that minister at her shrine are fewer, and have more of distinctive-

ness about them as a class. To speak plainly, artists and their styles are less numerous, far than authors, whose endless diversity of works is but a type and representation of what it necessarily corresponds to—the endless diversity of literary taste. We know not whether, when the arts shall have gained as wide a sway, their varieties may not be as numerous. At present, as *literally* the *nation* (with but one exception of the very lowest orders; and the march of knowledge is fast spreading among the most ignorant of them, and will soon we trust leave no *ignorance* among them,) are a nation of readers; whereas it is only *figuratively*—(and in reality only a portion of them,) that the *nation* can now be said to be lovers of art. Every class, every grade in society, has *its school* of literature. Literature in this age as faithfully reflects the motley and the changing conformation of the national character, as does a placid stream the various and the ever-varying clouds of heaven's firmament.

But it is only works that bear upon, or are connected in some way with the *imaginative* faculties, that materially reflect or influence the national character. And we cannot help observing, that we think literature more *reflects* than *influences* that character—is not so much the offspring, as the parent—differing therein from the art of painting, and the art of multiplying paintings—as their combination, has now created, the system of which we have been speaking. It may be doubted whether we have not incorrectly narrowed the circle within which literature may be taken as the *test*, or as the type of the people's character, by restricting it to *imaginative* works. But that, if an error at all, will be found to be the error of too wide an interpretation given by us to the term imagination, and the too large sphere thereby ascribed by us to its influence. If, however, the subject is examined, we do not think it can be denied that the range which the imaginative faculties really take, is far more extensive than is frequently or commonly fancied. The general idea is, we are aware, a most unfounded one, and which is gradually passing away (with the *perversions* of those faculties that gave rise to it), that *imaginative* works are works of *fiction*; in other words, that imagination can have nought with realities. We glanced, in our preceding remarks, on the vast value, alike in art and literature, of building on the *real*, and we shall see it as strongly, if not more strongly, in the latter, if as in the former case that consideration must be superficial, which fails not to discover, that of all which *mere* learning or science supplies, nothing, till worked upon and imbibed by the imagination, will be really imbued into the mind and identified with *character*. We know not, indeed, whether *literature* includes works of *mere* science or *mere* learning for, under those heads, we think whatever is discovered, is to be classified with the *sciences* they belong to, whether it be of grammar or geology, physic or philology. The moment you

leave the boundaries of utterly dry *learning*, you arrive directly or indirectly at the *imaginative*. Before reaching that point, all is of *facts*; and facts, though they may, when woven together and abstracted from particulars into generals, from details into principles, be constructed into system, they only form *knowledge* still,—and knowledge of itself, is cold, dry, barren, lifeless, valueless—the body without the soul. Science even, withall its grand discoveries and noble truths, is, when left to cold and isolated *demonstration*, but a naked skeleton, on whose framework, majestic though may be its proportions, nought of sensation or life will exist, till *imagination* has thrown upon it the warmth of her *vitality*. And how is this? We give our answer in language nobler and truer than ever yet hath been employed on the subject; and if immortal Wordsworth had written nothing beyond the prefaces to his poems, the heritage to society would have been a valuable one:—

“The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence—our natural and invaluable inheritance: the other is a personal and individual acquisition—slow to come by us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy, connecting us with our fellow beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor—he cherishes and loves it in his solitude. The poet singing a song, in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth, as our visible friend and hourly companion. *Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge*: it is the impassioned expression in the countenance of all science: it is the first and last of knowledge: it is as immortal as the heart of man.”

Now undoubtedly this is not an authority for the whole of the principle which is implied, in what we are arguing; that without the imaginative faculties, nought of the *knowledge* which man can attain unto will be so engrafted into his mind and feelings, as to be incorporated with the elements of his moral nature, and to become ingredients in his character. For mere acquisition of knowledge is but collecting *materials*: on how they are dealt with and operated upon, depends their effect and influence. Memory is a storehouse—but a storehouse only; and imagination “digs from its mine the useless ore, and stamps it with a diadem,” acts upon all that memory presents—operates by its own agencies on the awakened elements—evolves its own creations—educes its own shapes—transmutes through its own medium—and transfers into its own currents. Wordsworth, in the passage just quoted, speaks of a *poet*; but in the description he elsewhere gives of the attributes of a poet, we think *imagination* occupies the principal and mainly *distinctive* quality. How intimately blended the imagination is with all that savours of vitality in knowledge—with all that brings it into contact with human *ideas*; whence arise those trains of human feelings, and habits of human association, which make up the distinctiveness of moral conformations, and all the *individuality* of character, we will attempt to show

—understanding by *character*, not what it is often conceived to mean, what a man *does*, but the *reason* of his doing it,—not his actions, but their *source*,—not the stream of his thoughts and feelings, but their *spring*,—those habitudes of association, those currents of ideas, which daily, hourly, involuntarily form the springs of feeling, and the very fountains of individuality. Taken apart from the imaginative, all the other faculties of man would have about them a cold isolation, a disunited heterogeneity; they would want the comprehensive and combining agency which could blend them into conformation and mould them into shape, which should break down the hard angularities of their separation, and *fuse* them into union. The faculties connected with the understanding, judgment, reasoning, perception, would work with *mechanical* coldness; and have nought of moving influence, unless by the imagination they were connected with feelings, and united to sympathies. Imagination, in one sense, may be said to occupy in the mind the province which light does to the earth,—it is the *medium* through which objects, otherwise colourless and characterless, assume the hues which invest them with interest; it is, again, the assimilating power whereby, of whatever is presented to it, the mind appropriates and makes its own. Of all the objects which sense presents, or truths which understanding perceives, if they remain at all in the mind, the *ideas* which are their types, are only influential as clothed with the colour and embodied into the forms which imagination gives them—the subtle element in which alone they *live*, which associates them into shapes that attract, and lends them energies to move. What we know as *fact*, or admit as *opinion*, only becomes instinct with vitality, as it becomes an *impression*, as it calls out a *sympathy*, or enlists a *feeling*. And this is the work, more or less, directly or indirectly, of the *imagination*. In matters where the judgment or the reason might seem most exclusively at work, and imagination to have lent no influence, its agency will nevertheless be observed as a *medium* through which the mind is influenced, or the *atmosphere* by which it is encircled. Nothing can produce an *impression* on the mind which has not there its *imagery*; and the form, the hue which that may be wrought into, are dependent on the imagination, which is less, we think, a distinct independent *faculty*, than the current in which the others flow—the mode in which they are habitually blended—the train of associations by which they are led and guided. Whatever in science or learning goes beyond the mere acquisition, the mere registering of facts, is connected with the imagination. Unimbuéd with the new and higher properties which they owe to imagination, the facts thus acquired have no hold upon the mind, possessing no value beyond the uses temporary and transient which the economy of our world may put them to. Far nobler,

then, is the agency exerted by the imagination, than is involved in what is generally ascribed to it as its main or sole quality — the invention of the fictitious. Its natural province is the *real*. Everything that possesses, in the stores of knowledge, aught of beauty, of greatness, or of grandeur, owes it to the imaginative power. All those elevating combinations of the fruits of faculties, various and diverse, which raise the standard of our nature, spring principally from the imagination, to which do but minister all the other of man's powers, and the works that they achieve. The *utilities* of science or knowledge, great as they are, are but so for this life; they tell not on man as an intellectual, a moral being, instinct with high qualities, and imbued with immortality. What have the mere *facts* of geography or geology, of chemistry or chronology, of mathematics or mineralogy, to do with man's *spiritual essence*, except as they are imbued through the associations into which imagination works them, with power to raise reflections and contemplations impressive and influential. Then, indeed, do they tell on character. Then do they raise its standard, when ideas of the wonders of creation link themselves with thoughts of the Creator's greatness, and blend with the knowledge of his attributes; or, illustrating man's history, reveal his nature's tendencies, and unfold its mysteries, and affording the bases on which imagination may rear her noble and enduring superstructures. What a barren, naked thing would mere *chronology* be, unshone upon, unilluminated by the light which imagination sheds on it; eliciting from its materials the philosophy or the poetry that is latent in them, and weaving them into *history*. How hard and lifeless *logic*, unimbued with the warmth of vitality which imagination breathes into it, through the enlargement of range, and *quickenings* of illustration, which raise it into *argument*, and the energy of enforcement and ardour of appeal, which elevate it into *eloquence*. What invests *biography* with its interest, but that vivid accuracy of portraiture, which, to the mere truthfulness of *narration*, superadds a skilful working on its scattered details, which weave them into continuity and connection, and from the whole exhibits a fine and striking view of some great *human nature*, and the accompanying elucidation of its varied phenomena? What throws around the discoveries of *science* so majestic an air, but the imaginative grandeur of grasp, which, reaching far backward into dark distance, or proudly forward into awful "hereafter," connects with them its great hypotheses of the past history or coming destiny of our world? Whence does *fiction* derive its only true power, but from that agency which imagination exercises over the sympathies of our nature, linking to their unchanging elements the imagery which its magic embodies? To the same source are not to be traced, in every case, all the ornaments of *diction* and all the graces of style. Its connection with poetry and fiction nobody overlooks, but too exclusively are they

designated "works of imagination." Into every work, not of absolutely mere dry science or learning, does its agency enter; and to come down to common nature and to common life, we can none of us exert any union of faculties which extends to the production of an *impression*, by the simplest combination of *imagery*, or the commonest connection of ideas into shape, without being under imaginative influence. We look not on the past, but through its mellowing medium; nor contemplate the present (with aught above mere *animal consciousness*,) save by its colouring light, nor anticipate the future, but as arrayed in its fairy veil. It forms the atmosphere in which thought lives, the channels in which feeling circulates, and those trains of habitual association which involuntarily and imperceptibly, but momentarily and powerfully influence us.

When therefore we think most worthy of consideration, as indicating the taste and character of the age, the works with which imagination has to do, we include by far the greater portion, perhaps all those which are produced, all in short but the very text books of science and those 'raw materials' of learning which derive no particular influence but from the manner in which they are woven into form and texture. Indeed the imagination so instinctively begins to work on every material presented to it, that speedily every work calls it into play, however scientific or learned: we know nothing but a grammar or a cyphering book which resists its transforming influence, and they are just the species of work which exert less hold on the opening powers of mind. Now the length at which we have remarked on this topic arose from the importance it holds in regard to the character of modern literature—from the fact that the distinguishing feature of this literature is the universal predominance of the *imaginative*,—that is the constant efforts to excite or exercise the imaginative faculty. And the interest of this state of literature springs from the vast influence which this faculty, as we have endeavoured faintly to point out, exerts over human nature, and the consequent importance of the manner in which it is worked upon and educated: for of all man's faculties the imaginative is not the least accessible to the guidance of education; and is certainly not the least important, as, *plainly expressed*, it means the *manner in which we habitually think and feel, reflect and regard*.

"Have, then, all men this fine faculty of imagination?" We answer, they all have the faculty; on the manner in which, and the material on which it is called out and exercised, depends whether it shall be *fine* or the reverse. It is just as much the creature of education, and as capable of degradation or dormancy as any other faculty. Allowed to rest in stagnant sluggishness, the mind is hopelessly unnerved and weakened; confined within restricted limits and to scanty sustenance, the mind becomes narrowed and stunted; supplied with dark and morbid picturings, the mind is

proportionably darkened and diseased; ministered to with unhealthy and unsound stimulants, loses all that makes it vigorous and valuable. A man who "has no imagination," that is, in whom it is deadened and dormant, has a range of ideas so contracted that he can scarcely couple them, is confounded by the simplest combinations, and can only compound them by the most hard, slow, separate, and laborious efforts of *understanding*. The man of a rich and powerful imagination can on any subject bring to bear a *wealth* of mind which is capable of throwing out a boundless liberality of illumination and illustration.

But the quality of the material is important as well as the manner of treating it. Undoubtedly, and only viewed secondarily by us, as it is less *characteristic* of the age. Knowledge is the *material* of man's faculties, and varies much less than their education and exercise. The *knowledge* of the present age differs more from that of the past in diffusion and in popularization than in quality or character, and we think it is not improbable that the general *superficiality* of knowledge which has been the result of its wide and hasty diffusion, through every mode of undigested and crude condensation and "simplification," has had a tendency to produce that shallowness of the imaginative along with the other faculties, which doubtless has been the parent of that fondness for light, the loose, the trivial, and the temporary excitements so common in the present and some preceding generations. A masculine and vigorous tone of imagination will never be the result of an enfeebled and vitiated system of training.

There is a ground, however, of congratulation, in the contemplation of the present aspect of literature. It is the gradual spread of the consciousness, that the more *real* and *simple* are the materials worked upon by imagination, the more valuable and salutary will be its influence: that, in a word, its highest arena, after all, is the *natural*, the *actual*, the *living*. Thus, even in fields more exclusively imaginative—poetry and fiction, whether narrative or dramatic—a healthier and sounder school has been formed by men like WORDSWORTH, Knowles, and Dickens, who have had the sense to take their stand on subjects instinct with the common elements, and answering to the common sympathies of our nature. Let no one think we imply an *equality of importance* in these three, by the connection in which we have placed them—only for the purpose of displaying the foundation of their common superiority over their contemporaries, their common reliance on the truest elements of nature, which elevates Wordsworth above Byron, Knowles above the grandiloquent play-writers, and Dickens above the "sentimental" novelists.

As on the one hand it is surprising that authors did not sooner discover the superiority which imagination derives from realities, in these her more direct and special fields; it is strange that she has not more generally been applied to more indirect, but

scarcely less attractive subjects, having about them too a closer connection with facts, whether of *event* or *locality*. To illustrate our meaning: what a wonder is it that she has not been appealed to, to bring forth, with more vividness of portraiture than is exhibited in the comparatively dry brevities of *common* history, the character of the eminent of past days, by the working of their recorded traits, few and meagre as they may be—by her assisting agency—into greater truthfulness of *likeness*, because more imbued with *individuality*, as in Sir Egerton Brydges' "Imaginary Histories," or Walter Landor's "Imaginary Conversations." And greatly wonderful that there should not have been more numerous attempts to weave into the fictitious fabric of a novel, the real characters and interesting *personalities* of the great, either among the living or the recently departed, in the manner in which we were lately struck at seeing done in a rather singular thing called the "Prelate," which brings upon the scenes the George III., the William Pitt, and the other remarkable characters of the last generation. Or again, that she should not have been more frequently resorted to, to throw a deeper and a stronger interest around the decayed and mouldering ruin, by re-peopling it with the forms of antiquity, as we saw admirably done in a work bearing on its title-page the unpretending announcement of the authorship of "John Worlderspon," who, doubtless, has consoled the tedium of many a weary hour of country obscurity in investing, through an imagination of refined and elevated tone, with an interest and attraction far more extended than the narrow limits of their position, the "Historic Sites of Suffolk." Library never furnished us with a more entertaining *novel* than that which gave us George and Pitt in familiar intercourse; nor did an antiquarian ever throw around his loved researches so much of poetical attraction, as this humble yet *able* historian of the adjoining county—and wherefore? Because the imagination in both cases was in healthy, vigorous play, and seized in one instance on the strong interest of eminent *individuality*; and in the other on the powerful attraction of antiquity. And would that such works did more speedily replace the lingering remnants of that false and frivolous school of novels whereby our libraries have heretofore been poisoned and corrupted. A circulating library has been a despicable depository of the feeblest and the most frail productions of feeble and frivolous intellects. Improved by the splendid historical fictions of Scott, and the admirable real-life portraits of Boz and Theodore Hook, there yet remains a vast field which may be worthily and salutarily filled by those healthy products of sound and truthful imaginations, which may occupy all the various grades and steps that lie between the absolutely, strictly *true*, and the positively, purely *fictitious*. By the former, we mean such works as are mere records of dry, unconnected *facts*; by the latter, such as are destitute of all con-

nection with *reality*. The first can never become *influentially interesting* to human nature, save only as the *means* and the *material* of imaginative combination. The last is without any *substance* to give it consistency and power. Realities, uninfluenced by the imagination, never work upon the *heart*. Imagination not exercised in realities benefits not the *mind*. The former of these propositions accounts for, and is also partly *evidenced* by the avidity with which, from our youth, we seize on imaginative works; the latter of them teaches the importance (and the instances we have given show the practicability) of blending the imaginative with the *real*.

These reflections were in some measure produced by a little incident, of a rather curious nature, which occurred to us in our late tour. Arrived in the small town of Oakhampton, in Devon, we sallied out (as we were wont) at the close of the day, to discover a library which could amuse us for the evening. Two out of the three which the modest locality afforded, were filled, as usual even now in the *country* circulating libraries, with the despicable trash of the sentimental and the sickening, the ghostly and the ghastly school. We left them loathingly, and tried the last—a little place, half miscellaneous shop, half library. We heard the sounds of a *piano*—the proprietor of the concern came out—he had been playing—we instantly ‘drew him out’—found he had a taste for music, and love for literature—looked at the few bookshelves called his library—found them filled with such works as Simson’s Euclid, Keith’s Geometry, several classic volumes, standard works of history, some good poetry, as Milton, &c.; and with pride he said, he had not “many novels,” but those he had, reflected no disgrace: they were of a healthy, and somewhat of the *historical* school, nought savouring of sentimentality. Now that this man was a man of imagination, is evidenced by his taste for music. All taste has to do with imagination; but what accounts for the difference of its character? What gave it the healthy superiority of tone which it had, compared with those of the contented readers and enjoyers of foolish fictions? The reason may be found in the fact, that he was well read in *mathematics*, *classics*, *history*, and *Miltonian* poetry. His imagination had been soundly and healthily trained. The mathematics and the classics, though as mere matter of learning, especially the former, they appear utterly dissevered from imagination; yet, when pursued as a matter of pleasurable *taste*, as in this case, and by a man possessed of a good *imaginative* faculty, and exercising and nourishing it on works more closely connected with it—though *naturally* and *healthily* so—they serve to *discipline*, to *elevate*, to improve *that*, with all other faculties of the mind: and the mind which receives a lofty pleasure from contemplating high problems, or communing with classic authors, will experience, when it unbends to softer and more *tasteful* relaxations, the most

delicious delight. Thus was a poor country shop-keeper (would we could recollect his *name*,) raising his intellect by reading Euclid, and gratifying his taste by music.

Why is not this *more general*? Why do not men thus learn to make their nobler faculties raise and elevate each other? Why are not thus the sterner and the stronger blended in salutary union with the softer and the sweeter? The union of their exercise thus, would produce a valuable reciprocation of advantage. The hard discipline of the one would brighten and enhance the blissful enjoyments of the other.

STANZAS.

I.

I WATCHED her through her opening dawn,
In childhood's careless years,
A radiant creature of the morn,
A thing of smiles and tears :
The April sky, the changing sea,
Were not so versatile as she.

II.

Again in after days we met,
Within the festive hall ;
Fair creatures thronged around me, yet
She fairest of them all:
The sunny light of childhood's face
Enhanced the woman's riper grace.

III.

I saw her at the altar kneel,
While tremblingly she strove
To check the fears which maidens feel,
Though bless'd in happy love :
The imploring trustful look she wore,
Made her e'en lovelier than before.

IV.

I saw her watch, with lips apart,
Her cherub baby's wiles,
The fountains of a mother's heart
Were gushing forth in smiles :
And oh ! I never saw till then
The loveliest gift of Heaven to men.

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a good old song
That was made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman,
Who had an old estate ;
And who kept up his old mansion
At a bountiful old rate,
With a fine old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate ;
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around
With pikes and guns and bows ;
And swords and good old bucklers,
That had stood some tough old blows :
And there his worship sat in state,
In doublet and trunk hose,
And quaffed his cup of good old sack
To warm his good old nose ;
Like a fine, &c.

When winter cold brought frost and snow,
He opened house to all ;
And tho' three score and ten his years,
He featly led the ball ;
Nor was the houseless wanderer
Ere driven from his hall,
For while he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small,
Like a fine, &c.

But all at last must yield to fate ;
So like the ebbing tide,
Declining gently to the tomb,
This good old man he died.
The widow's and the orphan's tear
Bedewed his cold grave side ;
For where's the scutcheon that can shew
So much of worth beside,
As this fine, &c.

But times and seasons tho' they change,
And customs pass away,
Yet English hands and English hearts
Shall prove old England's stay ;
And tho' our coffers may'nt be filled
As they were filled of yore,
We still have hands to fight at need,
And hearts to help the poor,
Like this fine, &c.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

Νῦν σοὶ παλαιὸν, ὦ φίλ', ᾄσομαι μέλος,
 κεφαλῆς παλαιᾶς κομψὸν ἐξεύρημά τι·
 πρέσβυς γὰρ ἦν τις Ἀγγλικὴν ναίων χθόνα,
 ἀρχαιοπλούτων κτημάτων ἐπήβολος·
 ὃς δὴ τὸν οἶκον πολυτελῶς ἡσκήσατο,
 πάντων ἀφειδῆς ἄφθονός τ' οἰκουρὸς ὢν·
 γέρων δ' ἐπ' αὐλείοισιν ἰδρύνθη πύλαις,
 πτωχοῖσι πρεσβύταισι πορσύνων τροφήν.
 τοῖος ἦν ὁδ', εἰς Βρεταννῶν τῶν πρὶν εὐγενῆς τ' ἀνὴρ.

Παλαιὸν ἀμφὶ δῶμα πανταχοῦ κύκλῳ
 λόγχας ἂν εἶδες τόξα τ' ἐξηρτημένα·
 ξίφη, σάκη τ' ἄρρηκτα, γηραιὰν σάγην,
 πολλαῖς δ' πληγαῖς πολεμίων ἀντήρκεσαν.
 ἐνταῦθα σεμνὸς ἔζετ' ἐν σεμνῇ-στολῇ,
 πάντων δικαστὴς πραγμάτων ἐπήκοος·
 πίνων τ' ἀρίστης βότρυος ἀρχαῖον γάνος
 τὴν καλλιφεγγῇ ῥὶν' ἐθέρμαινεν ποτῶ.
 τοῖος ἦν, κ. τ. λ.

Χειμῶν δ'τ' ἤδη χιόνα καὶ κρύος φέροι,
 φιλοξένους ἅπασιν ἀνέφξεν δόμους·
 ἔτη δὲ καίπερ ἐπτάκις γεγῶς δέκα,
 εἰσῆλθε πρῶτος εἰς χορὸν νεανικῶς·
 οὐ μὴν ἀλήτης γ' ἐκ δόμων ἐφθαρμένος
 αὐλῆς ἀπωστὸς νηλεῶς ἐξηλάθη,
 τοὺς γὰρ μεγίστους ἐστιῶν πάντας θέλων,
 ὁμοιον αἰὲν εἶχε τῶν σμικρῶν λόγον.
 τοῖος ἦν, κ. τ. λ.

Πλημμυρίδος δὲ τῆς παλιρρόθου δίκην,
 (Μοίρα βροτοῖς γὰρ πᾶσιν ἔσθ' ὑπεκτέον)
 σιγῇ πελάζων ἤσυχον τύμβῳ βάσιν,
 γέρων ὁ κεδνὸς ἐξαπηλλαχθὲ βίσι.
 ἢ πόλλ' ἐκείνου ψυχρὸν ὕγραινεν τάφον
 Χερῶν τε παιδῶν τ' ὀρφανῶν δακρύματα·
 ποῦ γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἀξίωμ' ἄλλου τινὸς
 θανάτου τὸ λυγρὸν ξύμβολον δείξειεν ἂν,
 οἷος ἦν, κ. τ. λ.

Χρόνος δ' ἀπάντων εἰ φέρει μεταλλαγὴν,
 φθίνουσιν θ' ὦραι καὶ μεθίστανται νόμοι,
 αἱ τῶν Βρεταννῶν χεῖρες ἦ τ' εὐψυχία
 σώσουσιν αἰὲ τὸν Βρεταννικὸν λεῶν.
 κεῖ μὴ τανῦν ἐστᾶσιν αἱ χῆλοι πλέα
 ὅσων τὸ πρόσθεν χρημάτων ἐπλήθυνον,
 ὅμως ἔτ' εἰσὶ χεῖρες εἰς χρεῖαν μάχης,
 καὶ φρὴν φίλοις τοὺς πένητας ὠφελεῖν,
 οἷος ἦν, κ. τ. λ.

THE LONDON SUICIDE COMPANY.

[In *Bentley's Miscellany* for November 1839, the following prospectus appeared—or rather ought to have appeared, for previously to its publication in that work, it went through some chemical analysis, by which its component parts were disunited by the editor. The author's only motive for now printing it in its entire form, is not from the presumption that it is worthy of a better fate than being soldered up in a leaden coffin; but that without it, most of the allusions contained in the succeeding article, "The Report," would be nearly, if not entirely, unintelligible.]

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW JOINT-STOCK COMPANY.

TO BE CALLED

THE LONDON SUICIDE COMPANY,

(In connexion with the *Metropolitan Cemeteries*).

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SOLICITORS :—Messrs SKULL & CROSS-BONES.

The well known propensity amongst the natives of this highly enlightened and religious nation, (particularly since the march of intellect has made such rapid strides amongst us, to put an end to themselves); and the great increase of suicides, have suggested the formation of a society having for its objects the encouragement and facilitation of this truly national amusement.

The Company have the gratification of announcing that they have already made arrangements for the exclusive use of the Monument (which has recently become so attractive a place for suicidal purposes), and alterations are already in progress, by which the very slight impediments now existing will be entirely removed, and that noble pillar rendered one of the safest and securest means of *exit* this metropolis affords.

For the convenience of West-end subscribers, similar arrangements have been entered into with the proper authorities, for the use of the Duke of York's Column, near St. James's Park,—to which fact they particularly invite the attention of those creditors, who some years since proved their debts under the estate of a Royal Insolvent.

Those interested in DROWNING, will feel particularly interested in the fact that the proprietors and shareholders of Waterloo Bridge have entered into an arrangement with the Company on most advantageous

terms, by which the very few guards that already check this popular resort, will be entirely removed,—the proprietors undertaking to employ none but deaf toll-keepers, and to throw every difficulty in the way of officious watermen, or mistaken philanthropists. The Company, in return for these unprecedented advantages, has engaged to present a hundred free shares to the original bond-holders of that highly successful enterprise for their own personal use and enjoyment.

Through the peculiar facilities afforded by the THAMES TUNNEL, and the liberality of its directors, the Company is enabled to offer a new method of self-destruction, with the becoming appearance of accidental death. When a sufficient number of subscribers shall have signified their desire of availing themselves of these new improvements, an irruption will take place of the most complete and decided character: as it is considered that the projectors of that great metropolitan improvement have a prior claim, they are earnestly invited to participate in the advantages thus held out.

The Government, with its ordinary solicitude for the welfare and recreation of the public, has kindly permitted the approaches to the Serpentine to be rendered much easier and more convenient, and the most dangerous parts (hitherto accessible to the public at large) to be exclusively appropriated to the shareholders of this Company, free from any possible molestation of the assistants of the Humane Society.

Remarkably snug and gloomy apartments, with extensive views of dead-walls mounted with *chevaux-de-frise*, commodiously fitted up with charcoal grates (in the newest Parisian fashion), Dr. Arnott's, and Joyce's patent stoves, will be appropriated for those who have a preference to suffocation. A choice selection of modern French novels and dramas will be set apart for the exclusive use of the supporters of this section of the institution. Those ladies and gentlemen who wish to destroy themselves in the most romantic and sentimental manner, will thus find every facility afforded them at a moderate increase of the usual charges.

Those more matter-of-fact individuals who prefer the older and now nearly obsolete practices of hanging, shooting, or poisoning, will find their predilections have been attentively regarded. The provisional Board of management has already secured the eminent services of John Ketch, Esq., (who has been enabled to accept the appointment by the recent abridgement of his official duties), and who will instruct subscribers in forming the easiest, most efficacious, and at the same time fashionable *tie*. Some of the most cheerful rooms in her Majesty's new palace, (commanding excellent prospects of St. George's hospital and Tothill field's prison) have been appropriated for this method of going out of the world. The new proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, willing to run a generous race of rivalry with the Company, have also offered their extensive pleasure-ground (with the use of the strongest branches of the trees) for the same benevolent purpose. The Company has also undertaken, at its own expense, to throw open a view of the Penitentiary at Millbank, which exhilarating prospect will most undoubtedly have a beneficial effect on the minds of such of the subscribers as may not be completely made up to the contemplated act.

The selections of Poisons has been confided to an eminent chemist, who has succeeded in forming a unique collection of the most deadly

and efficacious, with a proper regard to variety, both as regards taste, and the manner and time of operation. The directors proudly invite public investigation of their patent Prussic acid, which has been tried with invariable success at the infirmaries of several poor-law Unions. Many eminent brewers, distillers, and wine merchants, have also lent their valuable assistance to this part of the undertaking.

The patrons of the TRIGGER are politely informed that retired places in the Company's ground, (with a correct model of the interior of the King's Bench prison,) with an airy and commodious shooting gallery, embellished with views of Crockford's, the St. Leger betting-room, the Stock Exchange, and Westminster Hall, will be appropriated to their exclusive use. Hair-trigger pistols of the best makers will be provided also for the subscribers, under the immediate superintendence of a retired officer of artillery.

Every facility and encouragement will be afforded to such ladies and gentlemen who are desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of the institution, but have not completely made up their minds. The works of Paine, Volney, Gibbon, and Voltaire, and the most eminent of the deistical and atheistical writers, will be always ready for the edification of the supporters of the Company. Facilities will also be afforded for their admission into the most fashionable gambling clubs. Schemes for foreign loans, and prospectuses of all the joint-stock companies, will be regularly taken in and filed. A "gin palace" will be on the premises, as well as the accredited agent of a foreign lottery office. Lectures will also be given on Socialism, and the newly received opinions on conjugal infidelity, and freedom of discussion on religious topics.

From its claims for social improvement, and its adaptation to the national characteristics and prejudices, this project necessarily possesses strong claims to the capitalist and speculator. The patronage of the respective coroners, and the connexion of the various cemeteries, and the number of eminent undertakers who have already taken an interest in the project, are significant indications of its ultimate success.

The Company will commence business in November next (a month so proverbial for the exercise of this national pursuit), and confidently expect to be shortly in full operation.

Applications for shares (each admitting the holder to a free participation of the advantages above enumerated) to be made at the Secretary of the Company, JOHN MATTOCKS, Esq., Church-yard Court, Temple.

[Some would-be critics, more nice than wise, may choose to enter their protest against the spirit of the preceding prospectus. To endeavour to extract a joke from gloomy materials is quite enough, we are aware, to put their morality in alarm, and to shock them from their very sensible propriety. To these worthy persons we candidly admit, that if our object had been to amuse only, a more promising topic might easily have been found. If we had not considered the real aim obvious, we should have followed the good old plan so familiarly illustrated by Dodsley in our younger days, who after each of his delightful fables appended a "*moral*," (which we can most conscientiously affirm we as invariably "skipped"); and to such of our readers as have read our

fable without discovering its application, we beg, for their especial edification, "next time they open *Æsop*," to insert the following

MORAL.

Many have been deterred from the commission of offences against themselves and society, less from an apprehension of the more serious consequences, than from the dread of appearing ridiculous; whilst others have found more ethical improvement after a hearty cachinnation with

"Rabelais in his easy chair,"

than they would after listening to the best written homily, aided by all the fervour of "John Knox preaching."]

FIRST REPORT OF THE LONDON SUICIDE COMPANY.

The Chairman and Directors have great pleasure in laying before the Proprietors and the public their first report.

In establishing this Company, the views of the projectors, as to the profits which, under a successful management, might probably arise from it, were formed principally in anticipation of the great increase of suicides, which they might fairly calculate upon, in affording so many facilities for the certain and convenient gratification of that great and national propensity. In admitting that they have been altogether deceived in their prognostications—that they are under the necessity of following the example of all other joint-stock Directors, whose first report is invariably a candid admission of their own gross blunders, or "mistaken estimates,"—in announcing the startling fact, that not a single death has been added to the bills of mortality through the agency of their Company, the Directors have still the satisfaction of informing the shareholders, that no loss will be incurred to them through the failure of the Company's anticipations in this respect. To solve this paradox, it is only necessary to state, that if the Directors' elaborate exertions for enabling their fellow-creatures to destroy themselves, by the most elegant, genteel, and scientific methods, have not been rewarded by an ungrateful public with the success they deserve,—yet, still, a new and profitable branch of business has proved more than a recompense. The proposals of the Company were originally addressed to such of her Majesty's subjects as really and *bonâ fide* wanted to die: the success of the Company is, however, attributable, *mirabile dictu*, to that very numerous class (the very last from which it might have reasonably expected support)—those ladies and gentlemen who do not want to die at all! In short, although the books of each branch of the establishment were, within the first week of its opening, filled with the names of subscribers; although the candidates for hanging, shooting, drowning, poisoning, suffocating, and precipitating themselves, were as numerous as the most sanguine wishes of the projectors had led them to expect; although no complaints were made of the inefficacy of the means provided by the Company for the accommodation of the public; yet no loss of life has resulted from these truly great and extensive plans for individual destruction. The profits of the establishment have, however, been the same as if in every case the catastrophe had actually occurred. No person connected with this valuable institution has

received, or can receive any disappointment, excepting the undertakers and cemetery directors; and even the loss of these estimable functionaries has been of a very partial character. Many of the subscribers to this Company, in enrolling their names in order to avail themselves of its advantages, have with much consistency bespoken their own funerals of the undertakers in connexion with it (a per-centage being in all cases allowed to the Directors),—selected their own feathers and coffin embellishments, sent the coroner (who has also opened an account with the Company) his fee, with an intimation as to the time his services will be required, in order to prevent the possibility of disappointment;—selected a plot of ground for their “snug lying;” forwarded their compliments, with five guineas and a hat-band, to the clergyman, along with the heads for their funeral sermons;—had their epitaphs composed by one of the Company’s poets (the Directors having been obliged to engage three professional gentlemen for this branch of the business alone);—letters written to their afflicted relatives, and announcements prepared for the respective newspapers, of their deaths; and after all these elaborate preparations, have very philosophically put an end—not to themselves—but to all intention of violence against themselves.

In announcing this extraordinary and unlooked-for source of emolument, the Directors have at the same time the gratification of claiming the approbation of the public, for the great moral advantages which have been secured to the community by the establishment of this Company. In order to make these results apparent, they have classified, under different heads, the principal candidates for self-destruction.

I. *The imaginary unhappy.* This comprises a very large number of individuals of both sexes, and of all ages, who *fancy* themselves to be labouring under severe disappointment or distress: who, while they have the possession of their bodily and mental faculties, believe themselves to be the most unfortunate and ill-used of created beings. This includes that very numerous class of young gentlemen, who follow “the nothing-to-do” profession: and those equally numerous young ladies, whose reading has been limited to sentimental novels and modern poetry, and who of course are, or (what is exactly the same thing) imagine themselves to be victims of the tender passion. These have been found to be amongst the most profitable of the Company’s customers.

II. The really unhappy, and who have some cause for being so, either by deserved or undeserved calamity. [N.B. This class has been represented by such a very few individuals, as to be really undeserving of a separate division, could it have been conveniently placed under any other.]

III. The undoubtedly profligate and depraved. These comprise by far the most numerous class of the Company’s subscribers. Among them are to be found a very great number of those individuals who carry into effect on others the injuries they threaten towards themselves. This division includes idle and abandoned young men, who, not having the disposition or inclination for exertion, have become burthens to their parents and friends, and whose constant and generally successful threat—when refused the means of further indulgence in their debaucheries—is, to lay violent hands on themselves. It also includes members of the

opposite sex, who having no fixed or well-regulated principles, have given way to the temptations of what is somewhat perversely called "a gay life;" who, finding they are no longer the same objects of attraction, and feeling they can no longer awaken tenderness, endeavour to rouse apprehension, and make the threat of self-destruction a safe and cheap speculation. Amongst those who have largely contributed to this very ample division, are confirmed drunkards, convicted swindlers, kicked black-legs, and pick-pockets that have been pumped upon.

IV. The large order of the mendicant tribe, who usually go under the appellation of "genteel beggars," and whose professional pursuits have been so unpleasantly stopped by the operations of the Mendicity Society. Unfortunate individuals who have fired pistols (which they have previously ascertained are certain to flash in the pan) at their heads, in order to arouse the somewhat obtuse or too-often-tried sympathy of their neighbours. Young ladies, who choose the most public places of resort, and the shallowest parts of the river, to drown themselves. Manœuvring widows and disappointed housekeepers, who hang themselves with rotten garters; speculating clerks, and embezzling shop-assistants, that manage to let their masters know they have taken poison in time for the administration of an antidote;—form the aggregate of this very extensive class.

V. Those very lamentable members of society, who are conscious that they are a disgrace to, as well as a burthen on it; and this involves, the Directors are justified in adding, *all* who neglect or violate the social duties: possessing, as they possibly may, some claims to our compassion, how much more are they deserving of our honest indignation! Cowards, who dare not breast the storms of fate, would, with a strange inconsistency, dare the perilous gulphs that lie still deeper! Sons, who have, by their wilful folly or waywardness, disappointed the fair hopes of their parents, or perhaps brought their grey hairs with sorrow to their graves! daughters, who have crimsoned a father's cheeks with shame, or wrung a mother's bosom with grief. Husbands, who have squandered in dissipation the means of their families' existence;—faithless or extravagant wives, to whom the misery which they have brought on their partners or offspring, is a spectacle more harrowing than even the reproaches of a guilty conscience. Fraudulent bankrupts, and faithless friends, whose villainy has been exposed, and whose treachery has been detected. This class has highly contributed to the funds of the Company, and, as it is believed, with the real intention of the parties to avail themselves of its objects: but they have been frustrated, through the circumstances hereinafter detailed.

In respect to the causes which have led to a change so great and unexpected in the prospects of the Company, the Directors will exhibit them in reference to the classes already enumerated.

As to the *first* and *third* class—the *imaginary unhappy*, and the *really profligate*—the purchase of a ticket of admission to one of the Company's establishments, and a careful examination of its merits or adaptation to the end proposed, has been generally found quite sufficient. In the first place, the subscriber has usually taken very good care that his visit should be known to such of his friends, on whose vigilance he thinks he may depend. If, however, they should be really so

apathetic or short-sighted as not to observe his intention, the production of the ticket (of course *accidentally*) has the desired effect. Thus it usually follows, after the Company has received a handsome gratuity for affording the means of destruction, it receives an equally handsome one for affording the means of prevention. The Directors have here the satisfaction of observing that they have generally found, that, like certain advertised medicines, "one dose of which is a certain cure," the purchase of one single ticket, entitling the bearer to hang, drown, shoot, poison, suffocate, or precipitate himself, has been found to answer all the purposes that might reasonably be expected from a genuine and uncontradictable hanging, drowning, shooting, poisoning, suffocation, or precipitation. Those suffering under imaginary distress, have found a magical charm in their ticket, which has, by some miraculous means (something similar perhaps to the effect produced on a sufferer from the tooth-ache by the sight of a dentist with his extracting instruments), impressed on them that the indubitable and certain unpleasantness of going out of the world by any manner of means, is in fact a much more disagreeable affair than continuing in it. The tickets in these instances have been found to operate as a mental tonic, and in many cases restored the minds of the possessors to a state of energy and wholesomeness never before appreciated.

As to the *really profligate*, after they have purchased tickets, for the purpose of imposing on the over-calculated sympathy of their friends, they have discovered, much to their astonishment, the real estimation in which they have been held. In nearly every instance the misguided subscriber has found, that so far from his premature demise being an event to be regretted, it has been looked forward to as the only circumstance which had, in reference to himself, a gratifying prospect. Individuals who have been so far out of their calculation as to purchase tickets with the view of frightening their relatives, have been so thoroughly disappointed by the coolness with which the announcement of their dreadful intentions has been received, and so annoyed by the philosophical consolation it has afforded, that they have indignantly declared, that instead of killing themselves, in order to oblige their ungrateful and unsympathizing friends and relatives, that they will live on purposely to vex and annoy them.

As to the *fourth* class, the ladies and gentlemen who make it a business of obtaining the means of putting an end to their erroneous lives, without the most distant intention of rendering that benefit to society, the Company's tickets have been found an eligible source of investment. In obedience to the candour which the Directors trust will always distinguish their proceedings, they feel compelled to state, that through a jealous interference on the part of the magistracy and police, little can be expected from this branch of the Company's business in future,—many of its most liberal supporters having been sent to the Tread-Mill and House of Correction, as rogues and vagabonds.

In respect to the *second* and *fifth* class, the *really unhappy* and the *really guilty*, who, in availing themselves of the Company's numerous advantages, had doubtless sincere intentions of laying desperate hands on themselves, the Directors beg leave to offer the following serious observations. In submitting their proposals originally to the public, they did so with the undisguised object of offering an eligible source of

pecuniary investment. They honestly confess they had not the slightest intention of endeavouring to reform society, nor the ambition of effecting a moral revolution. They have, however, *now* the proud satisfaction of declaring, that they have achieved both of those great and philanthropic objects. The imaginary hypochondriac, coming into contact with the real sufferer, or the guilty offender, each seeking with himself the same remedy, has felt ashamed of his weakness, pocketed his ticket, and blessed his stars, that after all, his "way of life" is not quite so thorny or crooked as many of his neighbours! The real sufferer, making the discovery that people without cause are just as miserable as himself who has an excuse, begins to believe that imagination may, after all, have lent something of its deceitful colours to his unhappy history. Instead, therefore, of seeking the means of putting an end to his troubles, he taxes his ingenuity for a way of bearing them, and is invariably successful. Others, who may possess the consciousness that it is to their own self-indulgence their misfortunes may be attributed, find, while seeking the same remedy as those who are undeservedly unfortunate, a contrast presented which conveys its own stern moral; and generally come to the conclusion, that as life has become insufferable through their viciousness, it may possibly be rendered endurable by an exact performance of their duties as members of society. They have promised at any rate to try the experiment, and if they do not find it answer, the Directors have engaged to present them with fresh tickets, free of expense.

Thus, while the hands of the Company are bloodless,—while they have no burthen on their collective conscience, (if a Joint-Stock Company can, under any circumstances, be allowed to possess that immaterial incumbrance,) they have the satisfaction of feeling that they have discharged the trusts imposed on them, as well as having advanced the cause of morality and social improvement.

In respect to the fiscal affairs of the society, the Directors have the great gratification of announcing, that, owing to the very extraordinary degree of public patronage that they have received, its funds are in the most healthy and prosperous state. The Treasurer's balance-sheet (signed by the two auditors) is annexed, from which it will appear, that after payment of all the preliminary expences of establishing the Company, there yet remains a balance in the Treasurer's hands of *three pence half-penny in favour of the Company*. The directors do not wish to be considered as pointing to that sum as anything remarkable in mere amount; but as remarkable,—nay, as unprecedented, in the annals of Joint-stock Associations, that there should be anything at all to divide, after the projectors of the Company, the engineers, solicitors, and secretary have been satisfied.

To this gratifying statement there is some—but a very slight—drawback. The land upon which the Company's buildings have been erected is not yet paid for; neither have the accounts of the tradesmen employed yet been discharged. To enable the Directors to fulfil the engagements they have entered into, and to meet other contingencies, a call of three pounds will be made on each subscriber's share.

As the solicitors' bill will form an important item in the balance-

sheet, the Directors have also annexed a copy (A) as a rider to their report, for the gratification of the shareholders.

RIDER A.

The Directors and Registered Shareholders of }
 "The London Suicide Company."

1839	To SKULL and CROSSBONES.....	<i>Drs.</i>			
October.	To attendances on Projectors, proposed Directors, forming proposed Company, both partners engaged thirty-one days (including Sundays) at six guineas <i>per diem</i>		£	s.	d.
		195	6	0
	To drawing prospectus		5	5	0
	Copies for each of the Directors		1	5	0
	Attending each therewith, when every one suggested an amendment, each inconsistent with the remainder ..		2	2	0
	Drawing fresh prospectus, in which the various amendments and suggestions of the Directors were included		5	5	0
	Attending Directors therewith, when each Director struck out what the others had introduced, consequently the prospectus remained as when first submitted to them		2	2	0
	Copying prospectus for the printer		0	5	0
	Attending him therewith, and afterwards for same printed		0	6	8
	Folding prospectuses		5	5	0
	Paid ten extra clerks delivering same.. .. .		10	10	0
	To attending public meeting		3	3	0
	To dining at public dinner (engaged from six o'clock P.M. to half-past eleven)		2	2	0
	To attending taking coffee afterwards.. .. .		0	13	4
	To making seventeen bows to influential men in the city, at 6s. 8d. each		5	13	4
	Instructions for deed of settlement		0	13	4
	Drawing same, folios 1000		50	0	0
	Fair copy for Counsel to settle		17	10	0
	Fee to Mr. Shave to peruse and settle, and clerk		66	0	0
	Attending him		1	1	0
	Engrossing		25	0	0
	Stamps and parchment		70	10	0
	Attending execution by Trustees and Directors .		12	10	0
	Copy deed of settlement to refresh our memories		25	0	0
	Drawing this bill, and copy for the Directors		0	10	0
	Clerk's attendance to deliver same, and to receive cash ..		0	6	8
	Many letters and attendances, not previously charged ..		105	0	0
			£614	4	4

RIDER B.

The Trustees of the London Suicide Company in account with the Treasurer.

1839 Oct.	To deposit paid up of 990 shares at one pound a share	Cr. £ s. d.	1839 Nov.	Paid Messrs Skull and Crossbones, Solicitors to the Company, their bill	Dr. £ s. d.
	Receipts for tick- ets of admission from the 1st of November, 1839 to the 1st of Nov. 1840	990 0 0 1120 0 0		— Mr. MATTOCKS, secretary, one year's salary in advance	614 4 4 315 0 0
	Received for "pre- vention" fees ..	303 10 0		Advertising	130 5 6
				Printing & station- ery	70 9 9
				Servants & work- men's wages ..	231 10 1½
				Gratuity to SIMON CATCHFLAT, Esq. for planning the Company	1052 0 0
				Invested in Exche- quer bills	0 0 0
				In hands of Bank- ers	0 0 0
				Balance in hands of Treasurer	0 0 3½
		<u>£2413 10 0</u>			<u>£2413 10 0</u>

Audited 29th Oct. 1840

J. BUBBLE (Auditor chosen by Directors)

T. SQUEAK (Auditor chosen by shareholders).

PENCILINGS OF UNDERGRADUATES.*

"To point a moral."—DR. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER III.

"And he whose tale I tell thee,—dost thou listen?"—COLERIDGE. *Remorse*.

It was a wet, dismal night. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind swept in gusts along the narrow streets, filling the air with its plaintive howl, and threatening the lamps with momentary extinction.

For some seconds the Jew appeared to hesitate as to the direction he should pursue. He looked up to the dark heaven as if half-expecting that the clouds would break away, and give its glory to the night;—then turning on his left hand, he made towards the fields which are situated on the margin of the sedgy, sluggish Cam.

On the outskirts of Barnwell, between that suburban district and the river, and exactly opposite the village of Chesterton, there has flourished for the last century and a half, a large hostelry, or house of entertainment, built for the accommodation of merchants frequenting Stourbridge Fair. It occupies its site in solitude, and stands far apart from every other building, a huge grey pile of desolate and abandoned ruin, its threshold being never crossed by human footstep for more than eleven months in the year.

In the month of September, however, towards the latter end of the Long Vacation, the signs of bustle and activity common to the approach of a great fair begin to manifest themselves in its neighbourhood. The proprietors of the various booths congregate upon the spot, and many a quip and many a jest goes round. Poles are erected, indicative of cake-stalls and raree-shows, and the tarpaulin and the canvas swing flapping to the breeze. The pockets of the urchin grow heavy with hoarded pence, and his head turns dizzy with apparitions of gilt gingerbread.

For a week previous to these preparations, the building in question has altered its appearance. The huge shutters are unbarred, and the daylight drives the rats to their hiding-places. The dust and cobwebs, which have remained unmolested since the carnival of the preceding year, are swept away. The spacious cellars are supplied with casks and barrels. The rusted grate appears once more bright. Every article of the culinary department is put in requisition, and the deserted kitchen reeks with the savour of the hash and stew-pan.

The place is a curiosity in its way, and it may be well if we step out of our course to describe it. Let the reader, therefore, imagine a large, antiquated, brick pile, consisting of four stories, the lowest of which is almost hidden in the earth, and derives its scanty light from two shapeless, unglazed apertures, guarded by bars of rusted iron. The next, which should properly be called the ground-floor, is divided into four

* Continued from p. 366.

compartments, separated by thin and tottering partitions,—two of which are made, at the season of the fair, to answer the temporary purposes of sleeping apartments; another serves as a counting-house, and the remaining two supply the traffic of the bar and pot-room. The windows, or rather the gaps which have been formed in their stead, contain neither glass nor casement of any sort. The shutters are lowered till they reach a horizontal position, and are then transformed into tables,—and that of no ordinary size. Shelves appear bright with pewter-pots, and plates and dishes range themselves in order.

A flight of broad oaken stairs with massive bannisters, fashioned in olden times, conduct to the upper stories. The next floor differs materially from the one last described. It is one extensive apartment, in length perhaps seventy feet, in breadth forty, and, like the London coffee-houses, portioned off into small nests or boxes, each with its own seats and table. These nests are fifty in number, and extend in treble rows the entire length of the apartment. Fragments of placards relating to the commerce and the novelties of the fair more than a century back, still adhere to the walls; and there we may read of—"assemblies of merchants from the Royal Exchange,"—"the unrivalled conjurer who will swallow sixteen swords in succession,"—"the wonderful microcosm, or the world of art in miniature;" the indistinct type being rendered still more illegible by smearings of whitewash. And further, there is the little room in which the Vice-Chancellor, Proctors, and other officials of the University assemble to permit the fair to be holden according to ancient usage.

The next floor, with less of comfort, is little more than a continuation of the former. There are the same partitions, though fewer in number; the roof likewise slopes from the centre, and the windows, though numerous, are too small to admit much daylight. A low, awkward doorway at the further end, which constrains the person who enters to stoop almost to the ground as he crosses the threshold, opens into an apartment—

The Jew! How the wind howled around that lonely pile! He heard it, ere the dim, misshapen structure appeared in view, rising dark and massive against the midnight sky. The clouds were sweeping along, thick and fast, over his head, while every step he took, hurried him through miry, plashy puddles, that still increased as he neared the water-side.

There might have been something in the communication which he had received from the girl that served to ruffle the equanimity of his temper. He seemed to brood over the conversation, short as it was, which had passed between them, as if endeavouring to extract from it some hidden meaning, couched in terms apparently of no import, but necessary as a veil in the presence of the younger female. The hasty manner in which his questions were responded to, and the girl's solicitude for his departure, seemed to imply some mystery which he was unable to solve.

It was a wild night. Perhaps, if we could have looked into the breast of the Jew, as he revolved these things in his mind, we might have discovered that his anxiety was wilder still.

With hurried and unimpeded steps he arrived at the building to

which we have drawn the reader's attention. The annual fair had been just held, and some of the poles of which the frame-work of the booths had been constructed, were not yet removed. But there was no human being on the spot, except that one who now surveyed it. It was very lonely. He almost regretted that he had ventured thither.

He remembered, too, a strange story had been once told him of a murder that had been committed there,—the consequence of some drunken squabble. The murderer had been insulted by his victim, and had washed out the offence in blood. A hue-and-cry had been raised all over the country; discovery took place, and the law was carried into execution,—somewhere in the neighbourhood—the place had been formerly pointed out to him, and just now, when he would have wished to forget it, his memory had acquired a provoking accuracy. He had never known such solitude before.

Arrived full in sight of the house, he perceived, after much observation, that the apartment in the furthest corner, immediately under the sloping roof of the building, was inhabited. He had expected this; and notwithstanding the pains they had taken to conceal it, his practised eye discovered the single ray of rush-light, which struggled through an aperture in the shutter, piercing the darkness of the night. It was faint—very faint; but it served the Israelite's purpose as fully as a beacon's blaze.

The door would no doubt be fastened. He tried it, and the handle yielded to his pressure.

It was a strange thing. The Jew was almost startled at his own success.

With stealthy step, and fearful of the noise which his own breathing made, he ascended the broad oaken staircase. It was very dark, and he had to grope his way, catching at the rails to guide him as he passed along.

When he had gained the top story, his resolution seemed to waver. There was a light gleaming through the crevices of a door at the distant end of the apartment, and the sound of voices became faintly audible. Summoning up courage, after the manner of a man who is about to commit a desperate action, he made three strides to the threshold and entered.

It was a wretched place. The plaster had fallen from the walls, and had left exposed the naked laths and rafters. The room was situated at the gable end of the building, and the roof sloped in all directions: there was barely space enough for a person to stand upright beneath it. One rickety deal table, a chair without a bottom, and a miserable pallet formed of rags and straw, huddled together in one corner, and barely sufficient to hide the rotten boards from view, comprised the whole of the furniture. It was a kennel that a dog would have spurned.

A girl,—a young girl, and formed in a mould the most delicate and exquisite,—was the sole inhabitant of the chamber thus described. A door, that communicated either with a passage or some inner apartment, closed as the Jew entered, and the sound of retreating footsteps died away in the distance.

She could not have numbered nineteen years. There is a spell about youth and beauty which the most hardened are unable to resist, and the Jew stood silent and irresolute in her presence.

A fair slight creature—beautiful as a dream from which we long not to awaken, whose cheek the breeze of heaven might literally too roughly visit—she seemed born to tread the earth as if sent upon some angel errand. And with that meek, pensive brow, and that sad down-cast eye, that told only of innocence—and innocence in its loveliest form—what did she there in that wild haunt of guilt—for what else than guilt could harbour there? Alone—shut out from all communication with the rest of mankind, except those who were interested in her confinement, and at that actual moment in the power of a man, of all her persecutors the vilest and most unrelenting,—what, but that courage which is not of earth, but which seems lent in proportion to their need and purity to sustain the weakest in their time of trial, could have given support to that frail, timid girl? She had thrown herself, wretched and despairing, upon the bed; but, as the Jew entered, she arose and met him—face to face. There were few objects in the apartment: he surveyed them all in succession, and then fixed his gaze upon the floor,—he dared not encounter *her's*.

* * * * *

The dawn of a new day,—a day as fair and tranquil as the night preceding it had been wild and stormy,—was breaking in the east, when the Jew descended the stairs, and reeled from the deserted structure—it could not be called a house—with tottering and uncertain steps.

Haggard, to a degree that would almost have made self-recognition impossible had a mirror been suddenly placed before him, he skulked hurriedly along, as if ashamed that the dull grey light should track him on his homeward course. The owl drew the film over his eyes from the same cause; he dreaded, like the Jew, the coming face of day.

The girl, the child Leah, was slumbering by the expiring embers as he reached the door. She dared not retire to rest before her master's return, and nature had sunk in exhaustion from the toil of the previous day. She was not alone, however; a female, older than herself by some years—years of actual existence, as well as crime—was reclining by the side of the sleeping child.

Her age was about nineteen or twenty,—certainly not more; and her life—in her whole appearance, in her sunken cheek, in her wan and passionless features—that whole life was recorded. She started up as the Jew entered, and rose to meet him.

"I have found her," was his first remark.

"Then God Almighty help her, if you have!" cried the girl passionately.

"I have, I have—what do you say that for?" he demanded.

"Because the fly would escape the spider's clutches, sooner than a new victim free herself from your's—that's all, that's all."

The Jew made no reply, but dragging a chair towards the grate, he proceeded to rake the half-extinguished ashes, and, heaping them with sticks and shavings, to communicate a new life to the whole. The flame shot silently upward, casting a red and lurid reflection upon the walls around. The daylight streamed in through the crevices of the shutter. The Jew rose with a gesture of impatience to shut it out, stuffing rags into the chinks to effect his purpose. Then order-

ing the elder girl to her bed, he returned to his seat, and seemed wrapt in his own meditations.

The child was smiling sweetly in her sleep, as if the last events of her young life had been obliterated from her memory, and she was again with those whom she still loved best on earth. What blessed things dreams are!

The streets were no longer silent. Wagons and carts, and the busy tramp of passengers, and the cries of children, and the noise and shouts of men, all mingled together with the hum of awakened life; but amidst them all, the child slept soundly on, so calm and placid, so quiet and unmoved a sleep, that, instead of the bare rough floor, fancy might have pictured her reposing on a bed of down.

With his chin buried in his hands, and his eyes riveted on the grate, the Jew still kept his seat; he moved not, stirred not. The fire burnt clearer, the flame ascended higher and higher. And without, in the street, in the open air, were the beams of the bright sun, and the garish flood of day.

CHAPTER IV.

"Look round you upon the garden of humanity; see where the lilies, lovely and white as snow in their virgin purity, are blooming—see—see how many of them suddenly fade, wither, fall! Go nearer, and behold an adder lying coiled around their stems! Think of this, and then be yourself—young man, or old—*THAT ADDER* if you can!"—*DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.*

We have intimated that the inner door of the apartment to which we briefly alluded in the last chapter was suddenly closed at the very moment that the Jew had summoned sufficient courage to enter, and that the sound of retreating footsteps died away in the distance.

He had no sooner left the building, in the wild and agitated manner already recorded, than the same door re-opened, and a female, from whose appearance Southey might have modelled the portrait of his witch Lorrinite, presented herself at the threshold.

She was old, hideous, and decrepid; with sunken eyes, shrivelled cheeks, and hollow, toothless jaws. The expression of her features was revolting in the extreme; and her long straggling locks of whitened hair, her dull unmeaning gaze, the leer of idiocy which accompanied her lantern smile,—oh, what a contrast did they present to the exquisite beauty of the young and captive girl!

But alas! even in one so youthful, sorrow had already commenced its ravages. Her cheek, how much of its roundness had it lost! and how had the rose that must once have graced it, withered into paleness! The sickly hue of disappointment had gathered on her open brow. The fear of violence which presented itself to her imagination,—of violence, to a timid and friendless girl so dreadful in its nature, that she dared not lisp its name,—had taken from her, as it were, the very sense

of life ; and, like the sleeper in a trance, she was without the power, like the broken-spirited, without the will, of exertion.

"What did he say?" demanded the hag, making a huge stride towards her, and grasping her arm with her lank, attenuated fingers. "Did he say that we should have food, and clothes, and fire? It's very cold," she continued, shivering as she drew her scanty apparel tighter around her. "Did he say we should have a fire, dear?"

The girl gazed into the face of her companion, as if endeavouring to read in her wrinkled features some indication of pity and sympathy. But, from their loathsome expression, she turned away with a disappointed shudder, and answered the repeated question by a simple negative.

"Ay, ay, no food, no fire," the old woman grumbled, in a tone of extreme dissatisfaction. "No fire, no food,—always the same cry, morning and night, night and morning. What does he keep me here for? or why do I stay? Let him find some one else to do his bidding, and keep watch over the wretched creatures that he gets his bread by. The place is only fit for rats, and they would starve, God help them! Cold and hunger, cold and hunger!"

Willing to propitiate the only being to whom she could address a word of kindness, and feeling that even in such hideous company she was not quite alone, and perhaps not altogether unprotected, the poor girl ventured to lay her hand upon the woman's shoulder; and with a voice as soft and gentle, as we might suppose the speech of angels to assume, she begged her to sit down, and give herself no more trouble, for that she had enough money to purchase food. "And as for fire," she continued, almost in a cheerful tone, "there is a grate in the room below, and there are plenty of bits of wood and lumber lying about the house, and I will make a fire in an instant."

"But who said that we were to go down to the room below?" asked the hag, as if she mistrusted the design of her unhappy charge. "You must not think of running away;—that's what you are up to, and so we'll stay here."

"As you like," sighed the girl, drawing a crown from her pocket; "but here's money, and you can buy a loaf with it. If I choose to starve, you cannot."

"And what's to be done with it?" said the woman, grasping the coin and turning it over in her fingers. "What say ye to a herrin', dear? This would buy two or three, and bread besides, and cheese, darlin', perhaps, cheese."

"Buy what you like,—it is your own, to spend about what you please;" and the eyes of the speaker brightened up, as a sudden purpose flashed across her mind.

"Ah! I see what you'd be after," the crone exclaimed, nodding her head in approbation of her own acuteness; "you would see my back turned, and how long afore you were in the road, holloaing 'thieves,' and 'murder!' No, no—the food that passes our mouths this day will be brought here, and no one goes out but they that comes in, and has a right to be back'ards and for'ards as they please."

Her last hope, founded in the supposed cupidity of her companion, being thus destroyed, the wretched girl had nothing left but an appeal

to that Power which was never supplicated in vain. The thought, the blighting thought—the almost certainty, that she was imprisoned there for the very worst of purposes; that force would be used, and entreaty be of no avail; that her persecutors would be ruffianly and brutal men; that she was far removed from the help and hearing of the kind and merciful; that in that lone house, and on that wild desolate common, the ruin of a friendless girl would be effected, with no one near to whom she could turn even for pity—drawing nigher every moment, and perhaps even now about to be performed; the dreadful anticipation of this deadly wrong, too frightful to be heard or spoken of, so wrought upon her suffering spirits, that she sank back helpless, almost lifeless to the ground.

It was sad to witness. The aged crone, in whose bosom every feeling of pity might be supposed to have been withered up, bent gently over the fainting girl:—at that moment the door opened, and another party, a woman still, entered the apartment. It was the female in whose company, while waiting for her master's return, the child Leah had fallen asleep. She had resisted the Jew's mandate that she should retire to bed; and, having hastily clothed herself in shawl and bonnet, had made her escape from the back-door into the street. It was yet early morning; her resolution was formed in an instant, and she hurried on her intended journey.

"And this is her!" she exclaimed, bending by the side of the old woman, and helping her to raise the wretched girl from the floor. "She it is that he has found, and with whose beauty he means to lure yon silly boy. Oh! she is beautiful indeed,—and if she is still innocent, God Almighty shield her!"

And with attention, that even the affection of a sister could not have exceeded, she placed the object of her solicitude upon the bed, and prepared to watch beside her. The hag, contented that some one should relieve her from her charge and being probably acquainted with the features of the new comer, made no objection to her purpose. She stole from the room, and, casting upon the coin, which she still kept in her possession, the look of delight with which the miser views his hoards, crept stealthily down the stairs.

* * * * *

That morning's post brought a letter to Fitzherbert. It was from home, and in his sister's hand-writing. We shall take the liberty of looking over his shoulder, and reading it with him, such portions as are necessary, word for word.

* * * * *

—"But the event which has distressed us most, my dearest brother, is the disappearance of our poor Amy. You are well aware of her guardian's severity, his haughty, selfish disposition. Oh, how different from the mild and tender authority which her father exercised! You know how cruel was his treatment of her during your last visit in town, and how your bosom burned to avenge her indignities;—and her patience and submission; and how warmly she entreated you to be calm, and upon no account to run the risk of offending him. What she has suffered, what has at length happened, we none of us can conjec-

ture, further than her absence from her guardian's home. We feel convinced that, with regard to the course she has taken, he is as much in the dark as ourselves. Pitying the poor girl, as I must confess I do, I still think, my dear brother, that you did wrong to engage her affections. In the first place, she was not a match for you. True, she was a clergyman's daughter,—the almost portionless child of a poor curate : and, as the world goes, such an engagement was beneath your station. Do not suppose that I am one of those who would bid you wed for money only, or even make it a leading feature in your choice ; but 'Love in a hut,' as the poet says,—your own memory can supply the rest."

* * * * *

As if nature had indeed sunk under the trials which she had been made to bear ; as if sleep had fled her eyelids, and she had been compelled to watch through the entire day, and through the long intermitting night,—the poor girl had fallen into a deep, refreshing slumber. And, still guarding her rest as anxiously as the mother tends her infant child, the other kept watch over her pillow.

Under any circumstances, we speak of the female who had supplied the place of the absent crone,—under any circumstances she would have commanded attention. She had known poverty and want and shame ; the traces of those sufferings were stamped indelibly upon her features. Long familiarized with every species of depravity, she had been accustomed to mouth the abuse, and utter the execrations of the most loathsome of her sex. Yet, sunk as she was in the lowest pitfalls of degradation, practised in infamy, and expert in vice ; still would that bright and almost beaming eye, with its lingering expression of her girlhood's beauty, turned towards heaven, as if endeavouring to pierce beyond its bright cerulean, and behold the mother whose heart her shame had broken ; still would the recollections, crowding thickly upon her, of her childhood's home, her brother's kindness, and her sister's love,—her father's prayer, that her feet might never wander, and her mother's tears that stained her cradle-bed ; still would all these things, that the observant eye might note, lead to the belief, that even she in God's good time might be made "a little lower than the angels," and the "fatted calf" be killed in heaven.

Long—so long, that even hours must have fled by during the interval, she continued to watch beside the sleeping girl. There were none to behold them ;—but the time crept slowly on ; and contrasted together—the one by her innocence and suffering, the other by her past crime and present repentance—they inhabited that silent room alone—

And all this period, without moving from the position which he had at first occupied, the Jew remained crouching in his chair, and gazing vacantly on the unconscious flame.

(To be continued.)

NEW WORKS.

New Theory of the Formation of Rain, and causes of the Aurora and Magnetism, by G. A. Rowell.

We take the following abstract from the report of the Proceedings of the Ashmolean Society, Oxford :—

“A paper on Meteorology, communicated by Mr. Rowell of Oxford, was read by the Secretary.

“The author's hypothesis is, that each particle of vapour, to rise in the air, must be expanded at least 860 times its bulk; that it carries with its proportion of electricity according to its *expanded surface*; that if condensed within the electrical attraction of the earth, the extra charge of electricity is withdrawn, and the vapour falls and becomes dew; but if it rises out of the electrical attraction of the earth, and is then condensed, the electricity being insulated, forms an atmosphere around each particle of vapour; which surcharge of electricity not only suspends the vapour by its buoyancy, but also repels the neighbouring particles of vapour, and prevents the formation of rain, and on the removal by any cause of the electricity enclosing the vaporous particles, the repulsion is removed, and the particles of vapour attract each other and form rain.

“That electricity is lighter than air in a very rarefied state, and is connected with surfaces rather than solids, the author considers to be known facts, and proceeds to explain the various phenomena of meteorology, &c. by the above theory, and states his opinion, that as heat is the cause of the formation of vapour, no vapour can be suspended at any great height where the air is cold and rarefied, without some buoyant power: that the surcharge of electricity prevents in some degree the complete condensation of vapour, and on the escape of part of its charge, the vapour becomes visible and forms clouds, as no vapour could be suspended at any great height without the cold of the upper region condensing it, unless protected by electricity or something similar.

“That no dense cloud could be suspended *at any time* without the particles of vapour attracting each other and forming rain, unless each particle has a repulsive power; and it is well known that all bodies similarly surcharged with electricity, repel each other; clouds in passing over or near high hills, would part with their electricity to the earth, and the repulsion of the particles of vapour being thus removed, they coalesce and form rain. The author thus accounts for mountainous countries being more subject to rain than plains, especially if the mountains rise to the level of the clouds.

“That the rains which generally accompany extensive fires or eruptions of volcanos are caused by the great heat forming vapour, which on reaching certain heights is condensed to clouds, but the dense column of vapour and smoke still rising, forms conductors for the surcharge of electricity to the earth, and the repulsion of the particles being thus removed, rain is precipitated.

“Another cause of rain he considers to be the pressure of gravitation: thus, if a cloud is forming, the accumulation of vapour is on every side, but especially from above, and clouds are thus piled to a great height; each particle of vapour on joining the cloud would have its extra charge of electricity dispersed through the mass, would become of similar density with it, and therefore would press on the vapour below it; and although the repulsion of the particles of vapour be sufficient to prevent the formation of rain at the edges and thinnest parts of the clouds, the pressure at the greatest depth may overcome the repulsion, and form rain.

“That the change in weight of the atmosphere (except in high winds) is caused by the air being damp, and capable of conducting the electricity from the invisible vapour or clouds; this causes the clouds to rain, and at the same time the electricity in passing through the denser part of the atmosphere and occupying space, being lighter than the air, causes the atmosphere in the aggregate to be lighter. This view is supported by the fact of the fluctuations of the barometer being so much less in the tropics (where, owing to the great heat, the air is lighter bulk for bulk) than in the temperate regions, and the electricity must have the greatest effect in the heaviest air.

"That the successive flashes of lightning from the same cloud may arise from the vapour becoming more and more condensed, and causing a succession of accumulations of electricity on the surfaces of vapour, or from the formation of rain; for if several particles of vapour form one drop of rain, the surface of the rain will be much less than that of all the particles of which it is formed; and as the rain takes with it from the cloud only its proportion of electricity according to its surface, the formation must increase the electrical charge of the remaining vapour, and by the same means the dispersion of clouds after rain may be explained.

"The author then states his opinion, that by raising electrical conductors to the clouds, the electricity may be withdrawn, and the rain would follow, and that it may be possible to cause clouds to form by withdrawing the electricity from the invisible vapour by similar means.

"The aurora and magnetism the author accounts for as follows: The vapour rising at or near the equator being greatly expanded, rises to a great height with a proportion of electricity according to its surface, and according to Dr. Halley's theory of the trade winds, is carried towards the poles north or south, where the electricity is again received by the earth, and rushes along its surface towards the equator, or wherever the greatest formation of vapour is going on; this circulation of electricity during summer, at either pole, goes on freely, as the electricity is conducted to the earth by the damp air, but during the very severe frosts of winter the air must be quite dry, and the aurora is exhibited by the electricity passing through this non-conducting medium.

"The author considers the direction of the magnetic needle is owing to these streams of electricity from the poles to the equator, supporting his argument by the observations on the intensity of terrestrial magnetism; and he conjectures that the variation of the needle is caused by the increased height of mountains, by the accumulation of ice, &c. at the parts where the magnetic poles of the earth are supposed to be, because the height of mountains must have great effect on the quantity of electricity received by the earth at any part, and if the quantity received at a given point be more than the generality in the same degree of longitude, the streams of electricity would diverge east and west in their passage towards the equator, and the variation of the needle would be the probable result."

Hermann's *Treatise on the Particle "A"*. Translated, with Preface and Notes. By F. A. Paley, B.A., St. John's Coll. *In the press*.

The Works of Thomas Chatterton; with Notices of his Life, History of the Rowley Controversy, and Notes illustrative of the Poems. By Charles B. Wilcox, Trin. Coll., Camb. *In the press*.

Xenophon's *Agesilaus*, literally translated from the Text of Dindorf; with explanatory Notes. 2nd edition.

The *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, literally translated.

Demosthenes *Adv. Leptinem.* with Eng. Notes. 8vo. — *The Translation of Wolf's Protegomena may be had separately.*

Herodotus. B. I. with Notes.

Herodotus, B. I. to IV., accurately printed from the Text of Baehr; with Maps and letter-press. *In the press*.

Notes to the Four Books. *In the press*.

Notes to Book I., and Map to B. I.

Maps to Herodotus, with letter-press. *In the press*.

Demosthenis *Leptines*, translated; with Notes.

Cicero de *Senectute*; with English Notes. 12mo.

Ciceronis *Epist. ad Atticum*; with English Notes. 2 vols.

Ciceronis *Epist. ad Famil.* Vol. I.

Homeri *Ilias*. B. VII. to X.; with English Notes.

New and improved Translation of the *Catiline Conspiracy*.

Beatson's *Exercises for Latin Prose Composition*; with Examples and Hints for themes. 12mo.

Examination Papers on Plato, and Sallust; Livy, Herodotus, Aristotle, Thucydides, and Xenophon; Homer, Æschylus, Demosthenes, Cicero, Tacitus, Euripides, and Sophocles.

Examination Papers for Scholarships, &c., at Christ College, for the years 1835-6-7. By the Rev. J. Hildyard, M.A., Fellow and late Assistant Tutor. 8s.

Comitorum Græcorum Fragmenta, Notis et Versionibus tum Latinis, tum etiam Anglicis, instruxit Jacobus Bailey, A.M. e Coll. Trin.

Cicero on Old Age, literally translated, with notes, by a M.A. of the University.

Cicero on Friendship, by the same.

Fuller's History of the University of Cambridge, edited by the Rev. M. Prickett, M.A. F.S.A., and Tho. Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. of Trinity College.

Ecclesiastical Annals, from the Commencement of Scripture History to the Epoch of the Reformation, by Fred. Spanheim, D.D., translated and illustrated with Notes, by the Rev. Geo. Wright, Vicar of Nafferton.—Second Edition.

Elements of Euclid, containing the First Six Books, and the First Twenty-one Propositions of the Eleventh Book, in the Symbolical Form, by the Rev. J. M. Williams of Queens' College. Sixth Edition with an Appendix.

Outlines of Sermons for the Sunday Mornings throughout the year.—From Eminent Divines of the Church of England. Selected and arranged by the Rev. J. Gorle, M.A., Clare Hall, Cambridge.

Sonnets, written strictly in the Italian Style; to which is prefixed, an Essay on Sonnet Writing, by the Rev. William Pulling, M.A., A.L.S., of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Rector of Dymchurch and Blackmanstone, Kent. London: Bohn, Henrietta Street.

We have experienced much pleasure from the perusal of this little work. Our first impressions, we must confess, were those of prejudice, which were not lessened by a somewhat cursory examination of the Essay on Sonnet Writing, with which the volume opens. We consider Wordsworth as the greatest sonnet-writer in the English language, and Mr. Pulling's rhapsodies in behalf of the Italian model will never make us think otherwise.

Mr. Pulling, however, has produced some very respectable performances. We have no space left us for extracts, and must be contented with specifying the titles of those which pleased us most. We like the sonnet suggested by the scenery in the College Walks; those to Hope; to a Young Italian Musician; and the last in the volume, To the Deity, will do more than repay perusal. We differ from Mr. Pulling in the judgment he has passed on the Sonnets of Wordsworth and Milton, and we do not believe that Lord Byron is *unrivalled*.

The Royal Nuptials; a Prize Poem, by Joseph Hughes, Queens' College, Cambridge. Cambridge: T. Stevenson: London, Fraser.

The above Poem obtained the prize offered some time since, by the Reverend J. E. Browne, M.A. of Queens' College, Cambridge, to members of the College, who had not taken their M.A. degree. The successful candidate was Mr. Joseph Hughes of Hollywell, Flintshire. We are sorry we cannot give extracts from the Poem.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MAY 20.—At a convocation held at Oxford, on the 14th, Alexander Fowden Haliburton, Esq., M.A. of St. John's college, was admitted *ad eundem* to that University.—The living of the vicarage of Huddersfield, has been presented to the Rev. Josiah Bateman, M.A. of Queens' college, vicar of Marlborough, nephew and son-in-law of the Bishop of Calcutta, who is now in Huddersfield probationary, not having yet accepted the office. The rev. gentleman has been resident in India about six years.—The Rev. Robert Blunt, M.A., of St. John's college, vicar of Bisham, in Berkshire, has been presented to the vicarage of Belton, in Leicestershire, void by the death of the Rev. I. Eddows; on the presentation of the Marquis of Hastings.—A meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society was held on Monday the 18th, the president, Dr. Hodgson, Master of Peterhouse, in the chair. Some observations were made by Professor Ansted, of King's college, London, on the green sandstone formation; more especially with respect to its characteristic beds and fossils at Black-Down Hills, Devonshire. Professor Miller explained the structure of Heliotropes employed respectively by Gauss, Steinheil, and Schumacher, for throwing by reflection the sun's light to considerable distances, and in particular directions.—James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., of Jesus college, has been appointed Local Secretary for Cambridge to the Berkshire Ashmolean Society, an institution recently established, to commemorate the collections of Elias Ashmole, Esq., Windsor Herald, and to perpetuate, by publication, the many valuable materials relating to the history and antiquities of Berkshire, which exist in private collections, and in the libraries of London, Oxford, Cambridge, and elsewhere. Amongst several works suggested for publication, we observe a Chronicle of Abingdon Abbey, from an unpublished MS. in the library of this University. The anniversary meeting of the Cambridge Camden Society was held at the rooms of the Philosophical Society, on the 16th, at half-past seven. After the election of several new members, amongst whom were the names of the Chancellor of the University and the Marquis of Northampton, the report was read. It exhibited a brief view of the proceedings of the Society during the past year, and was ordered to be printed, together with the President's address. A paper was then read by Mr. Charles, of Trinity, on Bells. It pointed out the various steps by which they came to be held in such veneration, and contained some curious inscriptions from various parts of the country. A discussion arose on this paper, in which some interesting statements were made by Professor Corrie on the "Shriving" bell. Mr. Webb, of Trinity, then read the first of a series of papers on the Crypts of London. The subject of the present was that in Basinghall Lane. This gave rise to a long conversation on the original design and nature of crypts. The meeting adjourned at a quarter to ten. A party of the society joined the President on the 21st, in an architectural visit to the churches of Swaffham Prior, Burwell, and Fordham, in this county.

MAY 30.—Yesterday John Arthur Power, Esq. was elected a Senior Fellow of Clare Hall, and Thomas Caswall, Esq., B.A., a Junior Fellow of the same society.—*Caius College*: In the examination for the Mickleburgh Scholarship, the first place was obtained by Charles Wright Woodhouse, B.A. In the examination in Anatomy and Physiology, the first place, to which is given an Exhibition of 10*l.* for three years, was obtained by Charles John Hare.—A silver salver, in value upwards of fifty guineas, was, on the 28th instant, presented to the Rev. Edward Harold Browne, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel college, by some of the graduates and under-graduates of that society, in testimony of the high regard they entertain towards him, and the deep regret they feel at his leaving the university.—The Lord Bishop of Peterborough has recently instituted the Rev. Charles Atlay, M.A., to the rectory of Barroden in the county of Rutland, vacant by the death of the Rev. Richard Carez, on the presentation of the Marquis of Exeter.—*Cambridge Camden Society*: Our readers will be glad to hear, that the long projected restoration of the Tower of St. Benedict's is at length to be carried into execution. The parish having kindly given their leave, the renovating of this curious specimen of Saxon masonry will immediately commence. The tower will be pointed in ash mortar,

which will at the same time be a better protection from the weather, and will restore its original appearance. The west door, which is a barbarous wooden erection, will be removed, and one of stone, more suited to the character of the building, will be inserted.—*Destruction of York Minster*: At a meeting of the Cambridge Camden Society, held as soon as the news of this national calamity had reached this place, it was resolved that collecting cards should immediately be printed, for the use of its members, for the purpose of assisting in the restoration of this noble pile. The society itself headed the subscription with a liberal donation of £50., and we are glad to hear that a private individual has subscribed £25. in addition.

JUNE 6.—Queens' College: The annual prize of ten guineas for the best composition in Divinity, by a Bachelor of Arts, has been this year awarded to the Rev. Joseph Ketley.—Mr. Balston, Fellow of King's college, has been elected by the Provost and Fellows of Eton to the Assistant Mastership at the college, which had been rendered vacant by the Rev. Mr. Wilder having been appointed to the Fellowship held by the late Mr. Briggs.—The Rev. John Aspinall Addison, of St. John's college, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Barbon, Westmorland.—The Rev. Samuel Ashby, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke college, has been presented to the vicarage of Saxthorpe, Norfolk.—At a meeting of the Philosophical Society on Monday last, Dr. Paget in the chair, Mr. Hopkins made a communication respecting certain geological phenomena of elevation, and their connection with the existence of volcanos.—The Archdeacon of Ely has appointed the Rev. George Spence, LL.B., vicar of St. Clement's, in this town, a Surrogate to administer the requisite oaths on the granting of marriage licenses, faculties, and probates of wills and administrations, within the Archdeaconry of Ely.—At an ordination held by the Lord Bishop of Ely, in the parish church of St. George, Hanover Square, London, on 31st May, the following gentlemen of this University were ordained. *Deacons*: William Maundy Harvey Elwin, M.A., Pembroke college; Edward Ansley Peck, M.A., Trinity; Robert Alfred Rackham, B.A., Jesus; Joseph Townson, B.A., Queens'; Francis Arthur Baines, B.A., Christ's; Whiteley Mallinson, B.A., Magdalen; Francis Foster, M.A., Catharine Hall; William Marsh, B.A., Trinity Hall; Walter Allnut, B.A., Catharine Hall; Alfred Edward Rogers, B.A., Queens'; Henry Bridges Harvey, B.A., Clare Hall; Daniel Paul Meek Hulbert, B.A., St. John's. *Priests*: William Cadman, B.A., Catharine Hall; George Fleming Lamb, B.A., Queens'; John Doudney Lane, M.A., St. John's; John William Colenso, M.A., St. John's; Joseph Clark, B.A., Christ's; Frederick William Hill Jerrard, M.A., Caius.

JUNE 10.—The Chancellor's medal for the best English Poem, has this year been adjudged to John Charles Conybeare, of St. Peter's college. (Subject—*Richard I. in Palestine*.)—The Porson Prize for the best Greek Translation, has this year been adjudged to Robert Andrews, of Pembroke college.—At a congregation, June 3rd, the following degrees were conferred: *Doctor in Physic*: George Budd, Fellow of Caius college. *Masters of Arts*: Florence John Benson, St. John's college; James Caulfield Browne, St. John's; John George Ramsden, St. John's; Gainsborough Gardiner, St. John's; Walter John Partridge, Corpus Christi; Arthur Rigg, Christ's. *Bachelor in the Civil Law*: Charles Sladen, Trinity Hall. *Bachelor in Physic*: Samuel Warren Turner, Queens' college. *Bachelors of Arts*: Alfred Baker Strettell, Trinity college; Charles Richard Bradley, Queens'; Edward Knighton Luscombe, Trinity. At the same Congregation the following Graces passed the Senate:—"To affix the seal to a letter of thanks (written by the Orator) to H. J. Brooke, Esq., for a large and valuable collection of recent shells lately presented by him to the Woodwardian Museum." "To grant the sum of £200. from the University chest, in aid of the funds of the 'National Society for the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church.'" "To pay out of the Woodwardian fund a sum not exceeding £3,000. for fitting up the centre room under the new library, with the understanding that the said room be appropriated to the reception of the Woodwardian collection."—It is reported that Professor Lee, D.D., of Trinity college, prebendary of Bristol, has recently discovered a work which will be highly valued, not only by the general scholar, but especially by the theological student. This indefatigable oriental scholar has brought to light, in a Syriac translation, one of the last works of the celebrated Eusebius, author of the Church History.—On the 3rd, the following gentlemen of Westminster school were elected—*To Trinity College, Cambridge*: Cyril Joseph Monkhouse; Robert John Greenlaw; Isaac Jermy Jermy.—The Rev. Louis Augustus Norgate, B.A., for-

merly of Corpus Christi college, has been presented to the rectory of Foxley, Norfolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Stoughton; patron, E. Lombe, Esq., of Great Melton.—The Rev. William F. Raymond, M.A., of Trinity college, rector of Stockton, Worcestershire, has been appointed rural dean, in the room of the Rev. E. W. Ingram, rector of Ribbesford, and prebend residentiary of Worcester.—The Rev. Denis Tucker, M.A., formerly of St. Peter's college, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Taunton St. James, Dorsetshire.—Dr. Calvert, Warden of the Collegiate Church, Manchester, died on Thursday June 4th. He was formerly a Fellow and Tutor of St. John's college, and Norrisian Professor of Divinity in this University. He graduated in 1797, when he was fourth wrangler; M.A., 1800; B.D., 1807; and D.D., 1823. He succeeded Mr. Fawcett as Norrisian Professor in 1815.

JUNE 17.—At a congregation on the 10th, the following degrees were conferred. *Honorary Master of Arts*: Lord Adam Robert Charles Loftus, Trinity college, third son of the Marquis of Ely. *Doctor in the Civil Law*: John Stuart Roupell, Trinity hall. *Bachelors in Divinity*: Rev. Richard Hayne, St. Peter's college; Rev. Wm. Dixon Rangeley, Fellow of Queens'; Rev. Joseph Shaw, Fellow of Christ's; Rev. Charles Merivale, Fellow of St. John's; Rev. Edward Dodd, Fellow of Magdalene; Rev. Roger Buston, Fellow of Emmanuel; Rev. Frederick Watkins, Fellow of Emmanuel. *Bachelor in Physic*: Hugh Francis Burman, Caius college.—At an ordination held in the cathedral of Chichester on Sunday, the 7th instant, by the Lord Bishop of Chichester, the following gentlemen were ordained. *Deacons*: J. Nassau Simpkinson, B.A., Trinity college, Cambridge; Felix Brown, B.A., Magdalen; J. G. Rogers, B.A., Jesus. *Priests*: Rev. John Oswald Routh, M.A., Christ college; Rev. Henry Hopwood, B.A., Queens'; Rev. Joseph Brown, M.A., Queens'; Rev. Arthur Thos. B.A., Trinity; Rev. P. S. Warren, Jesus.—The Rev. John Oswald Routh, M.A., of Christ college, has been instituted by the Bishop of Chichester to the vicarage of Hoo, Sussex, vacant by the death of the Rev. Geo. Haggart; patron, John Routh, Esq., of Hackney, Middlesex.—The Bishop of Durham has been pleased to institute the Rev. Albany Wade, B.A., of Trinity college, to the rectory of Elton, in the county of Durham; patron, the Rev. Albany Wade.—The Rev. T. Nayler Bland, late of Trinity college, rector of Drayton Beauchamp, Bucks, has been presented to the vicarage of Osgathorpe, Leicestershire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. W. Hastings Kelk; patron, the Marquis of Hastings.—On the 9th inst., the Rev. J. Cleobury Prattent, LL.B., formerly of Pembroke college, was instituted by the Bishop of Salisbury to the rectory of Stapleton Preston, Dorset; patron, the Right Hon. Lord Rivers.—Wm. Boteler, Esq., M.A., of Trinity college, has been presented to a Parke Fellowship of St. Peter's college.—The Rev. Wm. Langston Coxhead, M.A., of Trinity college, has been instituted to the vicarage of Okehampton, vacant by the cession of the Rev. James R. Whyte, on the presentation of the Rev. Henry Bouchier Wrey, of Tawstock, and Humphrey Curnow Millet, of Okehampton, Esq., the true patrons.—The Rev. Henry Handley Brown, B.A., has been presented to the rectory of Howell, Lincolnshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Geo. Savile.—The Rev. Algernon Feachem, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity college, and distinguished as a wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos, 1833, has been elected Head Mathematical Master of Grosvenor college, near Bath.—The Rev. Patrick Charles Nicholson, of Trinity college, assistant curate of St. James's church, Leeds, has been appointed by the Rev. Dr. Hook incumbent of the new church of St. Luke's, now building at Sheepscar, in the north end of the town.—The Bishop of Worcester has presented the Rev. James Henry Wilding, M.A., of Trinity college, to the rectory of St. Helen's and St. Albans', Worcester, void by the resignation of the Rev. Donald Cameron, on his appointment to the vicarage of Smitterfield, in the county of Warwick.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, B.D., to the place of Warden of Christ college, in Manchester, in the room of Dr. Thomas Calvert, deceased.—The Rev. Thomas Parkins Dodson, B.A., of St. John's college, has been presented to the vicarage of Wysall, Nottinghamshire; patron, Sir R. H. Bromley, Bart.—The Rev. James Sedgwick, M.A., curate of Downham Market, and formerly of St. John's college, has been presented by the Dean and Chapter of Norwich to the vicarage of Scalby, in Yorkshire, vacant by the cession of the Rev. Charles Augustus Thurlow.—The Rev. Gilbert Malcolm, M.A., of Trinity college, rector of Toddtenham, has been appointed by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, rural dean of the deanery of Campden, Gloucestershire, vacant by the resignation of the Ven. Archdeacon Timbrill.

JUNE 24.—On the 19th, Sir William Brown's Medals were adjudged as follows. *Greek Ode*: Henry Mildred Birch, King's college. *Latin Ode*: The same. *Greek and Latin Epigrams*: Charles Sangster, St. John's college.—The undermentioned gentlemen were ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln, in Lincoln cathedral, on Trinity Sunday, the 14th instant. *Deacons*: George Leveson Gower, B.A., Trinity hall; James Griffith, B.A., Queens'; William Philip Pinkney, M.A., Trinity; Robert Tindall, B.A., St. John's. *Priests*: Willoughby James Peter Burrell, B.A., St. John's college; Wm. Geo. Nott, B.A., St. John's; John Sparke, B.A. Fellow of Clare hall; Edward Blomfield Turner, B.A., Christ's; Arthur Wilson Upcher, B.A., Trinity; Griffith Williams, B.A., Queens'.—The Rev. Willoughby James Peter Burrell, B.A., of St. John's college, has been instituted by the Bishop of Lincoln to the rectory of Belleau cum Aby, in the county of Lincoln, on the presentation of Lord Willoughby de Eresby.

JULY 1.—*Report of the Observatory Syndicate.* The Syndicate appointed to visit the Observatory have made the following Report:—"In the Annual Report of May 1839, an account was given of the observations which were in course of reduction to form the contents of the Volume for 1838. The reductions and preparations for the press were afterwards carried on with unremitting diligence on the part of Professor Challis and his two assistants; but the Volume was not published till the beginning of May of the present year. The delay was caused partly by the great mass of calculation it was necessary to go through, before the observed places of Encke's Comet could be exhibited collaterally with the places predicted in the tables; and partly by the calculations connected with a variety of incidental matter, which the Professor, with the view of adding to the value and interest of the Volume, thought proper to insert in the Introduction. Amongst other matter this contains a detailed account of the Northumberland Equatoreal, and the methods of finding the positions of its axes and the values of the Micrometer revolutions. The Volume for 1838, is also enriched by a Catalogue of the places of all the Stars observed at the Cambridge Observatory, while Mr. Airy was director of the establishment. This Catalogue was printed by the Royal Astronomical Society for their Memoirs, and has been appended to the Cambridge Observations by permission of the Society. The following observations were made in 1839:—Observations of Stars with the Transit, 1459; with the Circle, 1024. Observations of the Sun, Moon, and Planets, with the Transit, 601; with the Circle, 556. Total number of Transit Observations. 2060; of Circle Observations, 1580. The observations of the bodies of the Solar System were severally as follows:—of the Sun with the Transit, 173, with the Circle, 173; Moon, 93, 75; Mercury, 28, 36; Venus, 86, 80; Mars, 51, 43; Vesta, 13, 13; Juno, 15, 14; Pallas, 13, 12; Ceres, 13, 12; Jupiter, 45, 42; Saturn, 32, 26; Uranus, 39, 30. The Star Observations with the Transit embrace 191 different Stars, and those with the Circle, 180. These consist, (1) of Stars used for the determination of instrumental and clock errors, and of Zenith points; (2) of Moon-culminating Stars; (3) of Stars recommended for observation by Mr. Bailey; (4) of Stars observed with Mars, in 1837, and with Encke's Comet in 1838; (5) of various Stars which in the three preceding years had not been observed sufficiently often to determine their places with certainty. The extra-meridional observations of 1839, are chiefly differences of N.P.D. of Mars and accompanying Stars; and occultations of fixed Stars by the Moon. Each kind was made with the two Equatorials. After the use made of the Northumberland Equatoreal towards the close of 1838, and in the early part of 1839, it was thought expedient by Mr. Airy to make various improvements and additions, tending to facilitate the performance of the instrument. These were completed in the course of the summer, and Mr. Airy having on August 16, transferred the future care of the Telescope into the hands of Professor Challis, observations were soon after recommenced. The requisite adjustments, and the determinations of index errors, values of Micrometer revolutions, &c., having been made, the instrument was employed on a series of measures of the positions and distances of double Stars. These were all taken by the Professor himself, who remarks that, though the number of observations in the series is not great, yet the objects selected were of a difficult kind, and he has thereby acquired great confidence in the powers of the Telescope for this class of observations. The above are the observations which will form the contents of the volume for 1839. All the Meridian Observations are completely reduced and examined; but the rest are as yet wholly unreduced. The printing of the volume has not yet commenced. The Professor considers however, that on the whole the Observatory work is in a more forward state now, than at the corresponding period of last year. Since the beginning of the present year, series of

observations have been made with both Equatorials of two Comets discovered by M. Galle of Berlin. The Professor also continued his observations of double stars in the early part of the year; but from the pressure of other work has been since obliged to suspend them. On April 8, a change was made in the system of Planet Observations; it being found impossible to give a due share of attention to the Northumberland Equatorial, and at the same time carry on the Meridian Observations on the same scale as formerly. The Sun, Moon, Mercury, and Venus are observed at all available opportunities; but the exterior planets only when they pass the meridian 'shortly before or after the moon, and consequently require no other Star observations than those requisite for the Moon. In this manner, without entirely abandoning the observations of any of the planets, the number of the observations will be so much reduced, that Professor Challis expects to be able to make an uninterrupted series of observations of double stars. This he particularly wishes to effect, because it seems that no one else in this country is engaged on a regular series of double star observations; and because he considers that they could no where be undertaken with a prospect of being carried on with the same uniformity and efficient means as at the Cambridge Observatory. The number of Transit Observations since March 20, has been 327, and of Circle Observations 345. The instruments are in a satisfactory state, and require no particular mention. In December, 1839, a letter of thanks was addressed by the Vice-Chancellor to the Duke of Northumberland, for his liberality in defraying the expense of mounting the large Equatorial, and erecting the building necessary for its protection. His Grace's reply expressed satisfaction at the completion of the mounting of the Telescope, and the hope that our observers may compete in perseverance and industry with the most successful of the foreign astronomers. Signed,—R. Tatham, (Vice-Chancellor), W. H. Miller, A. Thurtell.

JULY 8.—At a congregation held on the 4th, the following degrees were conferred. *Doctors in Divinity*: Rev. Marcus George Beresford, Trinity; Rev. John Young, Trinity; Rev. Joseph Holmes, Queens'. *Bachelors of Laws*: James Tide-more, Trinity-hall. *Bachelors of Arts*: B. B. Blackwell, Corpus Christi; John Fanshawe, Corpus Christi. *Masters of Arts*—*St. Peter's college*: D. Lewis Cousins. *Clare hall*: Joseph Bell. *Pembroke hall*: Rev. R. Woolmer Cory. *Caius college*: Thomas Blackall, Rev. Robert John Ward. *Corpus Christi college*: Rev. M. G. Hodgson, Rev. Richard Parker. *Queens' college*: Rev. T. Henry Howard, Rev. Thomas Sandon, Rev. W. Ramsden Smith, Henry Ward, Francis Wilson. *Catharine hall*: Rev. George Carrick, B. W. Dudley, Rev. William Goodall, Rev. W. E. Harrison, Rev. H. James Jackson. *Christ's college*: E. S. Daniell, Rev. John Deck, Rev. H. S. M. Hubert. *St. John's college*: Robert L. Caley, Charles Fardell, Francis W. Harper, John Herbert, Frederic Jeffery, George Martin, John Hillam Mills, Henry Niven, H. Scadding, Cornwall Smalley, William Sparling, Edward J. Walmsley, Thomas Whytehead. *Magdalen college*: Robert W. Johnson, Rev. S. H. Widdrington. *Trinity college*: Rev. Alfred Y. Bazett, Henry W. Blake, Wm. J. Conybeare, Rev. John L. Crompton, Rev. Duncan Fraser, John F. Hargrave, Robt. Ralph A. Hawkins, Charles J. Herries, Wm. Gilson Humphry, John Kirkpatrick, Henry Lund, Brownlow Maitland, Rev. George Morison, Robert L. Surtees, Godfrey M. Sykes, Wm. A. S. Westoby, Rev. James Wilson, Charles S. Wright. *Emmanuel college*: Robert Thorp. *Downing college*: Thomas Dawson.—At a Congregation on Monday last, the following degrees were conferred. *Doctor in Medicine*: Thomas Alfred Barker, Downing coll., *ad eundem*, Thomas R. Bentley, M.A., Trinity coll. Dublin. *Masters of Arts*—*St. Peter's college*: John Stubbs Neuman. *Clare hall*: Rev. G. S. Ebsworth, Edmund F. King, H. S. Laycock, George C. Peirson, Robert Whitworth. *Pembroke college*: George E. Davy, R. A. Gordon, Alexander G. Hildyard. *Caius college*: James R. Akers, F. W. Baker, Rev. Samuel N. Dalton, Rev. Henry Drury. *Corpus Christi college*: Rev. John L. Bennett, Rev. George Bull, Rev. Henry T. Hill, G. F. Simpson, Rev. J. E. Troughton, Rev. Alexander Watson. *King's college*: James Buller, Rev. C. J. Abraham. *Queens' college*: Osborne Reynolds, John Whitley. *Catharine hall*: Rev. H. Windsor. *Jesus college*: Rev. D. A. Beaufort, William H. Dodgson, W. Metcalfe, Robert A. Rackham, George V. Reed, Wm. Thompson. *Christ's college*: Rev. H. R. Bramwell, George Fleming, Rev. J. R. Hogg, Henry B. Mason, Rev. James Williams. *St. John's college*: Frederic E. Birch, Edward Boys, Rev. C. H. Bromby, James L. Brown, John D. Charlesworth, Thomas Clarkson, Rev. Wm. Coombs, J. P. Eden, John E. Fell, Alleyne Fitzherbert, H. Flayton, John Hickman, George Jeudwine,

Robert W. Kennion, Rev. John Pardoe, Rev. C. Savage, J. R. Thomson, Rev. John Thurlow, Rev. Charles Tower. *Magdalen college*: John Wall Buckley, Rev. W. H. Ibotson, C. S. Scarbrow White. *Trinity college*: Edward N. Ayrton, H. N. Burrows, Anthony J. Canham, Francis Dumergue, Mark Garfit, J. Gordon, Lowry Guthrie, Frederic W. Harris, Thomas Hodgson, Richard G. Jebb, Richard Jennings, John G. Johnson, Henry Benca Jones, John Lewis, H. E. Lowe, George D. Lowndes, Henry H. Oddie, Joseph Philips, Benjamin C. Pine, Wm. F. Pollock, Henry B. Richardson, Ben. B. H. Rodwell, Charles M. Roupell, George Scott, Thomas L. Thurlow, George F. Townsend, Charles Wagstaff, William W. Watson, John Windle, Basil T. Woodd.—On Trinity Sunday, the following gentlemen were ordained in the chapel of Bishop's Court, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. *Deacons*: W. B. Christian, B.A., Trinity coll. Cambridge. *Priests*: T. R. Drake, Corpus Christi coll.—On Sunday the 28th ulto., the following persons were ordained in the cathedral, Hereford, by the Lord Bishop of Hereford. *Deacons*: John Christopher Atkinson, St. John's coll. Camb.; William Francis Rawes, B.A. Caius. *Priests*: Thomas Hutchinson, B.A., St. John's coll. Camb.—At an ordination held on Sunday last, the 5th inst., by the Lord Bishop of Durham, in the parish church of St. George, Hanover-square, in the county of Middlesex, the following gentlemen were ordained. *Deacons*: J. Stewart, B.A., Trinity coll. Camb.; H. Barrett, M.A. Pembroke; E. W. Milner, M.A., Pembroke, *Letter dim. from Archbishop of Canterbury*.—At the Congregation on Monday the 6th inst., Henry Annealey Woodham, B.A. of Jesus coll., and Josiah Eddleston, B.A., of Trinity coll., recited their Prize Essays.—An action having been commenced by Messrs. Beales against the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University, for an alleged injury to their premises, in consequence of the alterations lately made at the Pitt Press; at the Congregation on Saturday the 4th, a Grace passed the Senate authorising the Vice-Chancellor to defend such action, which we understand will be tried at the ensuing Assizes. At the same Congregation, the following Graces passed the Senate: "To affix the Seal to the Diploma of Dr. Rothman, of Trinity college." "To affix the Seal to the Diploma of Dr. Budd, of Caius college."—At the Congregation on Monday last, the following Graces passed the Senate: "To authorise the Vice-Chancellor to affix the Seal to a contract with Messrs. Rigby for executing the fittings to the east end, and to the four adjoining bays on the north side, and four bays on the south side of the New Library, according to the plans and specifications which will be laid upon the Registry's table, for the sum of £2125. 18s. 2d., with the understanding that the said sum be paid out of the stock purchased with the accumulations of the Library Fund."—On Thursday last, Joseph Woolley, B.A., of Emmanuel college, was elected a Foundation Fellow of that society.

JULY 18.—At an ordination held in the cathedral church of Peterborough, on the 12th inst. the Lord Bishop admitted the following gentlemen into holy orders. *Deacons*: Alexander Annand, jun., M.A., of Jesus college, Cambridge; Robert James, B.A., Clare hall, Cambridge; William Langton Scott, B.A., Caius. *Priest*: Joseph Jackson, B.A., St. John's college, Cambridge.—On the 14th inst., the Lord Bishop of Peterborough instituted the Rev. Edward Baines, M.A., of Christ college, to the Rectory of Clipstone, Northamptonshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Hanley; on the presentation of the Master, Fellows, and Scholars of Christ's college.—The Rev. E. T. Alder, M.A., formerly of St. Peter's college, has been appointed by the parishioners to the perpetual curacy of Metfield, Suffolk, void by the resignation of the Rev. Alfred Stead, M.A., of Caius college.—The Rev. W. Dodsworth Bates Bertles, M.A., of Pembroke college, domestic chaplain to the Earl of Mount Cashel, has been appointed to the evening lectureship at Milverton; patrons, the trustees of the late Mrs. Morgan.—The Rev. John Denny Gilbert, M.A., of St. John's college, has been instituted to the rectory of Hellington, Norfolk, on the presentation of William Alexander Gilbert, of Cantley, in the said county, Esq.—The Bishop of St. Asaph has been pleased to collate the Rev. James Foulkes Roberts, M.A., of St. John's college, to the rectory of Llandulaz, in the county of Denbigh.

JULY 25.—The Rev. Connop Thirlwall, formerly Fellow of Trinity college, has been appointed the new Bishop of St. David's.—The Rev. Robert Beauchamp Tower, B.A., domestic chaplain to Lord Western, has been instituted to the rectory of Moreton, Essex, vacant by the appointment of the Rev. Henry Pepys to the See of Sodor and Man. This living is rightfully in the patronage of the Master and Fellows of St. John's college, but it lapsed to the Crown by the elevation of Dr. Pepys

to the Episcopal Bench.—T. S. Ackland, Esq., B.A., of St. John's college, has been appointed Senior Mathematical Master of the Royal Institution School, Liverpool.—The Lord Bishop of Chester held an ordination in the cathedral, Durham, on the 18th, when the following gentlemen of this university were ordained. *Priests*: P. W. Copeman, B.A., J. B. Brodrick, B.A., J. Kitton, B.A., Queens'; J. J. Dixon, B.A., Magdalen; H. B. Jones, B.A., St. John's; C. B. St. George, B.A., Jesus; J. Stoddart, B.A., J. Jones, B.A., Corpus Christi; J. G. Venables, B.A., Jesus; J. C. Whish, B.A., Trinity. *Deacons*: Bulkeley Henry Birks, B.A., Adolphus Robt. Vaughan Hamilton, Alexander Woodward, B.A., Catharine hall; Thomas Jones Burton, B.A., St. Peter's college; Arthur Christopherson, B.A., and Edward Dean, B.A., St. John's college; Ralph Congreve, B.A., Broome Luke Witts, B.A., Corpus Christi; James Campbell Home, B.A., Clare hall; Thomas Chubb Howes, B.A., Trinity; George Sandford, B.A., Magdalen; Allan Wallace, B.A., Pembroke; St. John Wells Thorpe, B.A., Queens'.

AUGUST 1.—The Rev. George Arthur Clarkson, M.A., of Jesus college, has been collated by the Lord Bishop of Chichester to the vicarage of Amberley, with Houghton Chapel, void by the cession of the Rev. J. C. E. Tufnell, M.A.—The Rev. W. M. Dudley, B.A., formerly of Catharine hall, curate of Poole, has been licensed by the Bishop of Winchester to the curacy of Broughton, Hants.—The Lord Bishop of Lincoln has instituted the Rev. Lewis Deedes, B.A., of Emmanuel college, to the rectory of Bransfield, Herts, vacant by the death of the Rev. Edw. Bourchier, on the presentation of Abel Smith, M.P., of Woodhall park, in the said county, Esq.—The Rev. Mark Cooper, M.A., late scholar of St. John's college, and lecturer of Westbury, Wilts, has been presented by the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury to the living of Bramshaw, in the county of Wilts, and diocese of Salisbury.—The Rev. Wm. C. Wollaston, M.A., of Leeds, was on Saturday the 21st, instituted to the rectory of East Dereham, Norfolk, on the presentation of his father, the Rev. Charles Hyde Wollaston, M.A., patron.—The Rev. John B. Brodrick, B.A., of Queens' college, has been appointed domestic chaplain to the Duchess of Gordon.—The Duke of Sutherland has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Thomas James Rowsell, B.A., of St. John's college, and Assistant Minister of St. Mark's, Kennington, to be his Grace's domestic chaplain.—At an ordination holden in the cathedral church of Norwich, on the 4th inst., the following gentlemen were admitted into holy orders. *Deacons*: Jas. Brothers, B.A., Corpus Christi college; Harry Baber, B.A., Trinity college; John Chevallier, B.A., Caius; Smith Churchill, B.A., Pembroke; William Eade, B.A., Sidney; George Eller, B.A., Queens'; Charles James Fisher, B.A., St. John's; John Foy, B.A., Trinity hall; Honorable Somerville Hay, M.A., Trinity college; Abraham Hill, B.A., St. John's; Augustus Kemp, B.A., Caius; Jermyn Patrick Royle, B.A., St. John's; William Charles Snooke, B.A., St. Peter's; Charles Spencer, B.A., Pembroke; Daniel Fleming Wright, B.A., Caius. *Priests*: Edward Constable Alston, B.A., Caius college; Arthur Horatio Bellman, B.A., Caius; Francis Macauley Cunningham, B.A., Trinity college; Heriot Standbanks Drew, B.A., St. John's; Thomas French Eade, B.A., Jesus; Edward Brewer, B.A., Christ's; Frederick John Hare, B.A., Clare hall; William Welles Hobson, B.A., St. John's; Nathaniel Meeres, B.D., St. John's; William Weller Poley, B.A., Queens'; Sydney Smith, B.A., Trinity; James Ind Smith, M.A., Trinity; Thomas York, B.A., Queens'. At an ordination on Sunday, the 19th ult., at the cathedral church of Ripon, the following gentlemen of this University were ordained. *Deacons*: Alfred Lambert, B.A., Pembroke college; W. David Morrice, B.A., St. John's; Edward Baylis, B.A., St. John's; W. H. Lewthwaite, B.A., Trinity college; R. Parker Bowness, B.A., Jesus; Alexander Charles Frazer, B.A., Trinity college; Edmund Peard Luscombe, B.A., St. John's college; C. Easter, B.A., St. John's; Ottiwell Sadler, B.A., Trinity college; Charles James Pearson, B.A., Trinity college; John Murray, M.A., Trinity college; Edward Olmuis Morgan, B.A., Trinity college; Edward William Relton, B.A., Pembroke; Henry Frederick Beckett, B.A., Catharine hall. *Priests*: James Charles Wharton, B.A., Christ's college; John Fish Holden, B.A., St. John's college.

AUGUST 26.—The Bishop of Ripon will hold his next ordination at Ripon, on Sunday, the 10th day of January, 1841. Candidates for Holy Orders are desired to transmit the requisite papers (pre-paid) to his Lordship, at 27, Parliament-street, Westminster, on or before the 1st day of December next, after which no papers can be received.—We regret to notice an account of the Right Rev. William Otter, D.D., Bishop of Chichester, which melancholy event took place at Broadstairs, where his

Lordship had been for some time for the benefit of his health. His Lordship was consecrated Bishop of Chichester on the translation of Dr. Maltby from that see to Durham. He had been previously known as the principal of King's college; he was in his 72d year, and greatly respected for his learning and virtues. His Lordship was formerly of Jesus college, in this University, and was fourth wrangler in 1790; he took his M.A. degree in 1793.—The Rev. Henry Percy, M.A., of St. John's college, second son of the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, has been presented to the vicarage of Warkworth, Northumberland, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. C. Winscom; patron, the Bishop of Carlisle.—The Rev. R. Wegg, M.A., of St. John's college, has been instituted to the rectory of Frenze, in Norfolk, on the presentation of Sheldrake Smith, Esq.—By the new Ecclesiastical Bill, which lately received the royal assent, the Rev. Dr. Lewellin, of St. David's college, is created Dean of St. David's, and will, accordingly, forthwith assume the rank and title of Dean.

SEPTEMBER 5.—The Rev. F. J. Hare, B.A., scholar of Clare hall, in this university, has been elected a fellow of the above society.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. George Waddington, M.A., of Trinity college, to the deanery of the cathedral church of Durham, void by the death of Dr. John Banks Jenkinson, late Bishop of St. David's.—On Thursday, August 20, the Rev. William Downes Willis, M.A., of Sidney Sussex college, was collated by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, to the prebendal stall of Wanstrow, in the cathedral church of St. Andrew's, Wells.—The Rev. Charles Yate, B.D., fellow of St. John's college, has been presented, by the master and fellows of that society, to the vicarage of Holme, in Spalding Moor, Yorkshire, vacant by the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Calvert.—A very curious piece of Anglo-Roman sculpture has lately arrived at St. John's college, and been placed in the entrance to the new bridge. It is fixed on a pedestal, which has the following inscription: "*Apollinis aram prope coecium in agro Lancastriensi repertam testamento legavit Thomas Dunham Whitaker, LL.D., hujus collegii alumnus.*" Several other specimens of Roman art have been deposited in the library of the college, bequeathed to the masters and fellows, by the celebrated antiquary, Dr. Whitaker, all of which were dug up, at great expense and labour, from the site of the temple of Minerva, at Ribchester, in Lancashire. Since the Romans deserted Britain, A.D. 410, these interesting relics cannot be less than about 1,500 years old.

SEPTEMBER 28.—On Monday last, being St. Matthew's day, a sermon was preached at Great St. Mary's church, in the morning, by the Rev. T. Overton, St. John's college, from Acts xi. 26.—The Bishop of Lichfield has presented a valuable plate communion service to the new chapel of Dalby, Isle of Man. This kind remembrance is one among the numerous favours for which the inhabitants of the diocese are indebted to his Lordship.—At a convocation held at Durham on the 21st, a grace was proposed for conferring the degree of D.D., by diploma, on the Rev. Geo. Waddington, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity college, who has been recently appointed to the Deanery of Durham.—The Bishop of Bath and Wells visited Chester cathedral on Saturday, Sept. 12, having on that day attained his 79th year. Notwithstanding his advanced age, his lordship appeared to be in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits. On the following day the Bishop attended divine service at the cathedral.—The new Bishop of Chichester, Doctor Shuttleworth, was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on Tuesday, 22nd inst.—The Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, on Thursday, Sep. 10th, took possession of Stapleton Palace, near Bristol, the residence which his Lordship has purchased of R. J. Elton, Esq.—Her Majesty has issued a royal letter, ordering collections to be made in all churches throughout England and Wales, in behalf of the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the principles of the Established Church.—The Lord Bishop of the Diocese held an ordination at the cathedral church, Peterborough, on Sunday, the 27th inst., when the following members of this University were ordained. *Deacons*: Henry Bedford, B.A., St. Peter's college; G. H. Capron, B.A., St. John's; T. W. Irby, B.A., St. John's; F. A. Stanisfield Marshall, B.A., Caius; Charles Avery Moore, S.C.L., Trinity hall. *Priests*: H. H. Adcock, B.A., Trinity; Alexander Annand, M.A., Jesus; George Bainbridge, B.A., St. John's; Thomas Barton, B.A., B.M., Queens'; H. F. Corrance, B.A., Clare hall; G. P. Phillips, M.A., Trinity; Robert Turlington Noble, B.A., Sidney Sussex; Jacob Banister Snelgar, B.A., Jesus; John Henry Theed, B.A., Sidney Sussex.—The undermentioned gentlemen were ordained by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, in Lincoln cathedral, on Sunday last, the 20th instant. *Deacons*: Charles Bernal, B.A., Clare hall; John George, B.A., Emmanuel college; George Goldney,

B.A., fellow of King's; George A. Langdale, B.A., St. John's; Kenneth Mackenzie Ryhe, B.A., St. John's; Charles Wright Woodhouse, B.A., Caius, with letter dim. from the Archbishop of York; Francis Fowke, B.A., St. Peter's, with letter dim. from the Bishop of Ripon. *Priests*: Charles Richard Alford, B.A., Trinity college; Thomas Bleaynure, B.A., Trinity; Francis Edward Durnford, B.A., fellow of King's; John Samuel Green, B.A., Christ's; William Hides, B.A., St. John's; George Thomas Potchett, B.A., St. John's.—The Bishop of Lincoln's next ordination will be held in Lincoln cathedral, on Sunday the 20th December. Candidates must send their papers to his lordship, at Willingham House, Market Rasen, before the 6th November.

OCTOBER 3.—The Rev. Edward Illingworth, B.A., of Clare hall, was on Thursday last appointed the second master in the Birmingham and Edgbaston Proprietary school, in the place of the Rev. C. H. Maturin, M.A., who has been nominated senior Proctor.—On Thursday last the following gentlemen, scholars of Trinity college, were elected fellows of that society:—Dunbar Heath, B.A., John Alexander Frere, B.A., Duncan F. Gregory, B.A., William Mathison, B.A., Joseph Edleston, B.A., Arthur S. Eddis, B.A., H. John Hodgson, B.A., R. L. Ellis, B.A.—Tuesday last being St. Michael's Day, a sermon was preached at Great St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. S. Almack, of St. John's college, from Revelation xiv. 4.

OCTOBER 17.—The following is a list of the gentlemen appointed University Officers, at the congregation on Saturday last. *Proctors*: Rev. Chas. Henry Maturin, M.A., King's college; Rev. James Edward Dalton, M.A., Queens' college. *Moderators*: Senior Moderator to be appointed at a future congregation: Rev. Edwin Steventon, M.A., Corpus Christi college. *Scrutators*: Rev. James Burdakin, M.A., Clare hall; Rev. Henry Arlett, M.A., Pembroke college. *Taxors*: Rev. Alexander Thurtell, M.A., Caius college; James Pulling Esq., B.A., Corpus Christi college. *Auditors of Accounts*: Rev. Wm. Hodgson, D.D., St. Peter's college; Rev. Joseph Shaw, M.A., Christ college; William Nathaniel Griffin, M.A., St. John's college. At the same congregation the following degrees were conferred. *Master of Arts*: William Mercer, Trinity college. *Bachelors of Arts*: Charles Mortlock, Caius college; Frederick Stewart, Pembroke college; Hugh James Wilkinson, Catharine hall; William Bateson, Queens' college; Robert Matthew Sharpe, St. John's college. The Rev. William Plues, M.A., of Trinity college, master of the Ripon Grammar School, has been presented by the Dean and Chapter of Ripon to the perpetual curacy of North Stainley.—The Hon. and Ven. William Towry Law, M.A., of St. Peter's college, has been presented by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells to the rectory of Weston-super-Mare, and to the vicarage of East Brent, both in the county of Somerset.—The Rev. George John Dupuis, fellow of Eton college, has been instituted by the Bishop of Norwich to the consolidated rectories of Creeting St. Olaves, Creeting All Saints, and Creeting St. Mary's, in the county of Suffolk: patrons, the Provost and Fellows of Eton college.—On the 18th, the Rev. Joseph Hugill, M.A., formerly of St. John's college, was presented by the society founded by the late Rev. C. Simeon for purchasing advowsons, to the rectory of Darlaston, in the county of Stafford.—The Rev. Richard Stephens, M.A., of Clare hall, and of Culver house, has been appointed Sub-Dean of Exeter.—The Rev. J. H. Barker, M.A., formerly of St. John's college, has been presented to the chaplaincy of Hereford Infirmary.—The Rev. Wilmot Henry Palk, of Ashcombe, Devon, (B.A. formerly of Trinity college) is a candidate for the vicarage of Chudleigh, Devonshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Gilbert Barrington, and has every prospect of success: the living is in the gift of the parishioners.—The Lord Bishop of Lichfield has completed his confirmation tour throughout this populous and extensive diocese. The number of young persons who received this ancient and sacred rite of the church at his Lordship's hands was as follows, viz.:—Staffordshire, males, 4,008; females, 7,356; total, 11,364: Derbyshire, males, 2,672; females, 4,139; total, 6,811: Shropshire, males, 2,183; females, 3,038; total, 5,221: amounting together to 8,863 males; 14,533 females; total, 23,396. The Bishop was assisted by his chaplain, the Rev. Henry Calthrop, B.D., fellow and tutor of Corpus Christi college. His Lordship also, in the course of his progress, consecrated five new churches.—*Ordinations to be holden*: Nov. 29, Bishop of Ely, Ely; Dec. 6, Bishop of Durham, Auckland Castle; Dec. 13, Bishop of Winchester, Farnham; Dec. 20, Bishop of Hereford, Hereford; Dec. 20, Bishop of Worcester, Worcester; Dec. 20, Bishop of London, St. James's; Dec. 20, Bishop of Chichester, Chichester; Jan. 10, 1841, Bishop of Norwich, Norwich; Jan. 10, Bishop of Ripon, Ripon; Jan. 10, Bishop of Lichfield, Eccleshall.—At an ordination

held by the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, in the cathedral church of Llandaff, on Oct. 4th, the following gentleman was ordained—*Deacon*, Judah Jones, B.A. Trinity college.

OCTOBER 24.—Election of Chancellor: At a congregation on Wednesday last, His Grace Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, K.G., was unanimously elected chancellor of this university, vacant by the decease of the most noble John Jeffreys, Marquis Camden. His Grace is a member of St. John's college, and took the degree of Hon. M.A., in 1806.—At the same congregation the following gentlemen were appointed the caput for the ensuing year. *Divinity*: Rev. W. Hodgson, D.D., St. Peter's. *Law*: Joshua King, Esq., L.L.D., Queens'. *Physic*: George Edward Paget, Esq., M.D., Caius.—*Sen. Non. Regent*: Rev. J. Shaw, M.A., Christ's. *Sen. Regent*: Rev. J. Henry Howlett, M.A., St. John's.—On Tuesday last, the Rev. W. H. Walker, fellow of Queens' college, was presented by the master and fellows of that society to the vicarage of St. Botolph, in this town; and on the same day, the Rev. George Whitaker was presented to the vicarage of Oakington, in this county, on the presentation of the master and fellows of the same society, both preferments having become vacant by the decease of the Rev. T. Webster.—The Rev. W. E. Evans, M.A., formerly of Clare hall, and curate of Monkland, has been presented by the Bishop of Hereford to a prebendal stall in Hereford cathedral.—The Rev. J. Venn, M.A., of Queens' college, vicar of St. Peter's, Hereford, has been presented by the Bishop to a prebendal stall in Hereford cathedral.—The Rev. George Baker, M.A., of Trinity college, has been presented by the Lord Chancellor, to the vicarage of All Saints, Leicester, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. L. Fancourt.—On Monday the 12th instant, the Rev. C. C. Bartholomew was instituted to the rectory of Lymptstone, on the presentation of Mr. and Mrs. Porter, of Rockbeare, Devonshire.—The Rev. Alexander Watson, M.A., of Corpus Christi college, has been appointed assistant minister of St. John's church, Cheltenham.—The Rev. John Fuller Russell, B.C.L., of St. Peter's college, curate of St. Mary, Newington, Surrey, has been presented to the incumbency of St. James's, Enfield, Middlesex; patron, the vicar of Enfield.—On Saturday last, Percival John Brine, Esq., was elected scholar of King's college, on the resignation of C. A. Wilkinson, Esq., formerly fellow of that society. An elegant silver tea service has been presented to the Rev. J. Bailey, curate of St. Stephen's, Norwich, by his parishioners. What must have rendered it highly gratifying to him was, that the cake-basket was purchased with contributions from the poorest people in his parish.—The Jacksonian Professor has given notice, that on Thursday, November 5, at one o'clock, he will commence a Course of Lectures at the room in the Botanic Garden, on Statics, Dynamics, and Mechanism; with their practical application to various branches of arts, manufactures, engineering, and architecture.—The Margaret Professor has given notice, that he will begin his lectures on the Early Fathers, by an Introductory Lecture, on Friday, the 23d instant, at one o'clock, in the room at the Pitt Press; and will continue the lectures on subsequent Wednesdays and Fridays during term.—The Professor of Anatomy has given notice, that he will commence his Course of Lectures on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Body, on Monday, November 16, at one o'clock, in the Anatomical School.—At the late Michaelmas audit of the Governors of Oakham and Uppingham Schools, R. E. Roy, of Corpus Christi college, J. Mould, of Clare hall, from Oakham school, G. R. Tryon, of Clare hall, H. Tenant, of St. John's college, and Oldfield Cautley, of Emmanuel college, from Uppingham school, were elected to the general exhibitions to any college in either Oxford or Cambridge.—On Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., a meeting of the board of directors of Hull college, was convened for the purpose of electing a Principal, in the room of the Rev. Henry Nicholson Burrows, M.A., of Trinity college. The number of candidates who ultimately submitted their claims to competition was fifteen, and included several members of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, Masters of Grammar Schools, &c. After mature deliberation, the choice of the directors fell upon George Christopher Hodgkinson, Esq., M.A., late scholar of Trinity college. It will be satisfactory to the proprietors, and to the public generally, to know that the choice of the directors has been made with the entire concurrence of their late principal, and that no change will take place in the discipline or studies of the college. Mr. Hodgkinson was fourteenth in the list of wranglers of 1837, and was in the second class of the Classical Tripos.—The funeral of the late Marquis Camden took place at Seal, on Saturday last, the 17th instant. It being the wish of his Lordship that the funeral should be strictly private, no carriages were allowed to follow, although almost every nobleman and gentleman in the county offered to pay that respect. The funeral service was per-

formed by the Bishop of Rochester.—Congregations will be held on the following days:—Wednesday, December 9, at eleven, and December 16, at ten.

OCTOBER 31.—The Lord Chancellor has presented the Rev. John Browne, M.A., of Queens' college, in this University, to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Leicester.—The Lords of the Admiralty have been pleased to appoint the Rev. J. H. Theed, of Sidney college, son of the Rev. E. R. Theed, rector of Fletton, Northamptonshire, to the chaplaincy of the *Howe*, 120 guns, commanded by Sir Watkin Owen Pell. The *Howe* is daily expected to sail for the Mediterranean.—On Thursday last, the Rev. George Thackeray, M.A., Fellow of King's college, was presented by the Provost and Fellows of that society to the rectory of Hemingby, Lincolnshire.—Charles Yate, B.D., Fellow of St. John's, has been presented to the vicarage of Holmer, in Spalding Moor, Yorkshire, vacant by the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Calvert.—At a meeting of the Master and Fellows of Gonville and Caius college on Wednesday morning, the following students were elected Scholars: Ds. Armitage, Ds. Halls, Ds. Bullock; two Exhibitions were given to Ds. Gould; Ds. Stephen, Ds. Perram, were elected to Scholarships. The Mickleburgh Scholarships in chemistry was given to Ds. Woodhouse. A Wortley Exhibition to Ds. Ottley, for moral philosophy. A College Exhibition to Ds. Hare, for anatomy and physiology. The Chapel Clerkship to Ds. Ottley. At an ordination held by the Lord Bishop of Exeter, in the cathedral church of that city, on Sunday, the 18th inst., the following gentlemen of this University were ordained. *Deacons*: William Wall, M.A., Jesus college; Charles Augustus Hockin, B.A., Trinity college; John Symonds, B.A., Clare hall; Thomas Drake, B.A., St. John's college; Anthony John Hammer, B.A. St. John's college. *Priests*: George Thomson, B.A., St. Peter's college; Gilbert Heathcote, B.A., Trinity college; John Curtis, B.A., St. John's college; Henry Stanbury, S.C.L., Trinity hall; Henry Knott Venn, B.A., St. Peter's college; William Laing, B.A., St. John's college.

NOVEMBER 7.—On Wednesday last, the Rev. John Graham, D.D., Master of Christ's college, was elected Vice-Chancellor of this University for the ensuing year.—*The Seatonian Prize*: The prize for the best English Poem, by a Master of Arts, of this university, was adjudged, on Monday last, to the Rev. T. E. Hankinson, M.A., of Corpus Christi college; Subject—*The Ministry of Angels*. Mr. H. obtained the same prize in the years 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, and 1838.—At a Congregation on Monday last, the following degrees were conferred. *Master of Arts*: George Grimshaw La Motte, Emmanuel college. *Bachelors of Arts*: William Henry Barrington, Trinity college; John Philip Tomlinson, Magdalen college; Alexander Douglas, Magdalen college; Adolphus R. V. Hamilton, Catharine hall; John Ingram Penfold Wyatt, Magdalen college.—At the same Congregation the following graces passed the Senate: "That *pro hac vice* the election into the vacant office of High Steward be *more burgensum*." "To affix the Seal to two powers of attorney, one for the sale of 1700*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3 per cent. Consols, belonging to the Woodwardian Fund, and the other for the sale of 1000*l.*, 3½ per cent. annuities, being a part of the stock belonging to the Library fund." "To allow Mr. Bernhard, Hebrew Teacher, 30*l.* from the University Chest." "To nominate Charles Hardwick, of Catharine hall, to one of the Lumley Exhibitions." "To appoint Mr. Joseph Thackeray, of King's college, and Mr. Rangely, of Queens' college, Pro-Propctors." "To appoint Mr. Thurtell, of Caius college, and Mr. Stevenson, of Corpus Christi college, Moderators." "To appoint Mr. Cookson, of St. Peter's college, and Mr. Brumell, of St. John's college, Mathematical Examiners of the Questionists who are Candidates for Honours." "To appoint Mr. Mills, of Pembroke college, and Mr. Hutchinson, of St. John's college, Mathematical Examiners of the Questionists who are not Candidates for Honours." "To appoint Mr. Whitaker, of Queens' college, a Classical Examiner of the Questionists." "To appoint Mr. Harvey, of King's college, and Mr. Rangeley, of Queens' college, Examiners of the Questionists; Acts of the Apostles, and Paley's Moral Philosophy." "To reappoint Mr. Jerrard, of Caius college, and Mr. Kennedy, of St. John's college, Examiners of the Classical Tripos." "To appoint Mr. Warter of Magdalen college, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos." "To appoint Mr. Shilleto, of Trinity college, an Examiner at the Previous Examinations in Lent and Michaelmas terms." "To appoint Mr. Whitaker, of Queens' college, an Examiner at the Previous Examinations in Lent and Michaelmas terms." "To appoint Mr. Tozer, of Caius college, an Examiner at the Previous Examinations in Lent and Michaelmas terms." "To appoint Mr. Goodwin, of Corpus Christi college, an Examiner at the

Previous Examinations in Lent and Michaelmas terms." "Whereas, by a grace of the 2nd of June, 1838, the Examination of the Questionists who are Candidates for Mathematical Honours begins on the Monday preceding the first Monday in the Lent term: That in January next the said Examination do begin on the Wednesday-week preceding the first Monday in the Lent term, and do continue on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of that Week, and on the Monday and Tuesday of the following week. * N.B. The only alterations proposed by this grace, are, the changing the time of the beginning of the examination, and the making only one break instead of two in the course of it. The objects in view are, to afford more time for the examination of the papers, and to allow of the examination being conducted in the Senate-House."—At the same congregation, the Duke of Northumberland's letter, in which his Grace resigns the office of High Steward of the University, was read to the Senate.—*Election of High Steward:* The following official notice was issued yesterday afternoon: "The Vice-Chancellor, having appointed Wednesday, the 11th instant, for the commencement of the election of a High Steward of this university, gives notice to the Members of the Senate that the polling will begin on Wednesday, the 11th instant, at nine o'clock in the forenoon; and will continue to four o'clock in the afternoon; when it will be adjourned to the next day. It will be resumed on Thursday, the 12th instant, at nine o'clock in the forenoon; and will continue to four o'clock in the afternoon: when it will be again adjourned to the next day. It will be resumed on Friday, the 13th instant, at eight o'clock in the forenoon; and will continue to ten o'clock in the forenoon; when it will be finally closed."—On Monday last, the following students were elected Scholars of St. John's college: Robert Inchbald, Francis Bagge Scott, John Pettit Beard, Thomas Pownall Boulbee, Henry John Bull, John W. S. Watkin, John Miller, William Riggott, Charles Braddy, Thomas Bennett, Arthur Parish, George Edward Tate, Hugh Parnell, Frederick James Gruggen, William C. D. Deighton, Thomas M. Goodeve, Churchill Babington, George T. Hoare, James C. James, William Burbury, George Babb, William Mills, George J. Christian, Richard Boteler, — Blackburn, — Mason, A. M. Hoare, — Hilly. *Platt Scholars:* J. W. S. Rugeley, J. W. M. Boutflower.—The anniversary meeting of the Philosophical society was held yesterday, the 6th instant, at which the following officers and council were elected: Dr. Hodgson, *President*; Dr. Peacock, Prof. Sedgwick, Prof. Whewell, *Vice-Presidents*; Dr. Paget, *Treasurer*; Mr. Hopkins, Prof. Willis, Prof. Miller, *Secretaries*; Messrs. Stokes, Earnshaw, Garnons, L. Jenyns, Babington, Anstead, Gaskin, *Old Council*; Mr. Jefferies, St. John's, Dr. Fisher, Downing, Mr. Tozer, Caius, *New Council*. It was moved and carried that His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, Chancellor of the University, be requested to accept the office of Patron of this society; and that the Marquis of Northampton, President of the Royal Society, be requested to accept the office of Vice-Patron of the society.—The annual distribution of the exhibitions of the Grammar-school, Grantham, took place on the 29th ult., when the following elections were made. Mr. Christopher Andrews, of Emmanuel college, Cambridge, to an exhibition of 50*l*. This exhibition is subject to the confirmation of the Bishop of Lincoln, and is paid yearly until six months after the degree of B.A. This grammar-school is now under the direction of the Rev. J. W. Inman, late fellow of St. John's college, in this university, and gives promise of regaining its former high character.—*The new Chancellor of the University:* On Friday evening last, the Vice-Chancellor, the heads of houses, &c., having arrived from Cambridge with a deputation from that University to the Duke of Northumberland, the Chancellor elect, were entertained by his Grace at dinner. The principal suit of rooms was thrown open for the occasion, and at half-seven o'clock the following gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous entertainment: The Rev. Ralph Tatham, D.D., St. John's, Vice-Chancellor; the Hon. and Rev. George Neville Grenville, Master of Magdalen college; The Rev. Joseph Proctor, D.D., master of Catharine Hall; William Webb, D.D., Master of Clare hall; William French, D.D., Master of Jesus college; Gilbert Ainslie, D.D., Master of Pembroke college; John Graham, D.D., Master of Christ's college; George Archdall, D.D., Master of Emmanuel college; Thomas Worsley, M.A., Master of Downing college; William Hodgson, D.D., Master of St. Peter's college; the Hon. Mr. Recorder Law, M.P. *Caput:* The Rev. Joseph Shaw, B.D., Christ's college; the Rev. John Henry Howlett, M.A., St. John's. *Proctors:* The Rev. Charles Henry Maturin, M.A., King's college; the Rev. James Edward Dalton, M.A., Queens'. *Scrutators:* The Rev. James Burdakin, M.A., Clare Hall; the Rev. Henry Arlett,

M.A., Pembroke college. *Orator*: The Rev. Thomas Crick, B.D., St. John's college. *Registrary*: The Rev. Joseph Romilly, M.A., Trinity college. *Esquire Bedells*: Henry Gunning, M.A., Christ's college; George Leapingwell, M.A., Corpus Christi; William Hopkins, M.A., St. Peter's. The Venerable the Archdeacon of Northumberland and the Rev. C. Blick, of St. John's were also present.—On Saturday morning, the members of the Senate in London, together with his Honour the Vice-Chancellor of England, Mr. Baron Alderson, Lord Lyttelton, Lord John Manners, Sir John Beckett, Sir Frederick Pollock, the Hon. George Smyth, Messrs. Lonsdale, Roy, Glossop, and about 60 other gentlemen, arrived about 12 o'clock at Northumberland House, in procession, preceded by the Esquire Bedells with their maces of office, and by servants of the University, bearing the book of statutes and the instruments of admission. The procession moved through the marble hall and the tapestry room to the great gallery, at the end of which a dais was erected, having a chair of state, in which the Vice-Chancellor took his seat (covered) till it was notified to him that the Chancellor elect was approaching in his robes of office. His Grace was attended by the Archdeacon of Northumberland and the Rev. C. Blick. The train was borne by Mr. Boyle, his Grace's Secretary. The Vice-Chancellor then rose from his seat and proceeded along the gallery to the door of entrance, where he received the Chancellor elect, and conducted him to the dais. The Vice-Chancellor, standing at the right hand of the chair, then made a short and introductory speech complimentary to the early industry and propriety of his Grace's academic life, and alluding to the ancient connections of his family with the university, some of whom had filled the office of Chancellor. He also spoke in a flattering manner of his moral worth, cheerful piety, and benevolent charity, and alluded to the magnificence which characterized his Grace's mission to the court of France, and to the justice and impartiality with which he administered the government of Ireland. This speech was followed by the reading the formal instrument of admission by the Proctor, by the administration of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and finally by a speech in elegant and classical Latin by the Public Orator. His Grace, who was dressed in the uniform of a Lord Lieutenant, and wore the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter and badge of the Order of St. Patrick, then pronounced in a clear and impassioned manner a short speech to the following effect:—He accepted with unfeigned thanks the highest and most important office which an academic could hold, and which had been rendered doubly valuable by the unanimity with which it had been conferred upon him. It was with pride that he saw around him in that assemblage of indulgent friends some of those who in the earlier periods of his collegiate course had been the guides and examples whom he sought to follow. Many there were whom he delighted to hail as fellow-students, and not a few of those who were juniors to himself were known to him by the intercourse of private society, or by the fame of their academic progress. He had never forgotten the kindness with which he had been admitted to the second office of honour in the university; but their selection of him to succeed that most excellent and most noble chancellor whom they had lately lost—that most amiable of men, and most disinterested of patriots—demanded not only a fresh expression of his personal gratitude, but a renewed and solemn assurance that no official endeavours should be wanting on his part to maintain entire and inviolate the rights, the privileges of that academic body, and immunities of the university, essential as he deemed them to be to the efficiency and to the well-being of the church of England. With this the ceremony concluded—the party leaving the gallery in nearly a similar order to that in which they had entered, and adjourned to the great dining-room, where tables were spread for their refreshment. In this room the vice-chancellor proposed the health of the new chancellor—a toast which was received by the company with evident satisfaction, and to which his grace responded in a neat and feeling acknowledgment. At two o'clock the company withdrew, and the vice-chancellor and other university functionaries returned to Cambridge.

Nov. 13.—*Election of High Steward*: The office of High Steward of this University being rendered vacant by the elevation of the Duke of Northumberland to the chancellorship, considerable interest has been created by the nomination of Lords Lyttelton and Lyndhurst as candidates for the appointment. We do not pretend to decide upon the respective merits of these noblemen with regard to the office which they have aspired to fill. The election, which was fixed for the 11th, 12th, and 13th of November, has terminated in favour of Lord Lyndhurst, and by such a majority as sufficiently speaks the opinion of the members of the senate on the subject. The

state of the poll at the close of each day was as follows:—*First day*, Nov. 11, Lord Lyndhurst, 420; Lord Lyttelton, 292; majority, 128. *Second day*, Nov. 12, Lord Lyndhurst, 923; Lord Lyttelton, 457; majority, 466. *Third day*, Nov. 13, Lord Lyndhurst, 973; Lord Lyttelton, 487; majority, 486. At ten o'clock the poll closed, and an adjournment immediately took place of the friends of Lord Lyndhurst, to the committee room; where it was understood his lordship would address a few words to the committee. The room being quite filled in a few seconds, the Master of Jesus, as chairman of the committee, addressed Lord Lyndhurst to the following effect:—He began with congratulating his lordship in the name of the committee, observing that, whether he looked to the beginning, the progress, or the result of the canvass, there was much cause of rejoicing. The responsibility of the committee in putting forward Lord Lyndhurst, was great; but from all anxiety on this point, the committee had been speedily relieved, by the promptitude with which the non-residents had answered their call. As regarded the progress of the canvass, he took occasion to advert to the tone of kindness and courtesy with which all their deliberations had been conducted, and more especially to the manner in which they had maintained the principle which bound them together,—that principle having been a decided preference of the claims of Lord Lyndhurst over those of his noble opponent. In asserting this, the committee had not felt themselves called upon to disparage Lord Lyttelton in the slightest degree. They had asserted manfully the principle on which they acted; but he was bold to say, that had Lord Lyttelton himself been a witness to all that had been said or done there, his lordship would have found no just cause either of uneasiness or complaint. On the issue of the present contest he would merely observe, that it was a result unparalleled in the history of the university. It threw into shade even the brilliant victory achieved by Lord Lyndhurst when a candidate for the representation of the university. “Long,” said he, in conclusion, “may your lordship continue in honour, health and happiness, to enjoy the distinction just to be conferred upon you, and to prove, as no doubt you will, that in selecting you for its high steward, the university has chosen one who has, in a pre-eminent degree, alike the inclination and the power to defend its rights and privileges.” Lord Lyndhurst then approached the table, and said:—“Dr. French, and gentlemen of the committee, the result of the contest just terminated is mainly due to your zeal and sacrifice of time which you have made on my behalf; but I am not so silly or so vain as to imagine that the exertions you have made are due to me, so much as to the great cause which both you and I have deeply at heart. Had I been in England when the office of high steward fell vacant, I might have declined to place my pretensions in competition with those of Lord Lyttelton, but when I received these resolutions, which were unanimously passed by you in my favour, I did not hesitate to comply with your request, and I immediately hastened my return to England. I beg to thank you, gentlemen of the committee, most humbly, for your exertions and the sacrifice of time caused by this contest; I believe that the result of them will not be simply the victory here, but that the effect will be felt throughout the kingdom. With regard to my advocacy of the rights and privileges of the university (alluded to by Dr. French), I believe those who know me will give me credit for having never been backward in protecting them; and, as far as I am able, I will continue to stand forward boldly in defence of the university, and its ancient privileges, whenever they may stand in need of protection.” At about half-past 12, the votes having been previously collected and read over by the senior proctor, the numbers were declared to be for Lord Lyndhurst, 974; for Lord Lyttelton, 488. A grace was then prepared for affixing the seal to the letters-patent of the university, conferring upon Lord Lyndhurst the office of High Steward.

CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEMS.

RICHARD THE FIRST IN PALESTINE.

By John Charles Conybeare, of St. Peter's College.

The knights are dust;
And their good swords are rust.
Their souls are with the saints we trust.—PÆCYR'S *Reliques*.

"SAVE,¹ Warriors, save the sepulchre, whose gloom
"Closed o'er th' incarnate conqueror of the tomb."
In solemn tones the wonted summons flew
Along the Red-cross fleet, from crew to crew;
Then on in breathless silence, as before,
Each galley swept towards the nearing shore.

The sun slow sinking in the gorgeous west,
Half veil'd his disk 'neath ocean's gleamy breast:
Yet Evening's long slant beams were lighting still
With richer purple every distant hill;
And, gilding every dancing wave the while,
Still gazed on ocean's many twinkling² smile,
Where brightly glittering in the lingering ray,
Acre's beleaguere'd towers o'erlook'd her peaceful bay.

Silent each bark sped on—no warrior spoke—
No ruder sound the solemn stillness broke;
While all in highest, holiest feelings lost,
In rapture looked upon that hallow'd coast.
Standing alone on his tall vessel's prow,
Richard seem'd gazing on the waves below;
And yet, tho' fix'd his gaze, he scarcely knew
His eye was turn'd on ocean's rippling blue,
For full and fast deep feelings long repress,
In ceaseless flood came whelming o'er his breast.

Dost mark the tear-drop tremble in his eye?
Dost mark his heaving breast,—his deep-drawn sigh?
He thinks, how bending o'er the couch of death,
Sorrowing he drank his father's parting breath;
And vainly look'd upon his clay-cold corse
With all the bitter anguish of remorse.
How, as he gazed upon that care-worn brow,
He breath'd in agony the pilgrim vow,
And pray'd by Sion's rescue to atone
For the wild follies of a wayward Son.

Say! is each brighter feeling all repress?
Has hope resigned her empire o'er his breast?
No! mark his flashing eye, as o'er the bay
Steals from the Christian camp the minstrel's lay;
And fitful burst of distant revelry,
Blent with the murmur of the plashing sea,

¹ When the army of the Crusaders halted for the night, Heralds thrice cried aloud, "Save the Holy Sepulchre."

ποντίων τε κυμάτων
ἀνιρίθμον γέλασμα.—Æschyl. *Prom.* 89.

The many twinkling smile of ocean.—*Christian Year*, p. 149.

He thinks how settling to its ocean grave
 The Paynim Dromond^{*} sunk beneath the wave.
 He seems to wave in fight his magic^{*} brand,
 And chase the crescent from God's chosen land.
 Fond fancy paints the fight already done,
 The cross triumphant—Calvary—Salem won;
 While o'er her rescued towers in thought he sees
 Redemption's banner float upon the breeze.

Each hope of earth, each baser wish subdued,
 High thoughts and holy tamed his fiercer mood.
 And, tho' he dreamt of battle, o'er his soul
 Like evening's breath a dewy softness stole;
 While heavenly ardour lit his kindling eye,
 In prayer bent upward on the glowing sky,
 In prayer that God would consecrate his arm
 To quell heaven's foes—to shield heaven's saints from harm.

And what, if in his bosom's core enshrined,
 Thy form, fair queen,^{*} still hover'd o'er his mind:
 And some fond thoughts e'en in that solemn hour,
 Still clung, Navarre, around thy sweetest flower?
 If, tho' he pray'd to heav'n, his trust the while
 Was placed too much in thine approving smile;
 If, tho' he dreamt on Sion's foes o'erthrown,
 Thy beck'ning hand to victory waved him on;
 If, tho' he struck for heav'n, he deem'd it sweet
 To lay his trophies at his lady's feet,—
 Oh! surely chivalry, thy mystic shrine
 Glow'd with a ray "less earthly than divine."
 And, while it taught the stubborn breast to feel,
 Shedding soft influence o'er each heart of steel,
 It well might boast, that kindled from above,
 Some holier lustre played around the torch of love.

Sound the glad note of triumph—loud and high
 Fling to the breeze the shout of Victory.
 Richard has won—o'er Acre's vanquish'd holds
 The Red-cross banner spreads its rustling folds.
 In vain pale sickness^{*} dimm'd his quick blue eye:
 It could not quell his spirit's energy.
 In vain with foes each neighbouring height was crown'd;
 In vain Saphaeddin's^{*} warriors hover'd round—
 The fiery Bedouin's spear is knapt in twain;
 And Egypt's scourges strew the cumber'd plain.
 Why sleeps the minstrel's spirit-stirring voice,
 Nor bids, as erst, the conquering host rejoice?

^{*} On the voyage Richard's fleet fell in with a large Turkish Dromond, which at last he sank, by ordering his galleys to charge it with their beaks. She was filled with provisions, military stores, and supplies of Greek-fire and venomous serpents, which she was carrying to the besieged.—See Lingard, *Hist. Eng.*, vol. ii. p. 461.

^{*} See Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 125.

^{*} Richard married Berengaria, Princess of Navarre, at Lymesol in Cyprus, just before he left that place for Palestine, whither he took his newly married queen with him.

^{*} During the Siege of Acre, Richard, in consequence of a fever was brought on the field in a pallet, from which he continued to direct the operations of his troops.

^{*} But the besiegers were themselves besieged; and from the neighbouring mountains Saladin, with an immense army, watched all their motions. Saphaeddin was Saladin's brother. During this crusade he requested the honour of knighthood for his son from Richard. Lingard's *Hist. of Engl.* vol. ii. p. 457.

What mean the whisper'd murmurs of the crowd?
Why lowers on Richard's brow care's gathering cloud?
And wilt thou, perjured Philip, hasten home
Heedless of Sion, and thy Saviour's tomb?

And onward speeds the Christian host. Their way
No power may check, their soul no risk dismay.
Mark where half-veiled by morning's leaden haze,
Jaffa's time-honoured watch-towers meet their gaze.
But see those sand-clouds borne along the sky;
The countless host of Saladin is nigh.
From many a clime his gathering squadrons flow
To crush the Christians in one overwhelming blow.
Hark! the deep music of the Eastern^a drum—
On, like the Thunder's rolling voice they come.
They close—they mingle—but what boots to tell,
How the cross triumph'd, and the crescent fell.

And many a day speeds on; while on their way
Fainting they toil beneath the sun's fierce ray:
Till seen at length against the evening sky,
Thy beauty, Salem, meets their longing eye.
How passing sweet the countless thoughts that roll,
Fast-eddyding o'er each warrior's musing soul,
As, Olivet, upon thy breezy brow
He turns to gaze toward the plain below;
Or kneels, perchance, where Jesus knelt—around
All has strange interest—all is hallowed ground—
The city's airy spires—the thymy sod
Mid list'ning crowds a present Saviour trod—
Or Bethany, where thy white roofs are seen
Deep-nestling 'mid yon olive's leafy screen;
Where in wild dalliance the glad zephyr weaves
Its billowy laughter o'er the^b whitening leaves.
Fast fades the present from the heated brain,
And all the past is acted o'er again—
Her busy household cares forsaken now,
Light-hearted joy hath fled pale Martha's brow:
And meeker Mary's eye of softest blue,
Scarce dares to meet her pitying Saviour's view.
Frail mourner, doubt not—he too loved; and lo!
He weeps with thee, o'ercome by human woe.

And must they, baffled, turn them back again,
Each toil endured, each danger past in vain?
Must the loved summons, "Save the sepulchre,"
At starlit eve ring idly on their ear?
Still must they see the tall mosque tower on high,
And point in mockery to the clear blue sky;
While the Muezzin's evening call to prayer
Swell wildly by on Sion's sainted air?
Alas! 'tis so! slowly with starting tear
They leave those scenes to Christian memory dear.
Yet stays the lion-hearted king to cast
One lingering look, the longest and the last:

^a The roll of the kettle-drum, the one generally used in the East, has a peculiarly wild effect when heard at a distance.

^b γλαυκᾶς παιδοτόφου φύλλον *elalas*, SOPHOCLES, *Œd. Col.* The common willow frequently presents the same appearance from the grayish underside of the leaves being turned up by the wind.

Then veils¹⁰ his face, unworthy all to see
 That hallowed spot he vainly sighed to free.
 Bright land, farewell! war's maddening din is o'er;
 No longer armed myriads throng thy shore.
 And Albion's king, last of that Red-cross band,
 His work unfinish'd, sorrowing quits thy strand.
 E'en now their white sails shaken to the wind,
 His bounding galleys leave the shore behind;
 And glancing gaily in the morning ray
 Skim lightly, Acre, o'er thy smiling bay.
 But see! he turns to take one last look more—
 A moment lingers on thy craggy shore:
 Thy rocks, woods, waters, wildly blending, sees,
 And feels the cool gush of thy balmy breeze.
 Hark! while he gazes on the scene so fair,
 Bursts from his swelling breast the struggling prayer¹¹:
 "Most holy land, may Israel's God incline
 "His pitying ear, and raise his trampled vine;
 "And oh! in mercy may he grant to me
 "Life to return again, and set thee free."
 Harp of the ages, it is sweet to hear
 Thy mystic strains thrill on the raptured ear,
 And oh! what wilder, deeper notes are thine,
 Than those which tell of widow'd Palestine!
 Oh! how I loved 'neath boyhood's cloudless sky
 To tread the flowery glades of poesy,
 And drink those trancing sounds, and fondly dwell
 On knightly days, that pleased me all too well.
 E'en then my thoughts would often turn to thee,
 Richard, bright star of England's chivalry;
 With thee to mourn the captive's galling chain,
 Or joy at Blondel's¹² old familiar strain.
 And oft to Fancy's eye I pictured then
 The joyous scene which hail'd thee home again,
 The shout of triumph and the happy smile,
 Which bade thee welcome to thine own fair isle.—
 What tho' base traitors sighed to know thee free?
 They could not quench the love that burned for thee!
 For thou hadst won full many a Saxon¹³ heart,
 Which long had felt oppression's rankling smart;
 Hadst bid 'neath many a rugged bosom glow
 That loyal flame, which none but Britons know;
 And taught Britannia's sons afar to rear
 The laurel'd trophies of her bow and spear.
 And years have o'er those old crusaders cast
 The dim mysterious mantle of the past.

¹⁰ And veiling his face exclaimed with an indignant voice, 'Those who are unwilling to rescue, are unworthy to view the sepulchre of Christ.' Gibbon, vol. xi. p. 148.

¹¹ The next morning he turned to take a last view of the shore, and with outstretched arms, exclaimed, "Most holy land, I commend thee to the care of the Almighty; may he grant me life to return and rescue thee from the yoke of the infidels." Vinesauf. 428.

¹² Alluding to the old story of his favourite minstrel discovering the castle in which Richard was confined.

¹³ Richard I. was the first of our Norman kings who became at all popular with the Saxon portion of his subjects.

And hurried down time's dark untiring stream, }
 Monarch and minstrel, priest and hero seem }
 The shadowy phantoms of a fever'd dream. }
 No more the Arab¹⁴ warrior chides his steed,
 "Is Richard there, why start from yonder reed?"
 Nor Eastern mothers to their infants sing
 Of Richard, England's lion-hearted king.
 Yet deem not buried in oblivion's gloom,
 Idly he sleeps forgotten in the tomb.
 Idly he sleeps not. Hark! his guardian voice
 Still loudly bids his conquering isle rejoice;
 Still bids her children guard with jealous care
 The myrtle wreath that binds her golden hair:
 And echoed, gallant Sidney, in each tone
 That cheer'd 'neath Acre's walls thy followers on;
 And, as in ancient game, from hand to hand,
 Still speeding onward past the gleaming brand,
 So still hath shone his valour's early flame,
 Still brightly shines, and aye shall shine the same,
 Undying still shall light with sleepless ray
 Where glory leads, the brightest, noblest way.

ELEUSIS.

By Henry Mildred Birch, of King's College.

"Αμμι δ' ἔοικε κελαδῆσαι τὸ Δαματρος κλυτὸν
 ἄλσος Ἑλευσίνα.—PIND. Isth. i. 80.

Ἄρα παρβέβακας ἐρασμία χθών;
 παρβέβακας ὠγυγίων Ἑλευσι
 ἀστῶν ἄωτος, ἐραμία τε
 ἀμφὶς ἔχει σε
 στήγν' ὀρεῦσα, δουλοσύνα τ'; ἀνολβον
 ἃ δακρύνω πλουτοδότειραν αἶαν
 εἰσιδὼν οἷψ χρόνος ἡμάθην' ἀν-
 οικτος ὀλέθρῳ,
 χ' ὥς τὰ πάντα¹ πλήν ἱερῷ δέδωκεν
 λαμπρὸν ἀλίου φάος· ἀλλὰ μάν μοι
 ἄλλεται κῆρ στάθῃσιν, εὖτ' ἐγείρω
 μναμοσύναν τεῦ,
 δαιμόνων ἔδος, σὲ γάρ οὐ πιάζει
 κῶμα λάθας νάγρετον, ἀν φιλίσταν
 εἶχε Δαμάτῃρ, δρεπέμεν τ' ἔδωκεν
 ἄφθονον ὄλβῳ

¹⁴ So great was the terror which Richard inspired, that for many years it was customary among the Arabs to reprove their horses thus; and their women used to frighten their children with his name. In the time of the Bruce, the name of Douglas was put to a similar use. The following song is still preserved.

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
 Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
 The black Douglas shall not get ye."

¹ "But all, except their sun, is set."—BYRON.

δῶρον, ἀνίχ' ἀρπαγίμαν² ποθεῦσα
πλάζετ' οἰκτρῶς παρθένον, ἂν δ' ἔκηλα
ἀλσέων σῶν ὄξυγόνου τὰ πρῶτ' ἄμ-
πνευσε πόνοιο.

χαῖρέ μοι Δαοῖ, σέθεν ἀμπὶ βουλαῖς
πάντ' ἐμείδασεν γλυκύν, πάντ' ὑπώρας,
πλουσίον πάντ' ὥσδε θέρευς, ἔραννοῦ τ'
εἶαρος ἀκμᾶς.

οὐδ' ἄρ' ἄγρων, οὐδ' ἀμέλησας ἔργων,
μυρίοις δ' ἂν καρποφόρους ἀφούρας
ἀσπάχους βλαστάμασι βρίθον ἐξάν-
ακε κάρανον

ποικίλῃ γαίᾳς ἀνάμυδα κάρπῳ,
ἀμπὶ δ' ἦν πᾶν καλόν· ἀτὰρ τίς ὄψις;
τίς ποχ' ἀδ' ὁμάγουρις; σὺν ὄρῃς, ὥς
πάντοθ' ἐς ἄστυ

εὐνέων ἀπειρεσίῳ ἄγυρμοι
τᾶν Θεὸν κατέδραμον αἰνέοντες,
τᾶν Θεὸν λιτῇσι καὶ ὀρθίαις μίγ-
νυντες³ ἀμοκλαῖς!

τίς δὲ τίς τάχ' ἦλθε βοά δι' ὤτων;
ἦ κλύω λαλεῦντος, "ἐκάς βέβαλοι,
ἐγνὸν οὐδας, ἀγνὰ τέλη, θεῷ γὰρ
μὴ πελάσῃσθε."

αὐθι δ' ἐξαίφνης τρόμερόν μ' ὑπῆλθεν
οὐ βρότειός τις ψόφος, ἐμπρέπει δὲ
μαινάδων ἀγαλλομένων θεόρτῳ ἢ
πνεύματι πομπᾶ.

αἶψα δὲ χθὼν συντετάρακτο, δεινόν τ'
ἐβρύαγῃ Ζανὸς βέλος, ἀστραπή τε
πυρπνοος, δέδορκε δ' αἰωρόνυκτος
ταλόθεν ὀμφά,

καὶ βαρυβρόμων ὀλόλυγμος ὕμνων
πᾶς τις ἐβρίγησεν ἰδὼν· φλέγει δὲ
τυμπάνων σάλπιγξι καὶ ὀργίοις ὁμ-
ανλος αὐτά.

ἦν δ' ἔπκοι τὸν κάλαθον φέρουσιν,
ἀμπὶ δ' ἔλαι κιστοφόρων μεγίσταν
εὐγμασιν καλεῦσι Θεὸν, τρέπονται δ'
ἀλλόθεν ἄλλοις

ἐμμανεῖς δρομήμασιν ὠρανὸν μὲν
δεινὸς ἀμπέχει σκότος, ὄρνυται δὲ
λαμπάδων φλόξ αἰθομένων! ὄρημι
δαίδαλόμεσσαν

² ἀρπαγίμας μετίστικεν ἰχθὺν κώρας.—CALLIM. *Hymn. ad Cerer.*

³ μίγνυντες, ita apud Pind. usurpatum.

μυστικῶν αἶγλαν ἱερῶν.—βέβακε
ταῦτα· κ' ἄλλοτ' ἀμπὶ φράνας πάρεστι
καινὸν ἀλλοῖον τέρας, ἐν σχερῶ δ' ὀ-
ρημι τεθαπῶς

φαιδρόνουν Ἰακχον, Ἰακχον Ἰλαι
εὐφρονες πέμπουσιν, Ἰακχον ὠδαῖς,
μυρτίνοις κλάδοις, καὶ ἀγλάφ στέ-
φουσ' ἀλαάτφ!

πᾶ⁴ δὲ πᾶ ποχ', ὥστε μέλισσ', ἄωτος
φσμάτων θύνει λόγον; ἰστίον χρῆ
στελλέμεν· νεὸν δὲ προσέπτατ' εἶδος,
οὐ τι με σιγᾶν

χρῆ θεῷ σεμνὸν βρέτας· οὐ βλέπεις ὡς
μῶνον οὐκ ἐν χεῖλεσιν ἐγκαθίσδει
ἔμπνεον ψυχῆς μένος; ἀμπὶ δ' αὐτὰν
ἔμμιγα κῶροις

παρθένων χοροστασία, λύρας τε
ἀμπελίσσεται μελιγάρυς ἤχη;
ἃ φίλης ἄγαλμα⁵ θεᾶς, τίς ἂν ποκ'
ᾤετ' ἄτιμον,

δυσθέατον ὥς, ὁράαν σ' ἐνεχθὲν
ταλόθ' ἐς γὰν ἀλλοδαπῶν; ὅμως δ' οὐχ
ἐστιας ἄτερθ' ἱερᾶς λέλειψαι,
ἂν τόδε Κάμω

δῶμα, καὶ Μοισᾶν τριφίλατον οἶκον
εὐδῖαν καρπώμενον· ἥ πάλαια
σῖγ' ἔχει μυστήρια, κ' οὔ ποτ' αὐ Δα-
μάτερος ἄλση

τῶν πρὶν ἀρήτων τελέων κρυφαῖος
ὄργιοις γαθάσεται· οὔ ποτ' αὐθις
δράψει ἀλπνίστοιο χλιδαῖς ἄωτον·
λῆγε δ' ἀχρείου

λῆγε, Μοῖσ', ὀδύρματος· ἄλλος ἀμῶν
γὰν ἐποπτεύει Θεός, οὐδὲ πομπαῖς
βουθύτοις τ' ἀγάλμασι μυστικῶν γέ-
γηθεν ἐοργῶν.

Κῆνος οὐ τοιαῦτα φιλεῖ, τὸ δ' αἰπὺ
ῥανῶ ναίων βάθος, εὐσεβεῖα
κάνδίκων θυώδεσιν⁶ ἡτόρων ἀγ-
άλλεται ἐνχαῖς.

⁴ Vid. Pind. Pyth. 10, 82.

⁵ ἄγαλμα. Simulacrum Cereris Eleusine deportatum et apud bibliothecam nos-
tram depositum.

⁶ Let my prayer be set forth before thee as *incense*. Ps. cxli. 2.

LATIN ODE.

By Henry Mildred Birch, of King's College.

*Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis aiebat
Parthenope studiis florentem ignobilis oti.*

SUAVE est per umbras et violaria
Auræ incubantis læta teporibus,
Per prata, ridentesque cœli
Temperie meliore valles,
Errare visu non inamabili
Captum. Quis, o me quis, prope littora
Baiana, non ignota ludis
Nereidum, citharæque et undæ
Admurmurantis conscia risuum¹
Ponat volentem, quæ tacito vagans
Mœrore contempler caduca
Fana², tui mutilos furoris,
Veseve, testes; saxaque luridâ
Suffusa flammâ mirer, et æquoris
Fluctus inaurantem supremos
Occiduo Phaethonta curru!
Salve alma tellus, tuque vacantium
Jocis Amorum, tu facili pede
Bacchata Sirenum³, lyræque
Parthenope studiosa nutrix;
Utcunque lugens irreparabilem
Ævi ingruentis fassa superbiam,
Utcunque fulgentes columnas
Et citreas violavit ædes
Tristis vetustas, at tibi sunt juga
Myrto et rosetis consita, sunt agri
Injussa⁴ vernantes; rubescit
Vitis adhuc; nec amœna priscâ
Sede exulavit Phantasis aureâ
Dulcedine oplens omnia, seu Dryas
Montes apricos, seu venustâ
Nais aquas celebret figurâ.
O apta sedes quam coleret pio
Ardore vates⁵, seu calami sonos
Mirata rideret protervo
Alma Ceres⁶ comitante Baccho,
Faunusve junctis iret Oreasin,
Interque rupes et cava montium
Panis repercussos jocosâ
Voce sonos iteraret Echo;

κυνῆτων
ἀνὴρσιθμον γέλασμα.—Æsch. Prom. 89.

¹ Herculaneum.² Sirenum dedit una suum et memorabile nomen.—SIL. 12. 33.⁴ Injussa. Græce pro *injussæ*.⁵ Virgilius.⁶ Vide Georgica apud initium.

Sive insolenti ductus imagine
 Gestiret acer spiritus evagans⁷
 Terrena⁸, sublimem volatum
 Præripere, ambrosiosque fontes,
 Semperque fulgens purpureæ jubar
 Lucis tueri credere, et insulas
 Lustrare discretas! Sed audin'
 Mota chelys graviore plectro
 Tumultuatur? protinus et loca
 Formidoloso mersa silentio
 Grassatur obtutu pererrans,
 Tartareasque domos, et antra
 Pallentibus non⁹ invia Manibus,
 Nigrisque densam vorticibus Styga, et
 Horrore præsago futurum
 Attonitus speculatur ævum!
 Ille, ille, Avernî luce carentia
 Stagna, et Sibyllæ sortilegum nemus
 Cumasque, Circææque fraude
 Nota videt juga! Sed quid ultra
 Finem vagamur? Nos nihil attinet
 Tentare chordas, quæ sibi debitum
 Poscunt honorati Maronis
 Ingenium, tenuemque grandi
 Certare—fas te magna sonantium
 Princeps virorum, fas modo sit pio
 Donare fletu—fas amatam
 Laude novâ decorare terram!
 Quid si, caducum quidquid erat, rapax
 Delevit ætas? Non vel adhuc tuo
 Dediscit erepti sepulcro
 Parthenope, nova liliorum,
 Vernasque, lauros¹⁰ inter et ilices,
 Infundere auras; dum vigil assidens
 Irrorat æternâ relictas
 Mnemosyne lacrymâ favillas.
 Ergo et colendos admonitus loci,
 Et flebilem urnam, sæpius ambiens
 Sub noctis obscurum viator
 Reliquiis amat immorari;
 Nec tu, Caledon¹¹, tam genialia
 Arva, et latebras has patriâ domo
 Mutare nolebas, morantis
 In placidâ regione (credo)
 Ardens Camænæ spargier halitu,
 Fractumque vitæ robur, et ingeni
 Sensim recedentis vigorem
 Hesperio recreare cælo.

⁷ Ita fere "evaganti fræna."—HOR. *Od.* iv. 15. 10.

⁸ Terrena "terrestres res."

¹⁰ Vid. Eustace's Classical Tour.

⁹ Non invia, per Litoteta "Pervia."

¹¹ Sir Walter Scott.

Felix! profecto si tibi civium
 Curæ fuisset, Parthenope, decus,
 Sed, alma sedes, te potentem
 Carminis, Aonidumque vocum,
 Te blanda ridens Gratia, te decor¹²,
 Et ipsa cæli cærula, melle¹³
 Duxere per jucunda pacis
 In vitium residemque somnum,
 Non ista quondam pollicitam tuis,
 Cum masculorum pectora civium
 Ardentis obstarent furori
 Annibalis¹⁴! sed et illa corda
 Fugere, et almi delicias soli
 Instans¹⁵ inultè carpere barbarus
 Hostis, venenatum medullis
 Hausit iners, ceciditque¹⁶, luxum.
 Ah si! ille jam nunc cætibus et choris
 Inter beatas additus insulas,
 Si rursus invisens amatam
 Parthenopen, nimîa quiete
 Dudum tacentem corriperet lyram et
 Bene auspicato numine promeret
 Laudesque virtutis, virûmque
 Arma novæ socianda chordæ!
 Si delicatis sensibus adderet
 Invicta cordonum robora, ut indoles
 Diu soporatas veterno
 Ingenuus stimulare ardor!
 Sic forte rursus Pieris æmulas
 Spirabit artes inter, et Italam
 Polem reviviscens ciebit
 Fama patrum, meritæque laurus.

DULCE PERICULUM.

By Charles Sangster, of St. John's College.

“Ὡς, ῥίψασπὶ, μ' ὀλεῖς “γλυκερὸς κίνδυνος” αὐτῶν!
 τίπτε μάχην φεύγων ταῦτ' ἀνόητα βοᾷς”;
 ἀλλ' ὕδε, “μὴ μ' ἐνόχλει φεύγω, φεύγοντι γὰρ, ὅμαι,
 τῶν γλυκερῶν τούτων ἐστὶ πάλιν μετέχειν.”

¹² “Thine was a dangerous gift when thou wert born
 “The gift of beauty.”—ROGERS.

¹³ μελιτόεισαν εὐδιαν.—PIND. *Ol.* i. 98.

¹⁴ Vid LIVIUS, lib. xxiii. cap. 1.

¹⁵ Ita, “instabant carpere.”—PROPERT. Lib. i. Eleg. 20.

¹⁶ “Each in turn

“Each of thy charms possess,

“Forgot the battle on thy breast.”—SOTHEBY.

SE SEQUITURQUE FUGITQUE.

By Charles Sangster, of St. John's College.

ASPECTUS primos inhians miraculaque urbis
 Rusticus, heu! loculum sentit abesse sibi:
 Currit opem clamans, currit quoque vulgus amicum,
 Currit et Autolycus, duxque comesque viæ.
 Prævolat hic omnes—evanuit—Heus! bone, quæso,
 Quid frustra expectas Autolycum reducem?
 Se sequiturque, fugitque; hæc tutior arte crumenam,
 Crede mihi, abripuit furcifer iste tuam.

PORSON PRIZE.—SHAKSPEARE, *Troilus & Cressida*. Act I. s. 3.

By Robert Andrews, of Pembroke College.

AGAM. THE ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought,
 That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away:
 And what hath mass or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

NEST. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk!
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

- ΑΓ. "Α τοι προτείνειν ἀφθόνως ἐλπίς φιλεῖ
 ἐν τοῖς βροτείων φροιμοῖς βουλευμάτων,
 οὐ καλλικάρποις ἐμμένει τὰδ' ἐγγυαῖς·
 ἐν γὰρ πτυχαῖσι τῶν ἄγαν ὑψηλῶν
 ἔργων ἀνάγκαι βλαστάνουσι δύσμαχοι,
 ὥς γοῦν, ἀθροῖσαι συρροῇ τ' ὀποῦ, πλοκαὶ
 βλάπτουσιν αἰσχυρῶς τὴν πρὶν ὑγιερὰν πίτυν,
 διαστρόφοισιν ἐμποδίζουσαι πλάναις
 τὸ μηκέτ' αὐθις αὐ ποτ' ὀρθῶσαι φυήν.—
 οὐδ', ἄνδρες, ἤδη νεόγονόν τι χρῆμ' ἔφυ,
 ἡμᾶς μὲν ὧδε τῶν πάροιθεν ἐλπίδων
 μακρὰν λελεῖφθαι, κὰν βάθροις οὐσῃς ἐτι
 Τροίας, ἔτη περ ἐπτά πυργηρουμένης.
 καὶ πάντα γὰρ τοι τῶν προτοῦ πεπραγμένων,
 ὅσ' οὔδαμεν δέλτοισιν ἐγγεγραμμένα,
 ἀντίσπασέν τε καὶ παρήλλαξεν βίᾳ
 ἡ πείρα κωλύουσα μὴ τυχεῖν σκοποῦ,
 μηδ', ἥς ἔδωκεν ἡ τεκοῦσα φρήν, τύφῳ
 μορφῆς ἀσήμου δυσκρίτου θ' ὁμορροθεῖν.
 τί δ' οὖν, ἄνακτες, οἷα νῦν σπουδάζομεν
 ὀρῶντες αἰσχύνεσθε; ταῦθ' ἡγούμενοι
 ἡμῶν ὄνειδος, ὄντα γ' οὐδὲν ἄλλο, πλην
 τὰς τοῦ μεγίστου Ζηνὸς ἀμβολάς, ἵνα
 τὸ καρτερεῖν ἄπριγδ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἔδῃ·
 οὐ δὴ τὸ κάλλος ἐν μὲν εὐνοίᾳ τύχης
 ἀμηχάνως ζητούσιν ἐξευρεῖν ἔχει·
 ὁ γὰρ φύσιν γ' ἀσπλαγχνος εὐψυχός τ' ἀνὴρ,
 χῶ μῶρος, ὅστις τ' ἦν ἐπήβολος φρενῶν,
 οἱ δ' εὖ μαθόντες οἷ τε μὴ θνητῶν, τὰ δὲ
 εὐγναμπτα καὶ τὰ σκληρὰ τηνικαῦτά πως
 ἅπαντ' ἀδελφὰ συγγενῇ τ' εἶναι δοκεῖ.
 στυνγνὸν δ' ἐπειδὴ καὶ ξυνωφρυνόμενον
 νωμῶσα δαίμων ὄμμα, χεῖμ' ὅπως, βρέμει,
 τὸ τηνικ' οὖν τὸ θεῖον, ἐκφυσῶν περίε
 κοινόν τι φύσημ', ὥς ἀδηρίτῳ μένει
 λικμοῦ, τὰ κούφα τῆλε νοσφίζει πνοῇ·
 βάρος δ' ὅτῳ μὲν ἄρετή θ' ὁμοῦ, τόδε
 πλουτοῦν πρόκειται χωρὶς ἐμφύτῳ σθένει.
- NE. ἀναξ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ, σὴν ἐναισιμῶς ἔδραν
 θεῖαν σεβίζων, σκέψεται Νέστωρ λόγους
 οὐς ὑστάτους ἔλεξας· ἐν τῷ δυστυχεῖν
 ἔλεγχος ἀνθρώποισιν ἄληθης ἐνι.
 οὐκ οἴσθ', ἀκύμων εὐτ' ἐκοιμίσθῃ σάλος,
 ὅσαι μάταιαι κενυτελεῖς ἄγαν σκαφαὶ
 τολμῶσι κόλπον ναυστολεῖν εὐήνεμον,
 ταῖς παντοσίμοις ξυμμετίσχουσαι πόρον;
 τὴν δ' εὐφρον' εἰ ποθ' ἡ Βόρειος ὠμόςτης
 Θέτιν χολώσῃ, εὐθὺς ἂν εἰσίδοις
 ἀκήρατον σχῆμ' εὐζύγου νεὼς βίᾳ
 γυρῶν διαμπαῆς οἰδμάτων ὁδοιποροῦν,
 πεδάρσιόν τε θρώσκον αἰθέρος τε καὶ

πόντου μεταξὺ, Πηγάσου δίκην λέγειν
 ἢ δ' ὑψικόμπος, ἢ μάτην ἄρμοι σαθραῖς
 πλευρῇσι σεμνοῦς τλαῖσα μιμῆσθαι τρόπους,
 ποῦ δὴ 'στι, ποῦ νῦν εὐρεθήσεται σκαφή;
 ἀλλ' ἢ γὰρ ἴσθι ναυλόχους φρουρεῖν πτυχάς,
 ἢ τοι γενέσθαι κοντίψ βροτὸν θεῶ.

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J. Barker	E. J. Lloyd
J. H. Buck	J. Lynes
W. Doria	J. Purchas
W. H. Girdlestone	P. M. Stedman
G. Goodman	B. Stent
J. H. Jones	G. F. Weston.
R. King	

MAGDALENE COLLEGE.

PENSIONERS.	T. J. G. Marsham
J. G. Child	H. E. Miles
F. J. C. deCrespigny	J. Roberts
L. W. Denman	T. Sutcliffe.
C. H. Foster	SIZAR.
G. M. Hawkins	J. M. Taylor
T. B. Kewley	

EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

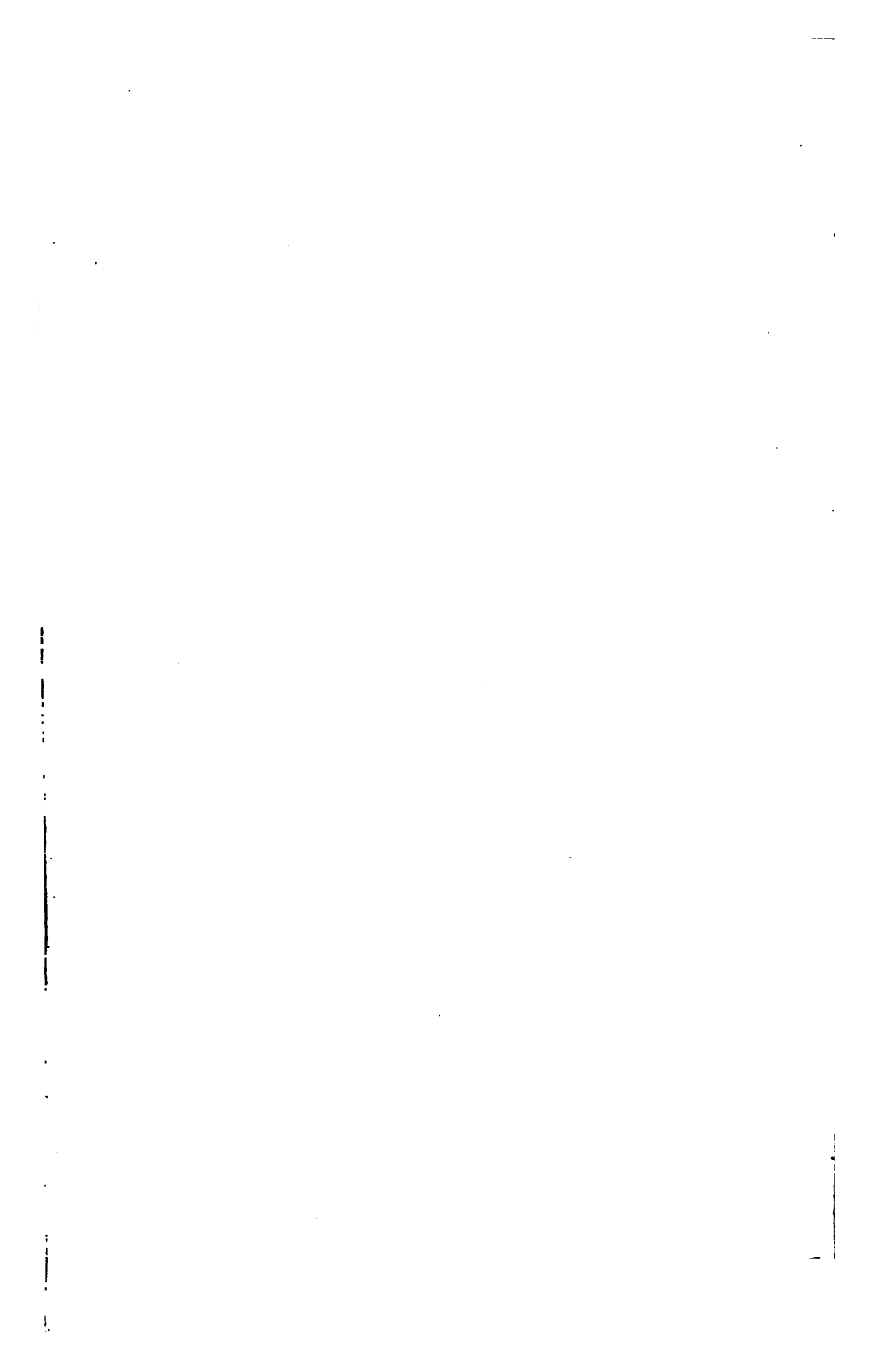
PENSIONERS.	T. L. French
C. R. Andrews	J. Gifford
J. Bere	W. V. Greatham
T. Byers	T. D. Jones
W. O. Cautley	J. G. Nicholson
E. A. Darby	J. E. Sabin.

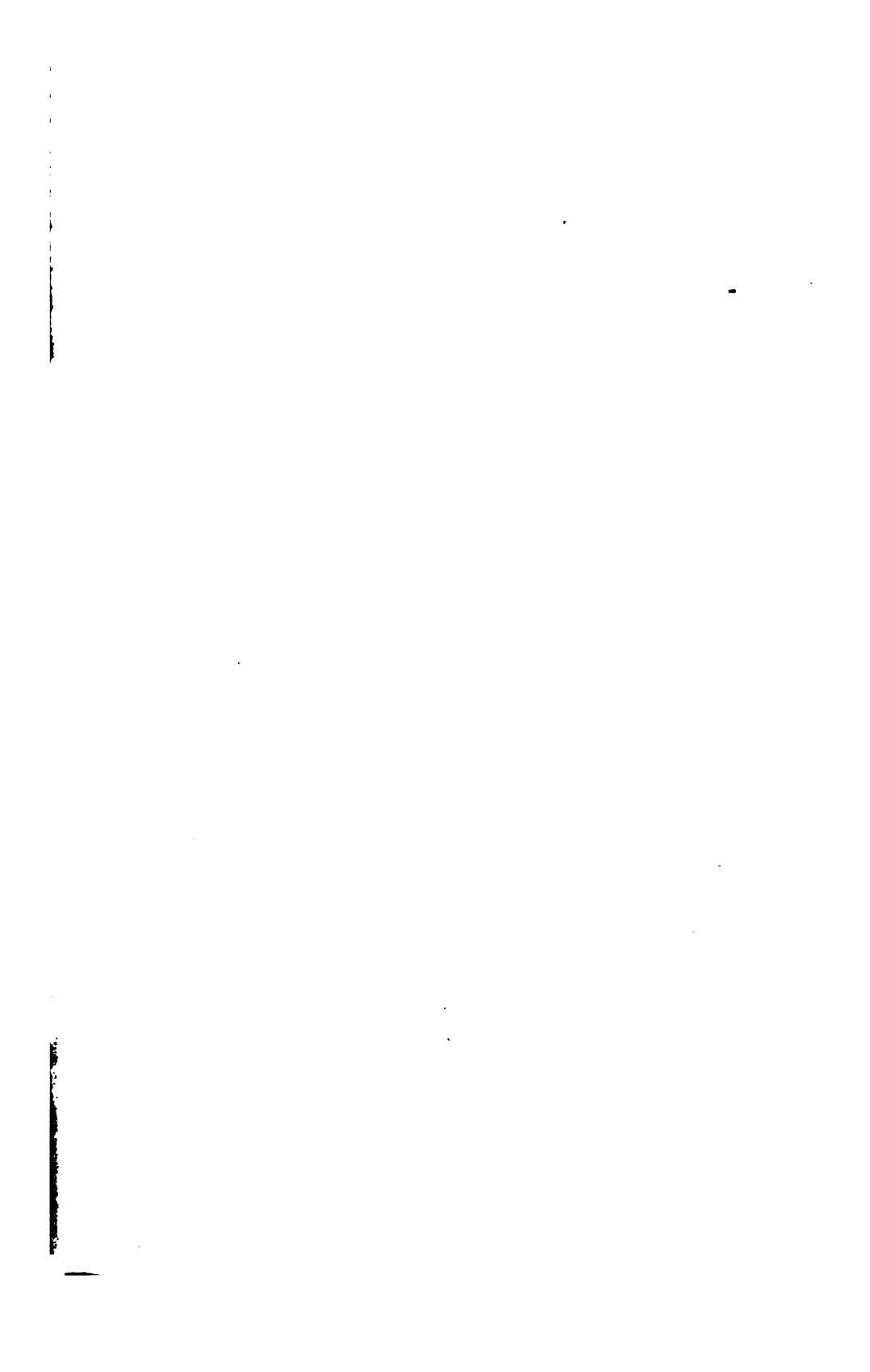
SIDNEY COLLEGE.

PENSIONERS.	K. M. Knapp
F. W. Bromby	H. Tarr
T. C. Childs	A. Turner.
G. T. B. Kingdom	

DOWNING COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONER.—H. Studd*





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